April 7, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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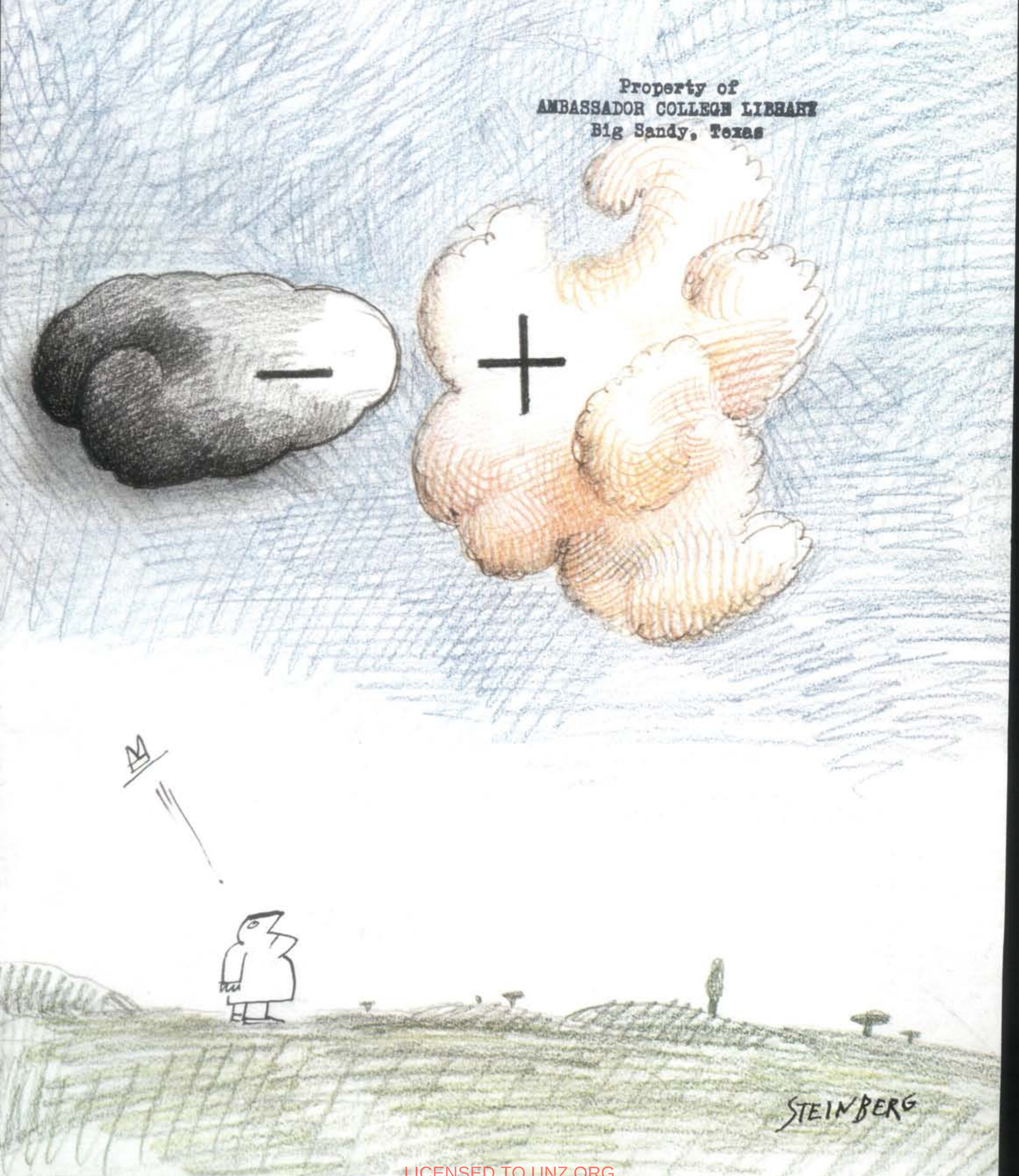

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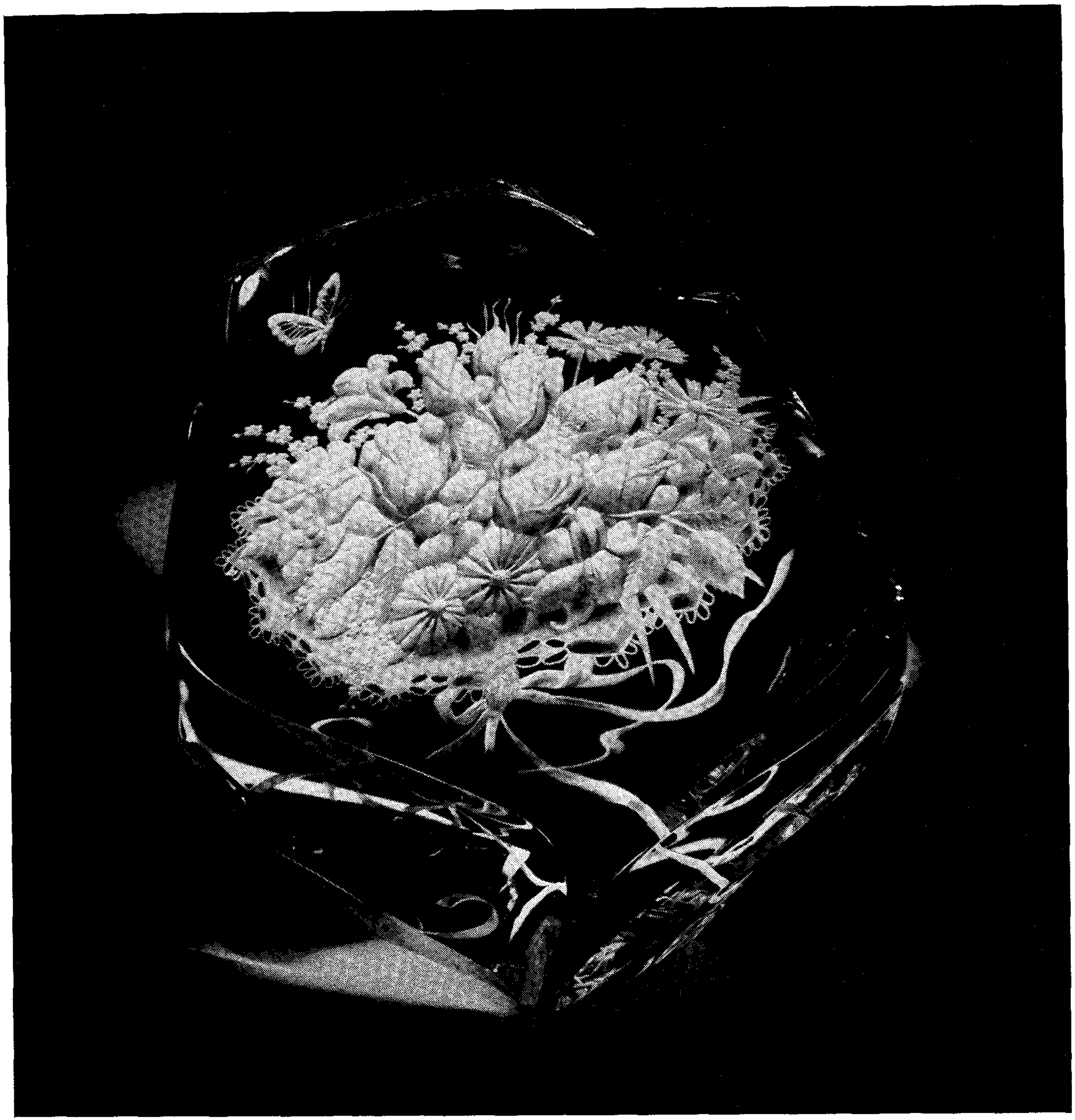

Height 6¾ inches • Width 6½ inches • From a collection of spring gifts on view through May 3

NOSEGAY

A multi-flowered bouquet engraved by copper wheel on the back of a sculptured crystal form and magnified by the rounded front surface. The butterfly is engraved on the front.

Nosegay is a new design in Steuben glass. The glass design is by Donald Pollard; the engraving design is by Alexander Seidel.

The first example, pictured above, was engraved by Henrike Steinauer and was introduced March 5, 1975.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Action—A play by Sam Shepard, together with his "Killer's Head," a short monologue. Opens Friday, April 4, and will run through Saturday, May 3. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—A conscientious revival of an old O'Neill play, directed by George C. Scott and starring Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered, not very funny farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James: the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Doll's House—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston are admirably lively in an otherwise plodding production of the Ibsen manifesto. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season with a wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterful direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Ghosts—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde. Opens Wednesday, April 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking struggle valiantly but in vain to save this failed musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce's Dubliners—A play by J. W. Riordan, taken from Joyce's early writings and Stanislaus Joyce's biography, "My Brother's Keeper." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Letter for Queen Victoria—A characteristically enigmatic excursus into the mind of Robert Wilson. Its theme is perhaps that if we fail to communicate, we die. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Misanthrope—Molière survives a considerable buffeting at the hands of a production laid in the de Gaulle era. The stars are Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A one-week engagement of a double bill consisting of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" followed by an adaptation of James Stevenson's "Priscilla, Princess of Power." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, April 7, at 7; Tuesday through Saturday,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 31

"БАГАЖ" . . . *Nicolas Nabokov* 37

"COAST OF MAINE" (POEM) . . . *Richard Eberhart* 38

"THE BRUCKNER OCTAGON" . . . *James Stevenson* 40

"THE LISTS OF THE PAST—IV" . . . *Julie Hayden* 42

"A SUICIDE: PARAN CREEK" (POEM) . . . *Ben Belitt* 44

ANNALS OF CHEMISTRY (AEROSOL SPRAYS) . . . *Paul Brodeur* 47

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . *Edith Oliver* 60

JAZZ . . . *Whitney Balliett* 62

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 79

THE RACE TRACK . . . *Audax Minor* 82

THE AIR . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 84

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASKETBALL) . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 91

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 123

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . *Andrew Porter* 129

ROCK, ETC. . . . *Ellen Willis* 130

BOOKS . . . *Naomi Bliven* 135

BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 138

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Summertime Capers

A delightful duo from Fischél, by Carolyn Hogue. She's all decked out in "Blue Heaven," a perky blue frock and matching scarf, trimmed with lacy edges and a dainty white sash. $32. ($28 in toddler sizes.) Her friend sports a two-piece playsuit—white shorts and blue shirt. $22. Exclusively ours. In Tiny Finery, the Young People's Floor on Four, Marshall Field and Company, Chicago.

Marshall Field & Company

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April 8-12, at 8; and Sunday, April 13, at 2 and 7:30.)

The Night That Made America Famous—Harry Chapin, a sort of Brooklyn cowboy, sings many sad ballads. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—A rollicking revival of Noël Coward's dazzling gloss on the old saying "The course of true love never did run smooth." With Maggie Smith and John Standing, directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A play by James Kirkwood, based on his novel of the same name. Keir Dullea and Tony Musante head a cast directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews Thursday through Sunday, April 3-6. Opens officially on Monday, April 7. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rocky Horror Show—Frantic and mostly silly caperings in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Final performances of **HE THAT PLAYS THE KING**, an anthology devised by Ian Richardson. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

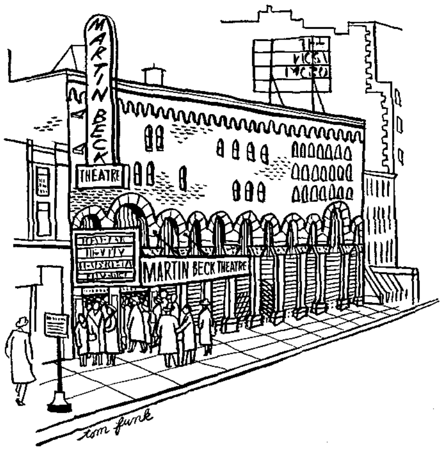
Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

We Interrupt This Program . . .—Dick Anthony Williams in a thriller by Norman Krasna. Directed by Jerry Adler. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,217 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

The Circus—Oh, you know. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 4, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Tuesday, April 8, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Wednesday through Friday, April 9-11, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 7:30. For tickets, call 744-8967.)

DANCE

José Limón Dance Company—Final performances—Wednesday, April 2, at 8: "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca," "The Traitor," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 421-8266): "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca," "Carlota," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "Phantasmagoria 1975," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Brandenburg Concerto," "Night Spell," "The Shakers," and "Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "The Shakers," "Night Spell," "The Traitor," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Monday, April 7, at 7: "The Shakers," "Phantasmagoria 1975," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Brandenburg Concerto," "Carlota," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "The Emperor Jones," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Homenaje a Federico García Lorca," "Phantasmagoria 1975," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Brandenburg Concerto," "Carlota," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "The Shakers," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Choreographic Offering," "The Emperor Jones," and "Missa Brevis." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000.)

National Folk Ensemble of Peru—A company of sixty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a combo. Mondays at ten.

Jaki Byard—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Piano, leading the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra. Sundays, from five to nine. . . . ¶ Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). With bassist Major Holley, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

Norman Connors—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Drums, leading a quartet; at ten, through Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Starting Wednesday, April 9, at nine-forty-five.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar and organ, respectively, leading their new band, Legion of Mary; Tuesday through Thursday, April 8-10, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Jim Hall—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar, with bassist Jack Six. From nine to one, beginning Wednesday, April 9.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet, Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, from ten to three.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, through Thursday, April 3.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Wednesday through Monday, April 2-7, at ten.

Morgana King—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Jazz vocals, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments. With a quartet. Starting Tuesday, April 8, at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays. . . . ¶ St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. 675-1343). With drummer Beaver Harris, pianist Hod O'Brian, and bassist Cameron Brown. Fridays through Sundays, from ten to three.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Howard McGhee—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a quartet. Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, from nine-thirty to two.

Lloyd McNeill—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Flute, with Cecil McBee, Dom Salvador, and Billy Williams. Fridays and Saturdays, from ten-thirty.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Sy Oliver—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from seven, nightly, except Sundays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, leading a quartet; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Bobby Short—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Sylvia Syms—Rick's Café Americain, in the Casablanca, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860). Vocals, backed by a combo, Sundays through Thursdays, beginning Sunday, April 6, at nine-thirty and midnight.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Dick Wellstood—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays, beginning Friday, April 4.

Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar and bass, respectively. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, from ten to two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Pianist Nat Jones and a bassist work out Thursdays through Saturdays in these excessively nautical surroundings. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

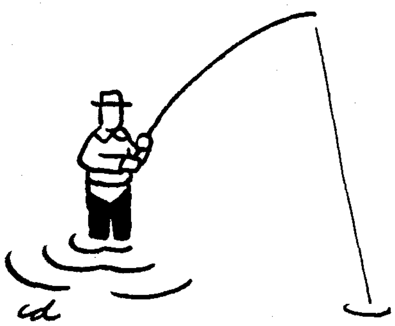
Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta, who has wandered in from the avant-garde to explore soul, pop, and, presumably, commercial success, meanders with a quartet through Saturday, April 5. On Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, an exciting young trumpet player, Charles Sullivan, heads up a quartet. On Wednesday, April 9, Norman Connors, a forward-looking drummer with a reverence for African rhythms, brings in his fiery quartet along with Jean Carn, who contributes voice-as-instrument solos. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-scale rock-and-rollerie patronized by youthful throngs decked out in jeans, plaid flannel shirts, slogan-ridden T-shirts, and turquoise jewelry. On Wednesday, April 2, Tower of Power, an eleven-member soul machine from Oakland, trades sets with Divided We Stand, a not particularly funny, subtle, or witty comedy trio. Jerry Garcia's latest fling is Legion of Mary, a band co-led by organist and energy source Merl Saunders. Garcia's last visit here was marked by fanatical chanting—"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!"—long before the band appeared onstage and by some rather bland, mainstream rock after it began to play. This visit runs from Tuesday through Thursday, April 8-10. On Friday, April 11, singer and actress Melba Moore begins performing some stylish soul. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist John Bunch and bassist Jay Leonhart operate in this lively little bar from nine-thirty to two-thirty through Saturday, April 5. On Tuesday, April 8, Walter Norris and George Mraz, two Monday-night Village Vanguard regulars (they're found on the bandstand playing piano and bass with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band), begin five nights of duets here. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, Jaki Byard, who displays a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, the prized fixture of the **café carlyle,** vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **bemelmans bar,** which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.



C.B.G.B., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar and, through April 20, the only place to see Patti Smith. Miss Smith, a poet, singer, actress, and composer, comes on as a female incarnation of Dylan, Lou Reed, and rock and roll in general. Though she still looks like a portrait of the artist in a bread line—her outfit remains a simple baggy black blazer, tight black pants, and a stretched-out, tattered T-shirt—her repertoire has grown and will, no doubt, please greater numbers, and her energy burns on. A back-to-simplicity rock band called Television (Reruns would be just as apt a name) opens the show with old-fashioned, unaffected sixties tunes like "Fire Engine," a big hit in 1965 in Austin, Texas, for Rocky and the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, a local and now-defunct-and-legendary group of musical explorers. Thursdays through Sundays, starting about eleven.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes' strong, forthright vocals are complemented by the wondrously delicate and understated accompaniment of Ellis Larkins. Sometimes, on ballads, it almost seems as if he were leading her—but in the subtlest possible manner. On blues numbers, Miss Humes is unquestionably in command, and her blues style is pure delight. Wilbur Little helps out on bass; through Thursday, April 3. Dick Wellstood, who is known for his ways with stride piano, ragtime, and other early jazz antics written for the keyboard, checks in on Friday, April 4. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, another pianistic whiz, takes charge. Music from eight to one. Dining.

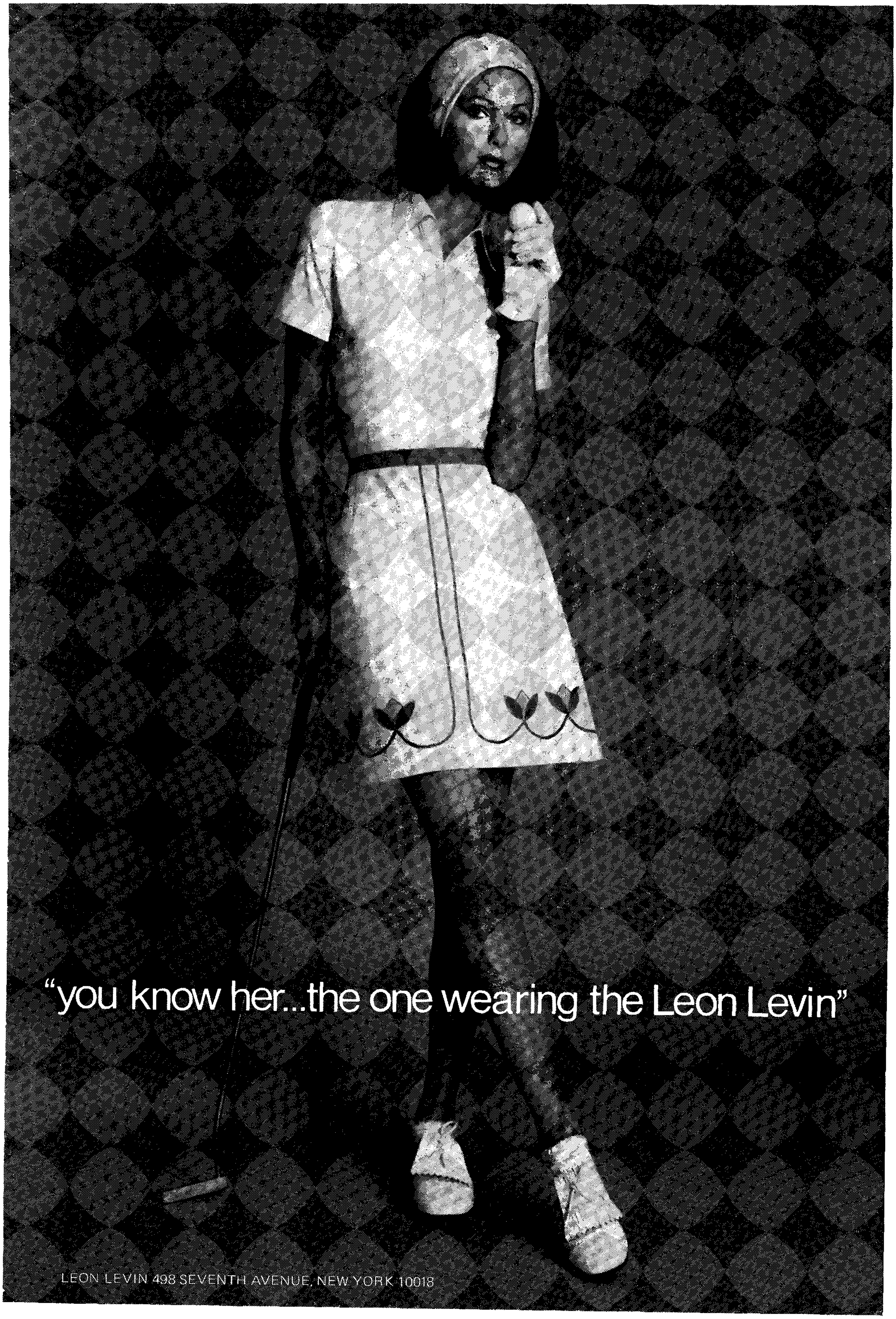
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer (cornet), Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman. On Tuesday, April 8, Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern sit in with the band and engage in a hot-jazz version of duelling clarinets (or soprano saxophones—they each play both reed instruments). Music from nine to three-thirty. Dill Jones plays a versatile and often rollicking piano nightly from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Little changed in some twenty years, this spacious and inelegant jazz preserve has recently reopened. Norman Connors finishes up with his quartet on Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ On Mondays: Dave Matthews' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food. . . . ¶ On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. It has trouble with intonation, time, and some slow readers, but it also has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist Jaki Byard acts as the leader.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays with bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist Brooks Kerr, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman Russell Procope and drummer Sonny Greer. The trio is not to be missed. Warren Chiasson, a Canadian vibraharpist, has good flashes from six to nine every night. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Roy Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The newest edition of George Wein's Newport All-Stars numbers Joe Newman, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Wein himself on piano, Larry Ridley, and Panama Francis. A cheerful and wholly predictable group that swings hardest when it has the least to say. Through Saturday, April 5. Beginning Tuesday, April 8, actor and, for his purposes here, pianist Michael Moriarty takes on an extended engagement leading a trio. Moriarty, who has played and composed since his teens, has been polishing his technique by playing occasional one-nighters or sitting in for a set or two at small local clubs and by studying with Lance Hayward, the resident keyboard man at Jacques at the Village Corner. The hours run from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of the Lorenzo Tios. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Joe Beck and Dave Sanborne co-lead a quartet on Wednesday, April 2. Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, wily drummer Chico Hamilton energizes a youthful quintet. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated rhythm and blues Sunday through Thursday, April 6-10. And on Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, drummer Roy Haynes pays a visit with his quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—A pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professionals who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the city's large orchestras; these quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—More than a decade ago, Lesley Gore was committed to a Top Forty singing career. She then became probably the only such teenage success to move on to studying literature at Sarah Lawrence; she did this, word has it, between takes of a beach-party movie that she was making at the time, and she was always zipping back and forth to and from the Coast. She is, however, best known to the pre-FM rock generation for her material—raspy-voiced narratives like "It's My Party and I'll Cry If I Want To." Miss Gore is no longer at Sarah Lawrence, but she is here. She alternates with singer and pianist Gerrard Kenny through Saturday, April 5, and with a comedy troupe called Royal Canadienne Fromage Tuesday through Saturday, April 8-12. Shows at nine and midnight. Mercedes Hall sings at nine and eleven on Sundays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

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Rick's Café Américain, in the Casablanca, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860)—The town continues to be crisscrossed by champion singers. Mabel Mercer is back after a short absence; Helen Humes is about to leave, but returns by lilac-time; Matt Dennis, gone for a decade, is just beyond the barrier reef; and Sylvia Syms opens here for two weeks on Sunday, April 6. Everything about Syms is circular and in constant motion—her contralto, her design, her gestures, her frequent circumambulatory intermusical remarks. She never has less than a dozen balls aloft. But the voice and her way with it supersede the brouhaha. She is a nervy singer, and one is never sure what a night may bring. Sometimes her vibrato gets loose, sometimes her voice is so rich it wastes itself, sometimes her phrasing is almost Johnsonian. It doesn't matter. When she wars with herself, she is eloquent and instructive, and when she is of a piece, as in her legato, in-looking "As Long As I Live," she is magnificent. Hasten: she is just about peerless. Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and midnight.

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St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. Bassist Cecil McBee heads a trio—pianist Dave Burrell, drummer Beaver Harris, and singer Bill Willingham—Tuesday through Thursday, April 8-10. Fridays through Sundays Lee Konitz moves downtown to work with pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and Beaver Harris. On Mondays, David Amram and some musician friends play Amramian music, which is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, Eastern Europe, the conservatory, and the street. Music from ten to three.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which Mabel Mercer has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She radiates—which is what she really does now—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz (see *supra*, under Gregory's) and a colleague play some simple, basic, and thoughtful passages. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, the Warren Chiasson trio takes over. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Vibrant trumpeter Howard McGhee visits on Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, along with his quartet. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavy-weight, unrestrained music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, David Durrah on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

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Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Jim Hall causes stones of silence to fall from the lips of the audience when he plays, an occurrence which has unfortunately become more and more rare. But he will be here with the agile, commendable bassist Jack Six Wednesday through Saturday, April 9-12, from ten to two. To the ears of many, Hall is the best living jazz guitarist. He has condensed his instrument by eliminating the Charlie Parker loquacity and the endless solos, and enlarged it by letting in the bountiful shadows of pianists and saxophonists. At the same time he plays with an inventiveness, wit, and subtlety that are sometimes brain-cracking. If the house behaves itself, he may break out his soft new guitar—a beautiful acoustic instrument that gets into every recess of a room.... ¶ The Wednesday-night slot (from nine to one on April 2) is turned over to Kenny Barron, who is sometimes given to playing Monk-like piano solos: his right han comes up with uncompromising and blues melodies while his left hand doles out caref quantities of the beat. Guitarist Jack Wilkins who spent much of last year with Budd Rich's septet, and bassist Eddie Gomez, one-third of the Bill Evans Trio, get togethe from ten to two on Friday and Saturday April 4-5. On Sundays, Nina Sheldon, lively pianist and singer, performs with bassist from nine to one. Dinner.

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Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Often crowded and congested wit young arty-looking types and, after ten-thirty, with some non-arty-looking types wh have come to listen to the live Brazilian an other varieties of jazz. On Sundays an Tuesdays, Cosmology, a bright, fresh-sounding combo, is onstage. Randy Harris, a pleasant enough singer who leans heavily on othe people's material (Richie Havens, Gil Scott Heron, et al.), works in front of a sturd quartet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. O Fridays and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeil directs an infectiously rhythmic, Brazilian flavored band, with the very fine Cecil McBe on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, an drummer Billy Williams. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11t St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution. Sixteen or so of New York's fine studio men—known collectively as the Tha Jones-Mel Lewis band—finish up their week long stint on Monday, April 7. The ban which has convened here on Mondays fo more than ten years, frequently lights int some rousing, hard-hitting material, but also devotes its energies to a number of ballads that are, as a rule, less successful, ofte giving way to studied (and sometimes un studied) looseness, musical punch lines, an clowning. Juanita Fleming is the vocalis On Tuesday, April 8, triple-threat reedma Rahsaan Roland Kirk arrives with his quar tet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, ami cable nights, and cooking typified by collar greens and black-eyed peas. Pianist Chuc Fowler and his bassist are present Monday through Wednesdays. Music from eight. glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatnik and Columbia students is now a bricked-and boarded cafeteria and music room. Monday and Tuesdays, have been set aside for a swin group that includes trumpeter Franc Wil liams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Du ham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drumme Shelton Gary. Four-string tenor guitari Tiny Grimes, once an important compone of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his ow bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesday and Thursdays, with Ronnie Cole on drum and Brian Torff on bass. Fridays, a bop quin tet takes the stand. Sammy Price, king of th Charleston in the Southwest in the twentie and, lately, claimant to the boogie-woogi kingship of Morningside Heights (but onl when he wants to—on some nights he doesn play enough boogie-woogie to suit many o his listeners), works with a quartet; on Satu days and Sundays. Music from nine to on Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—*Pianist Steven Weltner plays in the* CA Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight midnight. Herb Winner takes the bench Su days from eight to midnight and Monday from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Betty Rhodes is dispensing songs in the PE SIAN ROOM at ten during the week, and at nin thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Sa urday. On Monday, April 7, Eileen Fulto another lady given to song, arrives to repla Miss Rhodes. The trios of Barry Levitt an René Martel provide dance music. Close Sundays.... ¶ In the PLAZA RESTAURANT, vi linist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feue stein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirt Tuesdays through Saturdays.... ¶ There i piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti an

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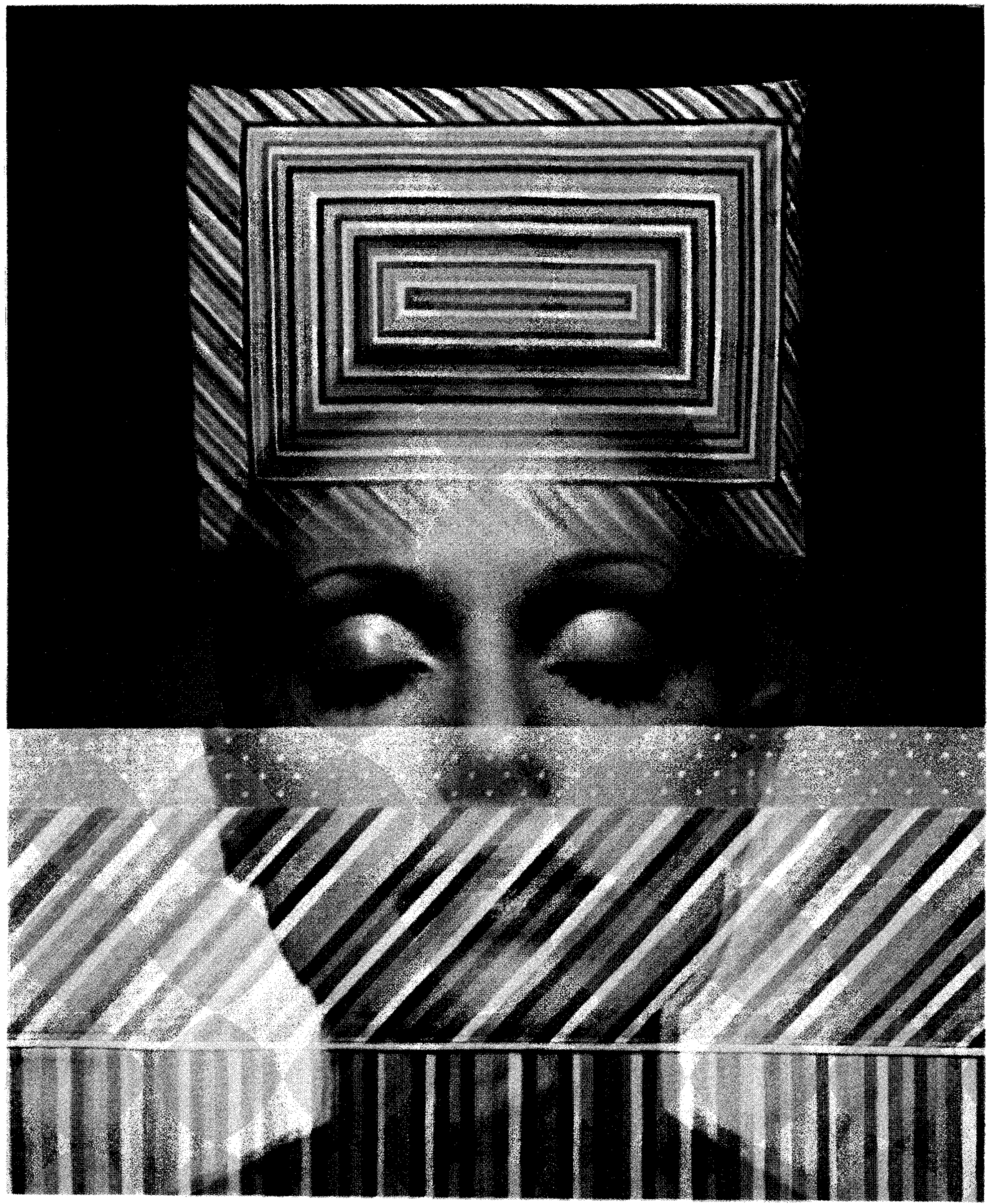

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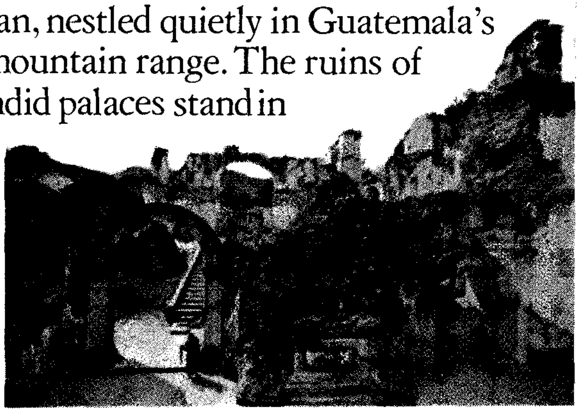

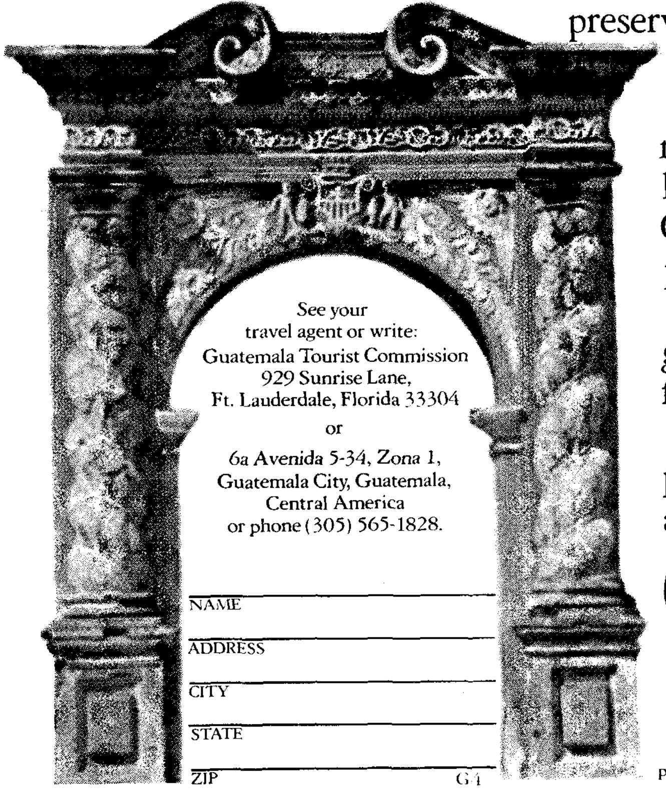

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from five to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from five to one and Sundays from four to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Enzo Stuarti is the tenor at dinner and supper in this well-run mountain resort. On Monday, April 7, soprano Lainie Kazan will replace Mr. S. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The Sy Oliver orchestra plays for dancing from seven, every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs of Morgana King. Dancing to the music of Charles Turecamo's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Harpist Eleanor Fell plays in the **KING COLE GRILLE** every night but Sunday, from seven-thirty to eleven.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** there are songs by Ben Vereen at dinner and supper. The Empire Room Orchestra plays dance music all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ABE AJAY—Carefully constructed relief works that are a combination of painted canvas panels and poured polyester resin. Through April 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BENNY ANDREWS—Paintings and collages concerning the effects of war. Through Saturday, April 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

PETER ARNO (1904-68)—Cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and book-jacket illustrations spanning a forty-year period. Through May 3. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MARGIT BECK—Abstract landscapes done from an aerial perspective. Through April 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HYMAN BLOOM—Abstracts and landscapes by a Boston artist. Through April 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

ERICH BRAUER—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHN BUTTON—Representational paintings of New York City rooftops. Through April 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

BERNARD CHAET—Paintings of interiors with figures. Through April 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES (1862-1928)—A chronological retrospective, including oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, etchings, and lithographs. Through April 15. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JOHN DAY—Surrealistic landscapes. Through Thursday, April 10. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

PETER DECHAR—Large paintings of outsize pears. Through April 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

VICTOR DE GRAILLY (1804-89)—A loan show of paintings of American landscapes by a French painter who never visited here but based his work on another artist's engravings. Some of the engravings are also included. Through April 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Thickly painted abstract landscapes. Through April 26. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

JOHN DUFF—Fibre-glass sculptures, both floor and wall pieces, painted a rust brown. Through April 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

SONJA EISENBERG—Abstract paintings in which forms emerge from misty color fields. Through Saturday, April 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RED GROOMS—Satirical gouaches, mainly centered on New York City sights like the shoppers at Bloomingdale's. Through April 19. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through May 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Landscapes of New England in autumn, mostly. Through May 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Steel and aluminum wall pieces and freestanding vertical sculptures. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM KIENBUSCH—Abstract caseins and drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62)—Nearly thirty drawings, with examples from every stage of his career. Through Saturday, April 5. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

KARL KNATHS (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1946 and 1971. Through Friday, April 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

BERNARD LAMOTTE—Paintings of the French countryside. Through April 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT MANN—Intricately painted scenes of rural life in Canada in the twenties; first one-man show in New York. Through April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN R. MANNING—Paintings and drawings, mostly of farm buildings, emphasizing shadows and substantial shapes. Through April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ANDRE MINAUX—Still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—Semi-abstract oil paintings, many with birds or animals. Through April 19. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD—Relief paintings incorporating paper cutouts. Through April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

REEVE SCHLEY III—Watercolors of New Mexico and New Jersey, plus a few portraits. Through April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Dogs in landscapes and portraits of dogs. Through April 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

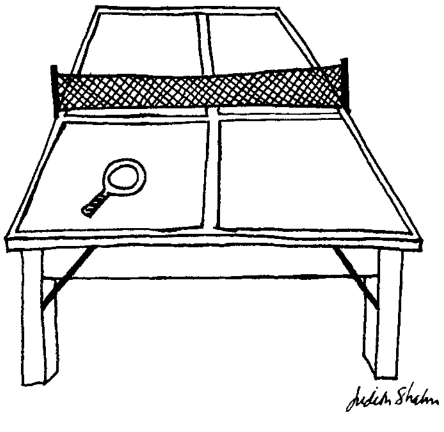
STEVEN SLOMAN—Black-and-white abstract paintings. Through April 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

JULIAN STANCZAK—Paintings in which color or shades of gray are organized in relation to a grid overlay. Through April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

PAT STEIR—Abstract paintings with motifs of flowers, plus some drawings. Through April 19. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Sculptures and paintings by a Chicago-born artist who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles. Through April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDVINS STRAUTMANIS / LAWRENCE WILLIAMS—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Polyester-resin sculptures of feet. Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)



HELEN THOMAS—Paintings of overlapping ellipses by a colorist. Through Saturday, April 12. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

ELLEN WOLFF—Assemblages made of stainless steel combined with oil on canvas. Through April 19. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOW—John Chumley (egg temperas and watercolors), Ken Davies (oils), and Michael Filmus (drawings done with charcoal and pastel, and pencil). Through April 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Paintings by an Optical artist. Through Saturday, April 12. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BATAN—A lively group of paintings with a style suggesting the later Dubuffet but in warm colors—chartreuse, orange, aqua. Through Saturday, April 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

SUSAN CRILE / DONALD EVANS—Aerial views by an artist who is primarily a colorist. / Stamps for imaginary countries. Through April 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROY DE FOREST—Four large paintings and a group of crayon and pastel drawings in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, April 11. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

JILLIAN DENBY—Paintings of nudes. Through Thursday, April 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK FORSMAN—Realistic landscapes and interiors. Through April 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Small wall constructions in mixed mediums. Through April 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes. Through April 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RAYMOND MINTZ—Works painted in County Kerry, Ireland, mostly. Through April 19. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID PARRISH—Photo-Realist paintings of motorbikes. Through April 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MICHAEL ROBBINS—Drawings celebrating such activities as motorcycling, surfing, and sky-diving; first one-man show in New York. Through April 19. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Recent welded-steel sculptures composed of rods and cylinders. Through April 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Another recent piece, plus three earlier works. Through May 2. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

P. WILSON—Abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through April 26. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CHESTER A. AUGUSTINE / MASAMI KODAMA—Paintings and drawings. / Marble sculptures. Through April 17. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

LUCIEN DAY—Six-foot-tall watercolors of the Acropolis and other subjects. Through April 17. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PORFIRIO DI DONNA—Abstract drawings. Through April 19. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

PENNY KAPLAN—Welded-steel sculptures, inspired by the Japanese tea ceremony, which are cut out and placed flat on the floor; first solo show in New York. Through April 16. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

ROMAN OPALKA / LUCIO POZZI—Acrylic paintings and ink drawings, all of tiny numbers in sequence. / Works dealing with photographic papers according to their inherent properties. One part of the exhibit is the addition of a piece of unexposed, unprocessed photosensitive paper to the gallery wall each day. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

LILIANA PORTER—Works that combine several elements—for instance, a silk-screened green pepper perched on a table that has been drawn

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on the wall. Through April 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Vertical abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Halina Rusak / Rachel Rolon de Clet—Paintings of flowers. / Acrylic paintings and silverpoint drawings. Through Wednesday, April 9. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

William Tillyer—Abstract paintings of still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through April 19. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Richard Vaux / Garey Riester—Paintings in acrylic on layers of vinyl. / Large-scale Photo-Realist paintings of people of primitive cultures. Through April 17. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Acrylics on canvas. Through Thursday, April 10. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Susan Lewis Williams—Drawings and small figure sculptures cast in sterling silver. Through April 16. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures. Through April 16. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **AAMES**, 93 Prince St.: Paintings by John Grillo, Vincent Malta, and James Norman. Through April 19. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, films, and other works by six northern California artists. Through Wednesday, April 9. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by John Kacere, Tony King, and Martin Hoffman, as well as imaginary graphs on paper by Karen Shaw. Through April 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Brower Hatcher—Colored-wire and steel sculptures. Through April 25. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Hunt / Henry Moore—Bronze and welded-steel sculptures, all under twenty inches high. / Ten bronzes and three drawings. Through April 26. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Clergue—Abstractions (one group printed on aluminum plates), some of the sea, sand, and plants. Through April 18. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7.)

Benno Friedman / Minor White—Hand-colored landscapes and abstractions. / Photographs done from 1943 to the present. Through April 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through May 11. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Les McCann—Black-and-white photographs of people, taken in Mexico, Jamaica, and other countries by the well-known jazz pianist; first one-man show in New York. Through April 13. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marc Riboud's photojournalism from the last two decades, done on assignment in Vietnam, Algeria, Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, and Washington (among other turbulent places). . . . ¶ Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Both through Sunday, April 6. . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Imogen Cunningham, Julia Margaret Cameron, Berenice Abbott, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, Inge Morath, Jill Krementz, and Sarah Moon are among the women photographers represented here. Through April 18. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: A sixth-anniversary show. It includes work by Stieglitz, Steichen, Atget, Hine, Weston, Cunningham, Abbott, Lartigue, Brassaï, Arbus, Friedlander, Tice, and Erwitt—about a hundred and twenty-five selections in all. Through Saturday, April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through May 11. . . . ¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, and gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings (by, among others, William Powell Frith and Edwin Henry Landseer) that were exhibited at the Royal Academy in London during the reign of Queen Victoria. Through April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Burchfield, Klee, Grosz, and others. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on *similar themes by artists of different* generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 *to the present* by Brice Marden. Through April 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The final stage will close April 15. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and constructions by Roy De Forest. Through May 4. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Small, stuffed figures, personal artifacts, photographs, and collages arranged in boxes, glass cases, and window frames by a Los Angeles artist, Betye Saar, whose themes are contemporary religious, social, and political issues. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures from the sixties by Mark di Suvero, Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, and others. Through April 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles) on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Moses Soyer, and Zoltan Sepeshy. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-eight painters and five sculptors who *are candidates for Academy-Institute* awards. Both through Sunday, April 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and other works by Hugo Weber (1918-71), a Swiss-American Abstract Expressionist. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, and books that saw *first light* here, *all* selected by the Grolier Club in a friendly gesture. Through Tuesday, April 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts, made of wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic, paper, and fabric. Through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, noon to 5, and Tuesday, April 8, until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Wall hangings, rugs, jewelry, and ceramic and wood sculptures made by artisans from Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Through Friday, April 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs, journals, maps, and other items that illustrate the grim side of life (crime, sweatshops, sickness, tenements) in nineteenth-century New York City. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Century-old dolls, new dolls, Easter eggs, and Victorian toys are part of "A Dolls' Easter." Through May 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Leon Golub. Through May 4. . . . ¶ Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Through Sunday, April 6. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 2, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Birgit

Nilsson, Anna Reynolds, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and Bengt Rundgren; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "Tosca," with Magda Olivero, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Gail Robinson, Paolo Montarsolo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 1: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 7: "Götterdämmerung," with Berit Lindholm, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, Bengt Rundgren, and Andrew Foldi; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday, April 7, at 8: The Metropolitan's première of Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "Tosca," with Magda Olivero, James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "La Bohème," with Katia Ricciarelli, Rita Shane, José Carreras, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Charles Anthony; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Maralin Niska, William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 2, at 7: The company's première of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; directed by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Patricia Wells, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Elizabeth Haley, Alan Titus, and Gary Glaze; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: "Faust," with Patricia Wells, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, and Melvyn Poll; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 6, at 1: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 6, at 7: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Charles Roe, and Edward Pierson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Wells, Eleanor Bergquist, Pablo Elvira, and Robert Hale; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Alan Crofoot, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp and Richard Kness, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig and Robert Nagy; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Patricia Wise, Spiro Malas, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: "Faust," with Glenys Fowles, Jeanne Piland, Melvyn Poll, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 3, at 8:30; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8:30; Tuesday, April 8, at 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8:30 (all with Justus Frantz, piano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, bass-baritone). . . . ¶ James Conlon conducting on Saturday, April 12, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30 (both with Evelyn Lear, soprano).

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting, with Narciso Yepes, guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Pierre Monteux Centennial Celebration—Claude Monteux conducting the Hudson Valley Philharmonic in a benefit concert, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 5, at 8, and Sunday, April 6, at 5:30. All seats have been sold for the Saturday concert, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Beethoven program and acting as piano soloist, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano, David Griffith, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone; Mayumi Fujikawa, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; and several choruses. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Band—Philip Catelinet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the last in a series of programs of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with the choir from the Clifton, New Jersey, High School. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—With Misha Dichter, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

James Mathis—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Alain Planes—Cello and piano, in an all-Bach recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and Richard Fitz, drums. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 6, at 5.)

Reger Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 6, at 2:15.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the last in a series of Mozart-Schubert-Beethoven recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—Joel Thome conducting a program of contemporary music, with Lawrence Weller, baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of five concerts, this one a program of electronic music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

Heiichiro Ohyama—Viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first of two benefit recitals presenting the Schoenberg cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Arthur Fiedler, conductor; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and Tony Randall, speaker. A benefit for the Music Division of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

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New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

André Marchal—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Robert Smith—The second of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Evangelina Colón—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

John Browning—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Karl Richter—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Note—Carlos Barbosa-Lima will give a classical-guitar recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 20, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 7, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 2, at 5:45: **hazel scott**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 5:45: **twyla tharp dance company.**

New York Jazz Repertory Company—A program of music by Bix Beiderbecke, with Bill Challis; Paul Mertz, Bill Rank, Joe Venuti, and Speigan Wilcox. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

David Bromberg and Doc Watson—With their bands. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Ramsey Lewis and George Benson—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.

Theodore Bikel—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.

George Wein and the Newport All-Stars—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 6, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Charles Mingus—With Milt Jackson and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 6, at 8.)

Rita Dimitri—With Stanley Brilliant. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Mireille Mathieu—Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, at 8:30.

Johnny Winter—With the James Cotton Band. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Don Reno-Bill Harrell and the Tennessee Cut-Ups—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 598-3757.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—First league games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 8, and Thursday, April 10, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 2.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Buffalo. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 6, at 1:10.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis. (Nassa Coliseum. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Islanders. (Madiso Square Garden. Sunday, April 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, April 5, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:3 through Saturday, May 31. The Dista Handicap, Wednesday, April 2; the Gothan Saturday, April 5; the Ruthless, Wednesda April 9; and the Excelsior Handicap, Satur day, April 12. . . . **garden state park,** Cherr Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesda May 27.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **blue hill troupe:** A benefit per formance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Th Sorcerer." (Hunter College Playhouse, Par Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 5, at 2. Fo tickets, call 744-8967.) . . . **light opera of man hattan:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday an Sunday, April 5-6, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience, Saturday, April 12, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **brook lyn philharmonia:** David Amram conductin a "Bach to Gershwin" program. (Brookly Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 63 4100. Saturday, April 12, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionette** "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatr 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesda through Sunday, April 2-6, and Saturda April 12, all at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . **chil dren's repertory group:** Benefit performance of "How the Witch Grew Rich." (Barbizo Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturda and Sunday, April 12-13, at 1 and 3. For in formation about tickets, call 838-4578.) . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Hotel Oper downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:30. For tickets, ca 697-0730.) . . . **poko puppets:** "The Boy Wh Could Swallow the Ocean." (Museum of th City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th S LE 4-1672. Wednesday, April 2, at 1:3 Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by a adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81s St. (873-1300)—The current show is calle "Sol." Starting Tuesday, April 8, there wil be a new show, "Between the Planets. (Wednesday through Friday, April 2-4, at 11 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Thereafter, Tuesday through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays a 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Dumbo," a full-length Walt Disne cartoon. (Park East Synagogue, 163 E. 67t St. Sunday, April 6, at 2. For tickets, cal RE 7-6900.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number t call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—David Ignatow reading fro his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 8, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8 6783.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 98 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, a 10:15 and 2, and Friday and Saturday, Apri 4-5, at 2: Art Nouveau, nineteenth-centur Orientalia and other works of art, furniture and decorations; from many sources. . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 2: Jewelry, fro several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday April 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Chicago April 19 (day) and April 20 (day doubleheader). St. Louis, April 22-23 (d). Montreal, May 2 (night) and May 3-4 (d). Pittsburgh, May 6-7 (n) and May 8 (d). Cincinnati, May 9 (n) and May 10-11 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Detroit, April 13 (day doublehead er). Boston, April 15-16 (day). Milwaukee, April 25 (night), April 26 (d), and April 27 (day doubleheader). Cleveland, April 28-29 (n). Baltimore, April 30-May 1 (n).

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 19.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Boston. April 26.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Syracuse. April 26.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Yale, and St. Joseph's. (Derby. April 26.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. May 3.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. May 3.)... ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 11.)

RACING—At Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 3.

PRO TENNIS—New York Sets vs. Cleveland and Los Angeles vs. Boston. (Nassau Coliseum. May 6.)

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 21.)... ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 25-26.)

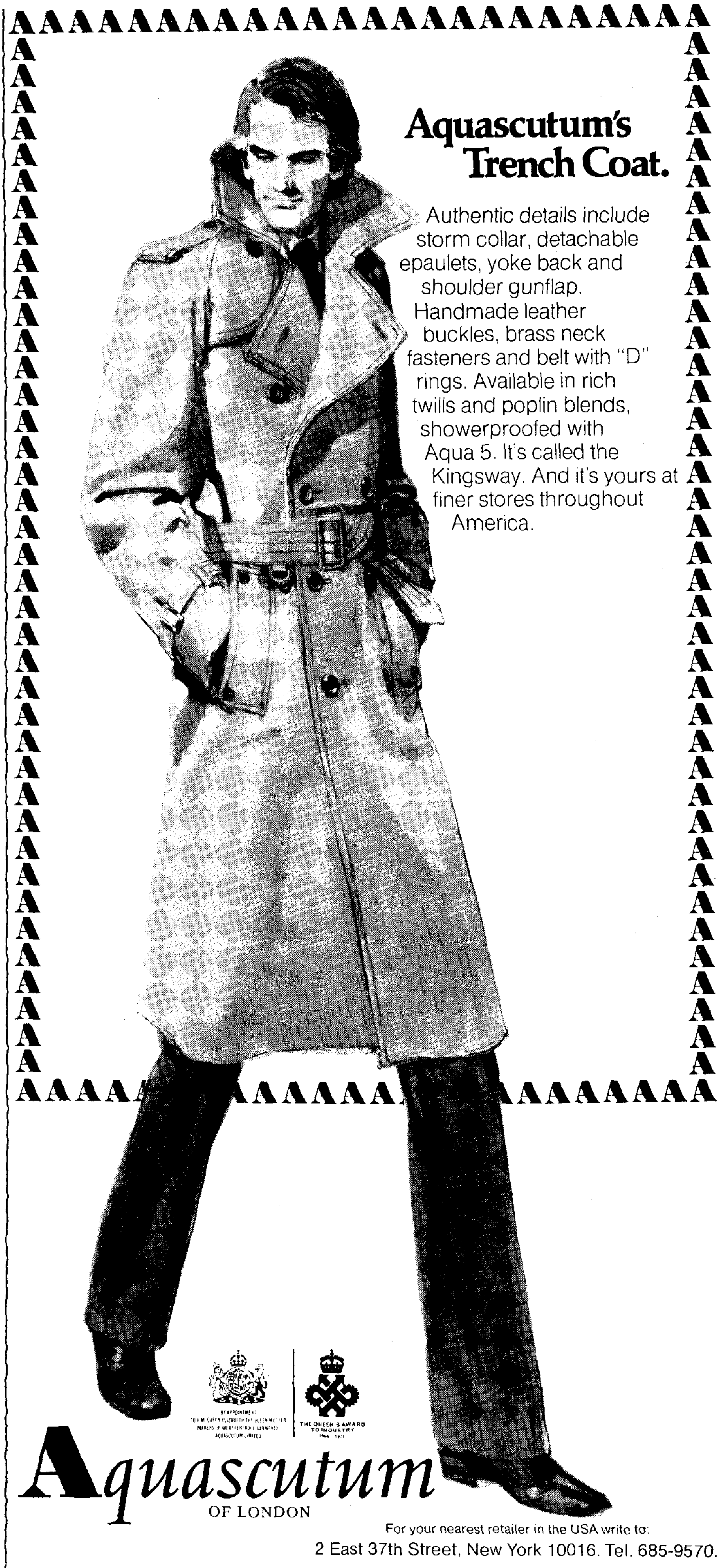
TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 17-Nov. 15.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 19.... **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, April 13 and May 4.... ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 20.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 28.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Pittsburgh Symphony, April 15.... ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, April 19.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 20.... ¶ Régine Crespin, soprano, April 23.... ¶ Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, April 24.... ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, April 27.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, April 29-30 and May 2.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, May 1.... ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, May 4.... ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, May 5.... ¶ Bavarian Symphony of Munich, May 6-7.... ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, May 10.... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Anthony Newman, harpsichord, April 13.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, April 13 and 16.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 14.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 18 and 20 and May 9 and 11.... ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, April 23.... ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, April 26.... ¶ Our Bach Concert, April 26.... ¶ Concordia College Choir, April 27.... ¶ Robert Miller, piano, April 29.... ¶ New and Newer Music, May 4.... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Franz Liszt Orchestra of Budapest, April 13.... ¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, April 26.... ¶ Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, May 9.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Music from Marlboro, April 17.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 25.

BALLET AND DANCE—Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, April 15-May 4.... ¶ Bolshoi Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 22-May 24.... ¶ Dance Theatre of Harlem, at the Uris Theatre, April 22-May 11.... ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 29-June 29.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A limited engagement of Maugham's "The Constant Wife," starring Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ A musical, "A Matter of Time," with a book by Hap Schleim and Russell Leib, music and lyrics by Philip Margo, and a cast headed by Joe Masiell and Glory Van Scott.... ¶ "Little Black Sheep," a comedy by Anthony Scully, in which Ken Howard will appear. The final presentation of the season by the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center.... ¶ Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach in "Chicago," a musical. Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse wrote the book (based on Maurine Dallas Watkins' 1926 comedy of the same name, which was later made into the film "Roxie Hart"). John Kander supplied the score, and Mr. Ebb is responsible for the lyrics.

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1974 and estimates for 1975 are due Tuesday, April 15.... ¶ The April Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.), April 23.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Janis."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 3: "Arsène Lupin," "Nick Carter, Master Detective," and "The Garden Murder Case."
April 4: "Lost Horizon" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."
April 5: "They All Kissed the Bride" and "Platinum Blonde."
April 6: "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo."
April 7-8: "Design for Living" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."
From April 9: "Frankenstein," "The Bride of Frankenstein," and "Son of Frankenstein."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 8: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."
From April 9: "Freebie and the Bean" and "Badlands."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 8: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 9: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 8: "Harry & Tonto."
From April 9: "The Stepford Wives."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Homo Eroticus."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"And Now My Love."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rosebud."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 8: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From April 9: "The Passenger."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Amarcord."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Brannigan."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King of Hearts."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Hearts and Minds."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Yakuza."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Middle of the World."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 8: "The Man with the Golden Gun."
From April 9: "The Stepford Wives."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Stepford Wives."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Amarcord."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 8: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers."
From April 9: "Lenny."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Four Musketeers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waldo Pepper."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Brannigan."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
April 2: "Juliet of the Spirits" / "The Puritan" / "The Girls."
April 3: "Juliet of the Spirits" / "The Sea Gull" / "The Girls."
April 4: "And Now for Something Completely Different" / "The Sea Gull" / "The Wedding."
April 5: "And Now for Something Completely Different" / "Dream Street" / "Slaughterhouse-Five."
April 6: "First Comes Courage" / "Dance, Girl, Dance" / "Slaughterhouse-Five" / "Orphans of the Storm" / "And Now for Something Completely Different."
April 7: "Les Bonnes Femmes" / "Native Land" / "Family Life."
April 8: "Les Bonnes Femmes" / "Peeping Tom" / "Everything for Sale."
April 9: "Ulysses" / "The Joyless Street" / "Harold and Maude."
April 10: "Ulysses" / "Through and Through" / "Harold and Maude."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Young Frankenstein."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Amarcord."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 8 (tentative): "Brannigan."
From April 9: "Lenny."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 8 at one or another of the theatres: "Les Violons du Bal" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!" / "The Island at the Top of the World" / "A Woman Under the Influence" / "Les Enfants Terribles."
From April 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 2: "The Wild Child" and "Walkabout."
April 3-5: "The Ruling Class" and "Bedazzled."
April 6: One performance, at noon, of "The Miracle Worker."
April 6-7: "All About Eve" and "Sunset Boulevard."
April 8: "César and Rosalie" and "Bed and Board."
April 9-10: "Fellini's Roma" and "The Clowns."

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Godfather, Part II."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Island at the Top of the World."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"At Long Last Love."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Young Frankenstein."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 2: "THX 1138" and "Silent Running."
April 3: "La Terra Trema" and "Sandra."
April 4: "The Third Lover" and "Léda."
April 5: "Horsefeathers" and "Duck Soup."
April 6 through the afternoon of April 7: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
April 8: "Shame" and "The Ritual."
April 9: "The Collector" and "Peeping Tom."
April 10: "Viridiana" and "Belle de Jour."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Rosebud."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Amarcord."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Donkey Skin."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 8: "Thieves Like Us" and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."
From April 9: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through April 8: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 9: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Young Frankenstein."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 8: "The Emigrants" and "The Bride Wore Black."
From April 9: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through April 8: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From April 9: "Lenny."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 8: Theatre closed.
From April 9: "Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 2 at 5:30: "Waltz Time" (1945), a British film, directed by Paul Stein, with Carole Raye and Peter Graves.... ¶ April 3 at 5:30: "Loulou" (1975), in French, directed by Edouard Luntz, with Louis Bossu; English subtitles.... ¶ April 3 at 8: "A Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film made without inter-titles, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa.... ¶ April 4 at 2 and April 5 at noon: Two French films, directed by Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali—"Un Chien Andalou" (1929) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), no English subtitles.... ¶ April 5 at 3: "Happy Days" (1929), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Claude E. Evans and Marjorie White.... ¶ April 6 at 12:30 and 3: "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers and Jean Seberg.... ¶ April 7 at 2: "The Mysterious X" (1913), a Danish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; no inter-titles.... ¶ April 8 at 2 and April 9 at 5:30: "War Comes to America" (1945), directed by Anatole Litvak, a documentary from the "Why We Fight" series.... ¶ April 10 at 5:30: "The Mysterious X."... ¶ April 10 at 8: "The Parson's Widow" (1920), a Danish silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer; Swedish inter-titles only. (A limited number

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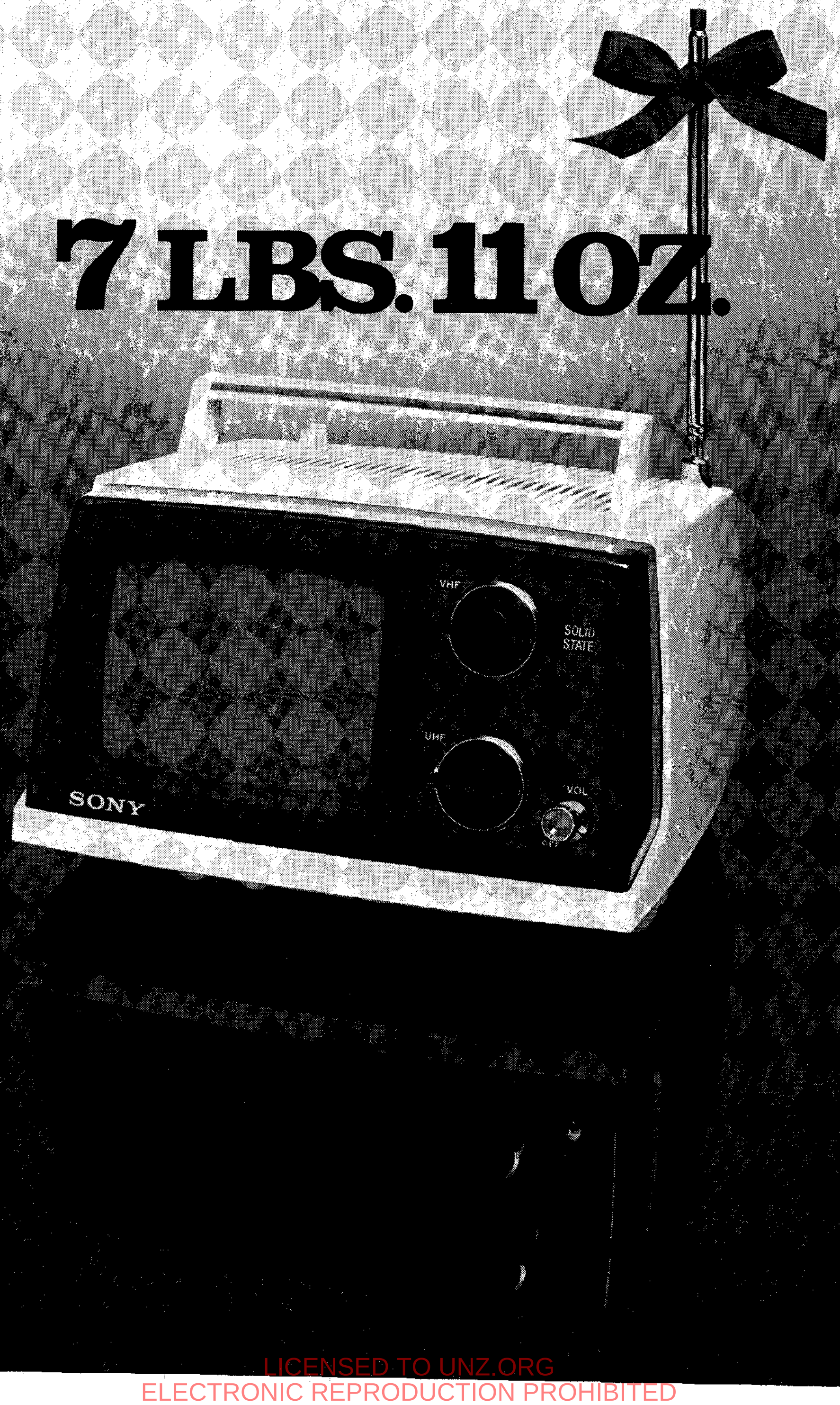

of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 3: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1941), directed by H. Bruce Humberstone, with Betty Grable and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ April 4: "Hangover Square" (1945), directed by John Brahm, with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ April 5: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with Laurence Olivier and Carol Lynley. . . . ¶ April 6: "Passing Fancy" (1933), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, with Takeshi Sakamoto; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 10: "Girls About Town" (1931), directed by George Cukor, with Kay Francis and Joel McCrea. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 5: "Intrepid Traveller and His Merry Band of Pranksters Search for a Cool Place, Part I," directed by Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting April 6: "Path of Cessation," directed by Robert Fulton, and "Images of Asian Music," directed by Peter Hutton. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). No showings on Wednesday, April 9. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Eisenstein, Hanoun, De Hirsch, Griffith, Kirsanov, Jacobs, Keaton, Jordan, Kubelka, Markopoulos, and others Showings April 2 at 5 and 8:30; April 3 a 5, 7, and 9:30; April 4 at 6, 8, and 10; April 5 at 2:30, 6, and 10; April 6 at 8; April 8 at 5 and 7:30; and April 9-10 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a ten-day festival of new films by new directors. April 4 at 6 and April 6 a 8:30: "Pirosmani" (U.S.S.R.; Georgy Shengelaya). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30 and April 5 a 6: "Chac" (Panama; Rolando Klein). . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 6: "General Idi Amin Dada" (France; Barbet Schroeder) . . . ¶ April 7 at 6 and April 8 at 8:30: "The Engagement of Anna" (Greece; Panteli Voulgaris). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30 and April 8 at 6: "A Simple Event" (Iran; Sohrab Shahid Saless). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd St. For information about tickets, cal 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (34th St. East.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Elgin; April 6-7.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. (9/23/74) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4-6.)

And Now My Love—With Marthe Keller and André Dussollier, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts.)

Arsène Lupin (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave jewel thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is; the movie isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 3.)

At Long Last Love—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy, with Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, their antique smartness sounds smug, though "Find Me a Primitive Man," with Madeline Kahn nudging her thighs together, has some humor. (3/24/75) (Music Hall.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 9.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Elgin; April 8.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; April 3-5.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (U. A. East; through April 8.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film reeks of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7-8.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodi Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry; yet it has more tendernes and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema April 7-8.)

Brannigan—John Wayne as a Chicago policeman in England. Directed by Douglas Hickok. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich through April 8, tentative.)

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)—James Whale Universal's prewar master of horror pictures, made this Frankenstein sequel when the studio realized that killing off the Monster had been an act of commercial lunacy Risking forgetfulness on the public's part they blandly restored the destroyed moneyspinner to life. The sequel is actually better than the original. Elsa Lanchester's hair is dressed in the manner of a rather distraugh Pharaoh's daughter, and Ernest Thesiger is a wonderfully eccentric scientist hell-bent on discovering things about labelled and microscopic organisms in jars. Universal objected at the time that Boris Karloff had become too human, with his crusty jokes and his addiction to smoking. That may be part of the later time's pleasure in the piece. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 9.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanica story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Symphony; through April 8.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973)—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6 through the afternoon of April 7.)

César and Rosalie (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-met-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

al tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Elgin; April 8.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Symphony; starting April 9.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 9.)

he Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; April 9-10.)

he Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

he Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Symphony; starting April 9.)

ance, Girl, Dance (1940)—With Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward, directed by Dorothy Arzner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

esign for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7-8.)

onkey Skin—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film with pretty music by Michel Legrand. *Said to be a tale for all little girls,* mothers, and grandmothers. Grannies of the world, unite. In French. (Regency.)

ream Street (1921)—Returning to the Thomas Burke stories of the London slums that were the basis for "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith had a disaster. The plot, about a Chinese who lusts after Carol Dempster (a chilly heroine), is fairly embarrassing, and the mixture of allegory, melodrama, and attempted poetry is a sad mess. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

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Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Emigrants (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, Troell's achievement is prodigious. The story is concluded in a second film, "The New Land." Both with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Symphony; through April 8.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 8.)

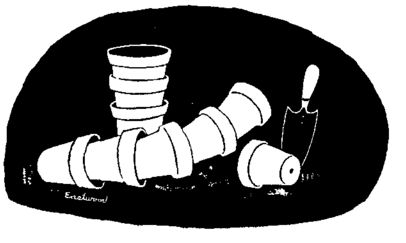
Everything for Sale (1968)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8.)

Family Life (1971)—Directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; April 9-10.)

First Comes Courage (1943)—With Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne, directed by Dorothy Arzner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

The Four Musketeers—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the other three (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Schoolboy larks and rude jokes reign. Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (Loews Ciné.)



Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the Monster's first victim. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 9.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. It was conceived in the pre-Watergate Nixon era, and the heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as the transvestite. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 9.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Garden Murder Case (1936)—S. S. Van Dine's supersleuth Philo Vance (Edmund Lowe) is called in when a man is killed during a steeplechase. William Powell was a more amusing Philo Vance earlier in the series, but the backup actors are the same here—Nat Pendleton as the lummox Heath, and Etienne Girardot as the minuscule coroner, Dr. Doremus. Not much stays in the mind from this one except Frieda Inescort getting pushed from a double-decker bus. Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume as lovely as ever. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 3.)

The Girls (1968)—With Bibi Andersson and Harriet Andersson, directed by Mai Zetterling. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2-3.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Victoria.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6 through the afternoon of April 7.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-per-cent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the director George Roy Hill's fresh-painted storytelling almost

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amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-10.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through April 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 9.)

Hearts and Minds—A documentary about the United States involvement in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis. (Cinema I.)

Homo Eroticus—With Rossana Podesta and Lando Buzzanca, directed by Marco Vicario. Only R-rated, despite the title. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

The Island at the Top of the World—From the Disney studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Guild. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 8.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Art.)

The Joyless Street (1925; shown in the United States under the title "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary, novel-like triumph of cinematography and design. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2-3.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl. Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Thalia; through April 8.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decae and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (U. A. East, Greenwich, and Thalia; starting April 9.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Thalia; through April 8.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (72nd Street East; through April 8.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 8.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. Why don't they ever come out of America? This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger (they did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique"). Set in Switzerland, the watershed divide between the Mediterranean and the North Sea. The hero (Philippe Leotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet. Passion consisting in lovers' capacity to contain their mirror images as a totality, the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Beautifully lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, truly erotic, and alert to wounds. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Arthur Penn directs Patty Duke as Helen Keller and Anne Bancroft as her teacher in the film of William Gibson's play. (Elgin; April 6, one performance, at noon.)

Monte Carlo (1930)—Jeanette MacDonald leans out the window of a train and radiantly sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" to fields of rather stunned-looking peasants. She also does a lot of singing in her underwear. Lubitsch directed. With Jack Buchanan. Very stylish and sly, not to be missed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Baronet; through April 8. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 9.)

Native Land (1942)—A documentary film, directed by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

Nick Carter, Master Detective (1939)—Undistinguished is putting it kindly. Walter Pidgeon as the detective, and Donald Meek as his beekeeping assistant Bartholomew. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 3.)

Orphans of the Storm (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

The Passenger—With Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Baronet; starting April 9.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," got up this thriller about a psychotic who killed women and photographed their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 5.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. What works on the stage can be theatrical and empty at the same time, and that's how a Neil Simon sitcom like this can get by on Broadway. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (U. A. East; through April 8.)

The Puritan (1938)—The very young Jean-Louis Barrault in a film by Jeff Musso, from a Liam O'Flaherty story, that outraged the censors of the time. Barrault plays a reporter, both maddened and pious, who commits a murder out of prudishness and then writes a story about it that suggests the calamity was due to holy wrath about sin. The film is concerned with self-deception; the knife blade of puritanism switches back on itself. Pungent movie, to be seen. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2.)

The Ritual (1969)—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

Rosebud—A suspense story about the kidnapping by terrorists of five girls. With Peter O'Toole and Richard Attenborough, directed by Otto Preminger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; April 3-5.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother Gianni (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Ball as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

The Sea Gull (1968)—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities, but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 3-4.)

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (1958)—With Kerwin Mathews and Kathryn Grant, directed by Nathan Juran. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Loews 83rd St.; through April 8.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

Silent Running (1972)—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5-6.)

Son of Frankenstein (1939)—The third and last in the Boris Karloff series, but not directed by James Whale, who did "Frankenstein" and the somewhat whimsical "Bride of Frankenstein." The conception doesn't have the resonance of the first two films. Basil Rathbone plays the Baron, and Bela Lugosi is affecting as Ygor, the shepherd and grave robber who becomes the Monster's only friend. Karloff gets a few inventive scenes (the Monster's revulsion when he sees himself in a mirror, his agonized scream when he discovers that Ygor is dead), but Rowland V. Lee's stodgy direction crosses over from the creepy to the distasteful. The set designs contribute to the dreamy, unworldly mood, and actors such as Lionel Atwill, Edgar Norton, and Gustav von Seyffertitz give the production a certain amount of class. Emma Dunn and timid, terrified Josephine Hutchinson don't. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 9.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting April 9.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star, Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salome." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salome, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Elgin; April 6-7.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York

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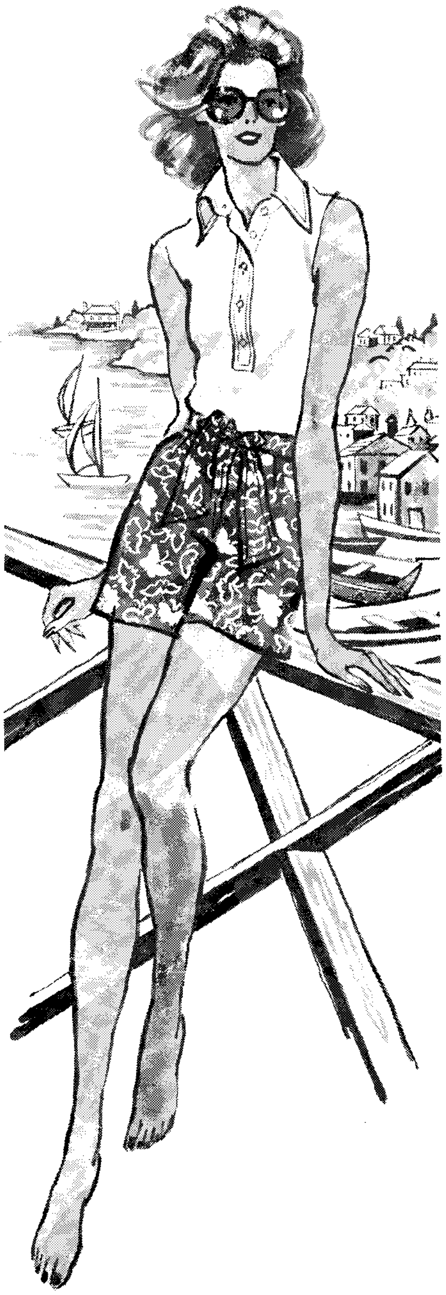

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subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 8.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

They All Kissed the Bride (1942)—"You're a machine—not a woman," Melvyn Douglas, the bohemian journalist, tells Joan Crawford, the boss-lady with the wrong slant on life. It was the refrain of Hollywood comedies after the Second World War: the heroine has to learn that running things wasn't feminine. Joan, the head of a trucking company, proves she's fit to be a bride by doing a jitterbug number and getting drunk. It's grimly unfunny: glowering, Crawford strides through the role that Carole Lombard's death saved her from. With Roland Young, Billie Burke, and Allen Jenkins; directed by Alexander Hall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 5.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 8.)

The Third Lover (1963)—One of Claude Chabrol's minor efforts. Jacques Charrier is the deadpan journalist-narrator who tells how he spitefully broke up the happy marriage of a German writer (Walther Reyer) and his strikingly pretty wife (Stéphane Audran). The narrator's final remark is the regretful announcement that when he told his story, "people merely shrugged." That's all the audience can do. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

Through and Through (1974)—Directed by Gregor Krolikiewicz. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

Tommy—A rock opera, with Ann-Margret and Oliver Reed, directed by Ken Russell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-10.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Quad Cinema; through April 8.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Elgin; April 2.)

The Wedding (1972)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving elegantly speculative. In French. (Elgin April 2.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 8.)

The Yakuza—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one o the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penitence. A swaggeringly meretricious fairytale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, a Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate (3/24/75) (Beekman.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

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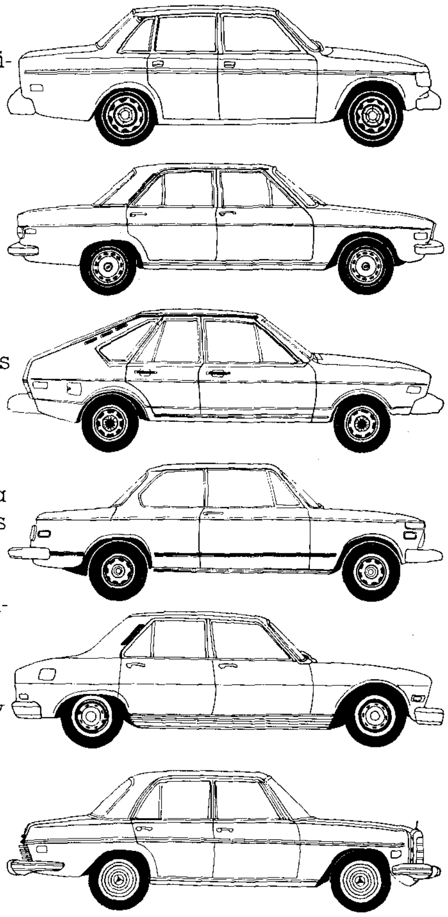

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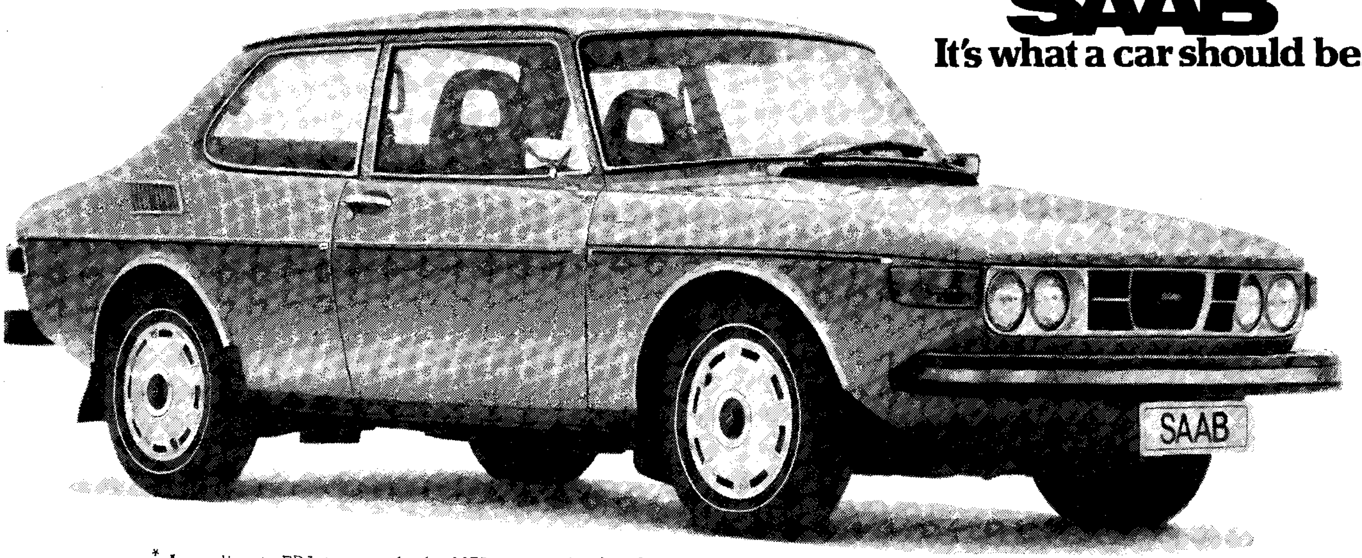

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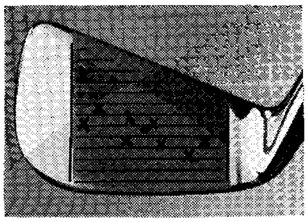

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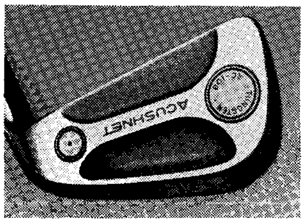

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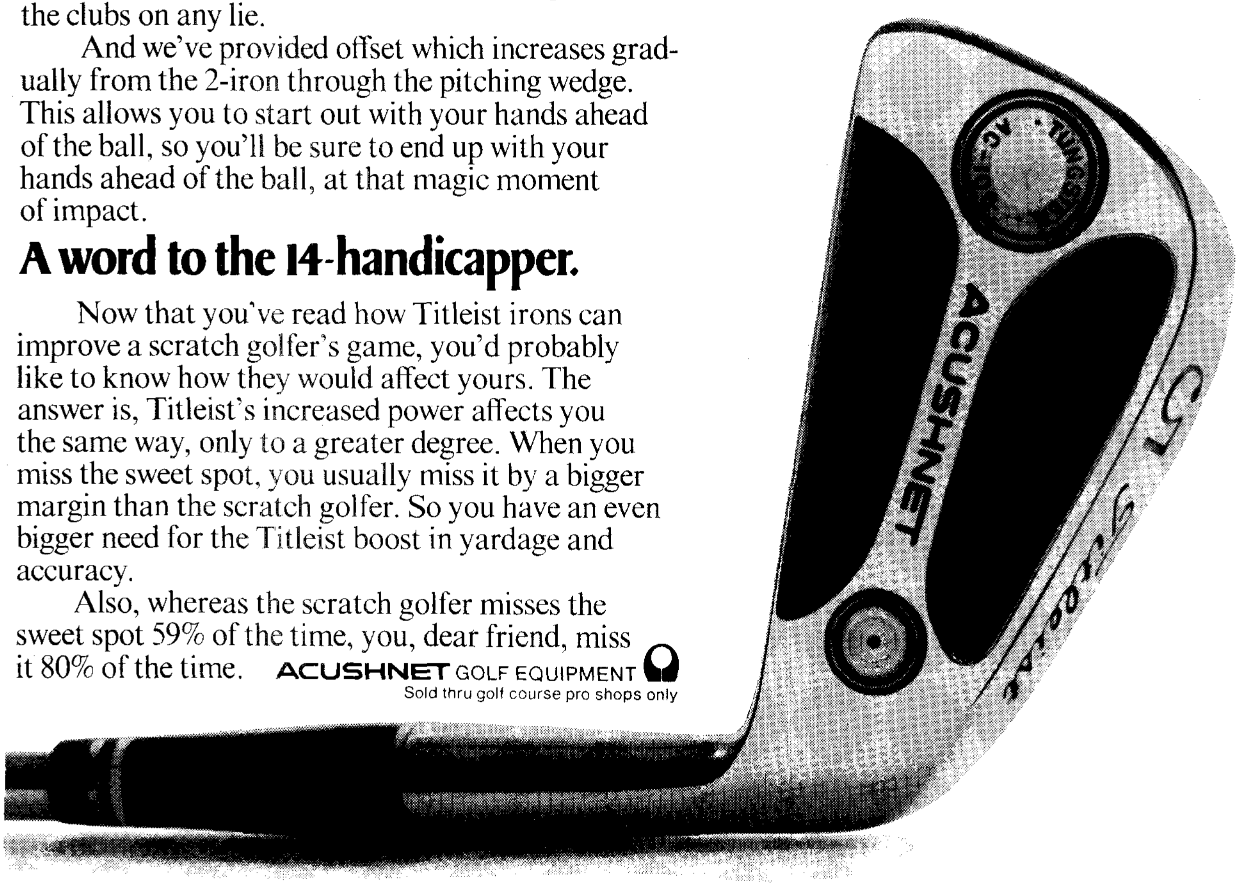

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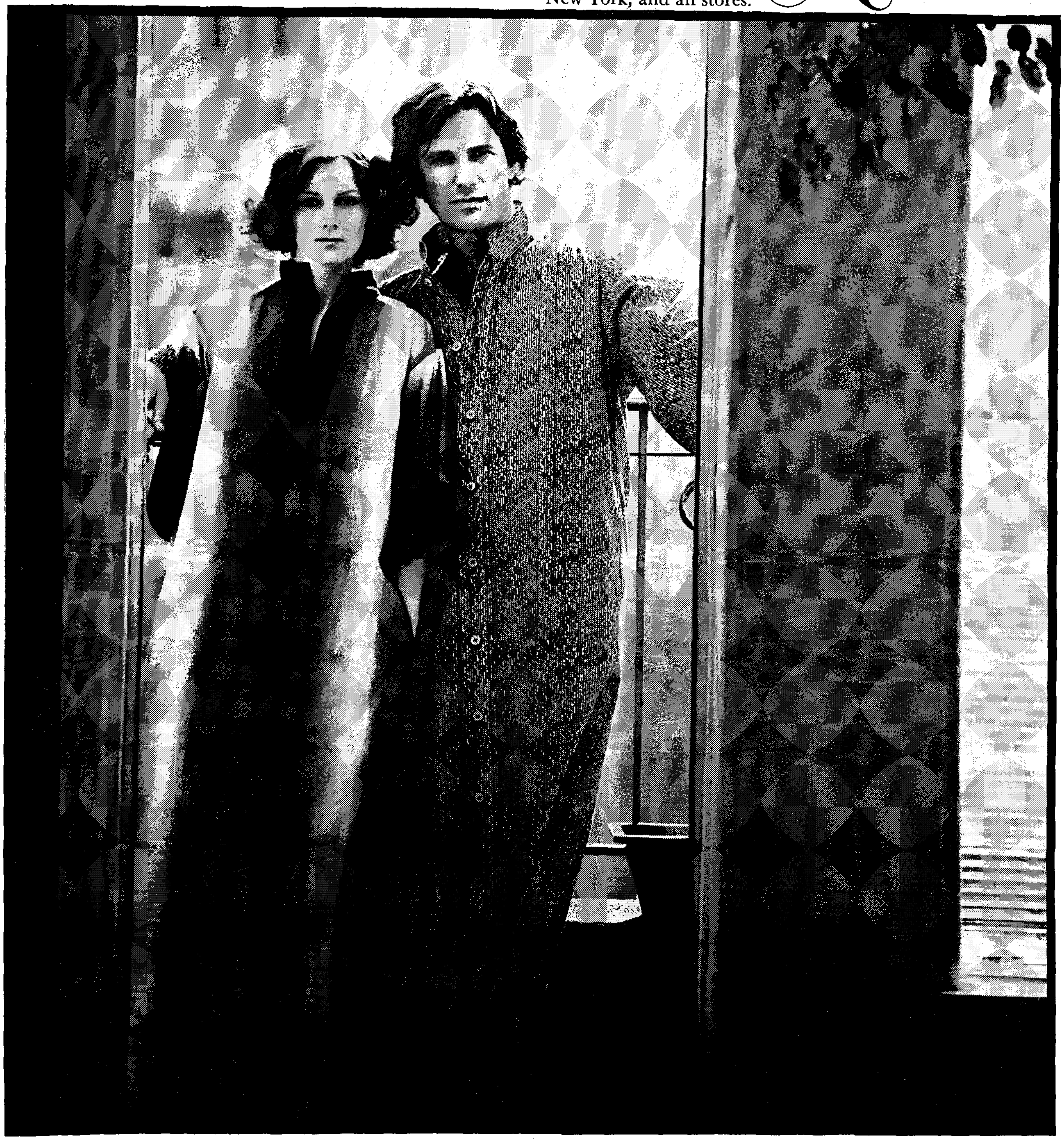

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the military collapse in South Vietnam and the diplomatic collapse in the Middle East—two areas where American commitments have been heavy in recent years—the question of exactly what a "commitment" is when it is undertaken by a democratic country is suddenly being raised on all sides. A commitment consists of words: it is a promise. A commitment consists also of the wherewithal to take action in support of the words. And for a democracy a commitment consists, finally, of a determination among the people to use the wherewithal in support of the words. In Vietnam, the United States has never made more than two-thirds of a commitment. The government spoke the words and supplied the wherewithal, but it never fully obtained the support of the people. The people were, at best, tolerant of the government's adventure for a while. Later, they came to actively oppose it, and now, according to a recent poll, some seventy-five per cent of the public opposes further aid to South Vietnam. Nevertheless, spokesmen for the executive branch of our government continue to refer to a commitment to provide such aid. Dr. Kissinger, asked at his press conference the other day to describe its nature, asserted that although it was not legally binding, it was morally binding. The question remains, on whom was it binding? The public had not made it, and the Congress had not made it. According to Dr. Kissinger himself, only he and former President Nixon had made it. Earlier, on the basis of a "commitment" made by the executive branch alone, the United States had spent one hundred and fifty billion dollars and more than fifty-five thousand lives. Then, over the years, the Congress and the people removed the money and the troops from the exclusive control of the executive, in an assertion of their Constitutional prerogatives. In fact, so lacking in substance is the commitment that not even the Administration has dared to so much as suggest that practical steps be taken to make the commitment real. Dr. Kissinger has described the possible fall of Saigon as an event of potentially "cataclysmic" significance for the United States, but not even he is willing to recommend the dispatch of a single American soldier to Vietnam. All that remains is the word "commitment"—spoken by American officials. Never has the gap between word and deed in American foreign policy been greater than it is at this moment. Policy now seems to be a matter of talismanic phrases and pure theory. Meanwhile, history takes its course in Vietnam, this time without any supervision from us.

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In Memoriam

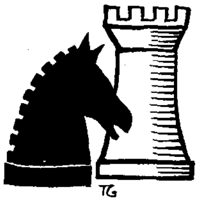
IT was one of those blustery March days when it looks as though the weather's up for grabs and absolutely nothing at all can surprise you. Nice weather for pterodactyls with fifty-one-foot wingspans. We were cutting across a corner of Madison Square, thinking only of hot chocolate, when suddenly we stopped dead. The voluminous figure in front of us was our good friend the old curmudgeon, a sedentary soul if ever there was one, and he was standing quite still, staring at the Flatiron Building, while the wind tugged at his fleecy locks. What on earth? "Oh, I always come down here once a year," he said cheerfully when we accosted him. "In memory of the great Chicago architect Louis H. Sullivan. More than fifty years ago, when Sullivan was an old man, and quite broke, I worked on his book 'The Autobiography of an Idea,' which some friends of mine were publishing to try and raise some cash for the old gentleman. He came to New York on just such a cold day as this for a last look at his buildings, and my friends asked me to show him around. We went down to Bleecker Street to see an office building of his—it's now the only Sullivan building in the city—and we came up here to see the Flatiron Building, New York's first skyscraper and the handiwork of another Chicagoan, D. H. Burnham. In the old days, before a Hundred and Sixteenth and Riverside was conceived, this corner, where Broadway, Fifth, and Twenty-third collide, was known as the windiest corner in the city. Policemen chased loungers away from the front of the Flatiron Building—they stood there hoping for a glimpse of ankle. I *think* this was the origin of the phrase 'Twenty-three skiddoo.' We also looked for other Sullivan buildings, but discovered they had all been demolished. This upset the old man so much that he began to cry in the street, so I took him to a warm place and gave him hot chocolate. You want hot chocolate, too? Well, stick with me. I'm on my way to a new restaurant."

The old curmudgeon always likes a new restaurant, and he set a diagonal course across the square. "There's nothing much to be said for Madison Square," he said, "except that baseball, which was known as the New York Game, began right here, no matter what the farmers upstate may tell you. I am pleased that the Flatiron Building has outlasted Stanford White's Madison Square Garden, which was rather too ornately decorated. The last time I was ever in *that* building was to watch a World Series—that was long before radio—on an electric scoreboard laid out like a baseball diamond. If the left fielder's light blinked, it meant he couldn't handle the ball. Then a bell rang. That meant the batter had reached first. A long wait, then another bell. He was on second. Loud cries from the audience. The suspense was terrific. Finally, a third bell! A tumult. Of course, the telegraph operator had got all this information previously and was prolonging the agony. I think a home run took ten minutes."

The restaurant the curmudgeon ducked into is Nymms, a cheerful-looking spot in the New York Merchandisers Mart, on the northeast corner of the square—a new office tower that stands on the site of what was often called the Jerome building. "The Jerome building deserved to go," said the curmudge. "It was later turned into the Manhattan Club, on whose premises that unpleasant cocktail the Manhattan was concocted. Ah, there's a picture of Evelyn Nesbit, the girl on the red velvet swing. In fact, it's a cutout figure of her, sitting on a swing, swinging over the bar. My father very much disapproved of her, but I think he could understand why Stanford White fell for her."

"Well, come see our new club," said a voice. It was Lewis Rudin, the builder of the Merchandisers Mart, a man who wears a little red apple in his left lapel to boost the Big Apple.

"*What* new club?" said the old c. "I can't believe that anybody in these days would be foolhardy enough to found a luxury like a club."



Mr. Rudin led the two of us downstairs to his new luncheon club—the Merchandisers Club, a set of elegant and well-lighted rooms where merchandisers were eating hearty lunches. The curmudgeon looked it over tentatively, but he refused refreshment until he discovered that the chef was an old friend of his from the Rainbow Room. Then he sat down and ordered lobster bisque, breast of chicken, and chocolate mousse. "Any club in a storm," said he. "The bisque could use just a bit more sherry, but the mousse! Magnificent. A club is a very useful place, and I have spent many happy hours in the vanished ones of New York. By unwritten law, you are not confronted by people at an adjoining table spreading out business papers and arguing over them. That is one of the greatest functions of a club. The club I remember best of all was my father's club, the old City Club—an architects' and authors' club in the West Forties, a charming old place. There is something particularly lovable about a small club—it's like a large family. I remember the extreme quietness of the City Club. There was, of course, a raffish Broadway drama critic who had the same name as my father, and my father occasionally was given letters written by the critic's lady friends. I noticed that my father always read these letters through before handing them back to the desk clerk, mumbling 'What are we coming to?' He even read bits of them aloud to me. Grumbling, of course.

"Another favorite hideaway was the British Overseas Club—a tiny suite of rooms, and delightful indeed—in the Gotham Hotel. The members were all gents who had come out to the Colonies, and once a year they were allowed to give a party in the Gotham's now completely forgotten roof garden. I don't think a mixed drink was ever ordered in that club.

"But the best clubs we've ever had here were the old speakeasies. The cooking was absolutely superb, because all the female relatives of the man who was running the show and bringing in the illegal liquor were out in the kitchen cooking their heads off. Everything was of the best, and the only thing questionable was the liquor. However, all the wines did have a grape base."

Mr. Rudin said that he had to go.

"Well, I don't," said the old curmudgeon. "One good mousse deserves another."

Out in the Yard

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER held a press conference not long ago at the St. Regis Roof to announce its 1975 line of lawn and garden equipment, and every member of the press who attended ate a steak, watched a short presentation, and received a scale-model zinc-and-steel lawn-and-garden tractor upon leaving. John Dierbeck, an I.H. public-relations man, began the presentation with a speech. "The little dog-and-pony show we have for you today contains some live personalities," he said. "None of the people you'll see today are trained show people. They're all regular International Harvester employees, and I'd like to introduce them to you now. At the center table is Stan Lancaster, marketing vice-president for the Agricultural Equipment Division of I.H. He's the boss. The good-looking guys at this table are Stan West, our sales manager for Outdoor Power Products, and Bob McCracken, our marketing-planning manager for O.P.P. Stand up, fellas. And over there is Donna Bratten, our Chicago-area sales representative. These folks are involved with finding what the customer wants and getting the product to the customer. Finally, at that far table, we have Harol Schramm, the O.P.P. manager. Harold brings product and design criteri to the concept of the product itself."

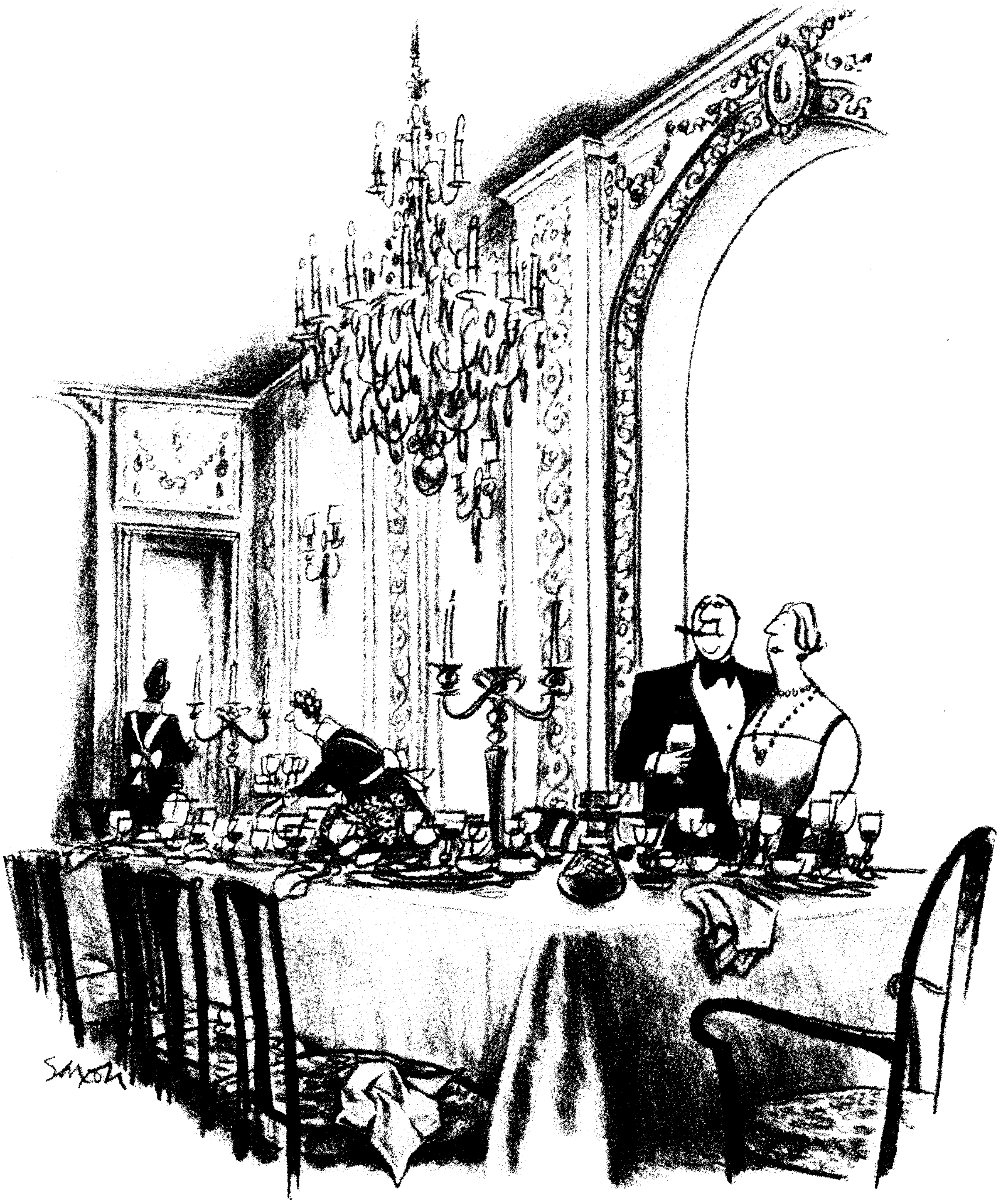
Stan Lancaster then went to th podium and spoke very optimistically o the future of lawn-and-garden-equipment manufacture. "In this recession people are staying home more, an they're being laid off, and in thei free time they want to work aroun the yard," he said. "Seed companie are reporting record sales. We expec average-to-above-average growth rate for our division of I.H. Our orde banks are in good shape. Our production schedules are locked in for th next six months. People are beginnin to realize what a good investment lawn tractor really is."

After a short film—about a ma named Charlie Crabgrass, who cope with a problem lawn by dynamiting and replacing it with concrete painte green—Donna Bratten and Bob McCracken went to the podium. Bob explained slides of the new I.H. shredde chipper, which can turn three-inch thick tree limbs into sawdust, and th new power washer. He said the powe washer would be ideal for washing a aluminum house trailer in its natur state. Then Donna took over. "No let's talk about the lawn, the pride o any home," she said. "As you know more women these days are movin out of the kitchen and into the yar One reason might be because the want to give their husbands more tim but another reason has to be because o the availability of lightweight lawn an garden equipment. Our new Mod 95, the all-electric riding mower, is woman's delight. It has no gasoline, n oil changes, and it's as easy to run your refrigerator. It has an orthopedically designed seat, and a single-lev control to provide infinite speeds, forward and reverse. And it's so qui that you can mow your lawn on Sunday morning without worrying abou waking up the neighbors."

"Now, just to show you how qui this mower runs, we have a little surprise for you," Bob McCracken said. A spotlight shone on a curtain to the le of the podium, the curtain parted, an out rode an International Harveste employee on a purring Model 95. H rode one lap of the St. Regis Roof o the lawnmower, to loud applause.

Stiller

JERRY STILLER, who has been know primarily as the Stiller part of th Stiller & Meara comedy team, does no



"It was nice. Hard times give everyone such a sense of camaraderie."

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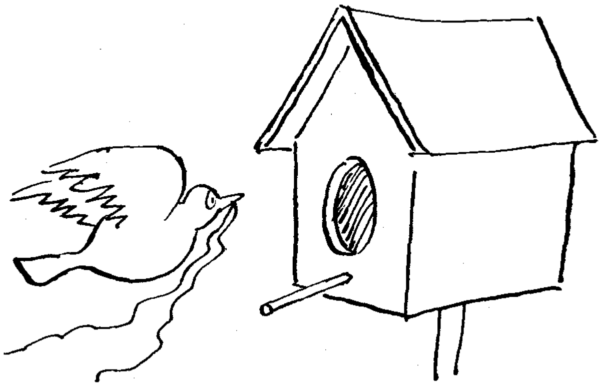
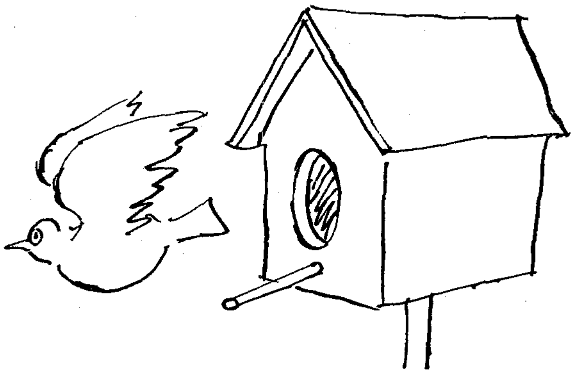
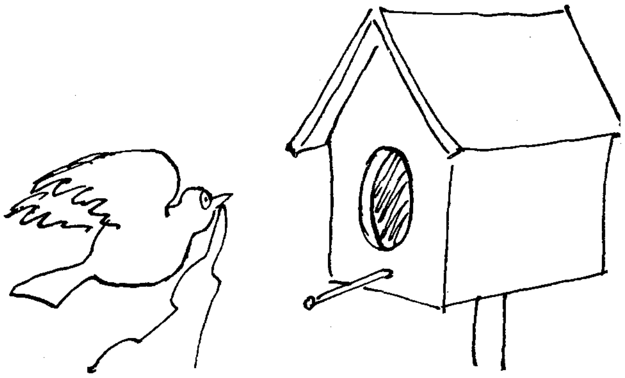
look like anybody else whatever. A short, heavyset man in his forties, with a soaring crescendo of curly hair and a horizontal mustache, he can look disconcerting, even alarming, from a distance—a composite of disparate elements, like a room decorated by several people of conflicting tastes. Closer, he manages a calm, heavy-lidded composure that suggests, say, an Ostrogoth under sedation. Stiller is particularly splendid at radiating a kind of sleazy hauteur, a cheesy elegance, a thin veneer of suavity over a crude, animal nature. He is an extremely funny performer—an actor of great skill, intelligence, wit, and style—and he is currently appearing in his first Broadway play ("The Ritz," by Terrence McNally) as well as his first two movies ("Airport 1975" and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three"). At the same time, his Stiller & Meara commercials for Blue Nun wine can be heard on local radio stations.

We joined Stiller last week at a restaurant near the Longacre Theatre,







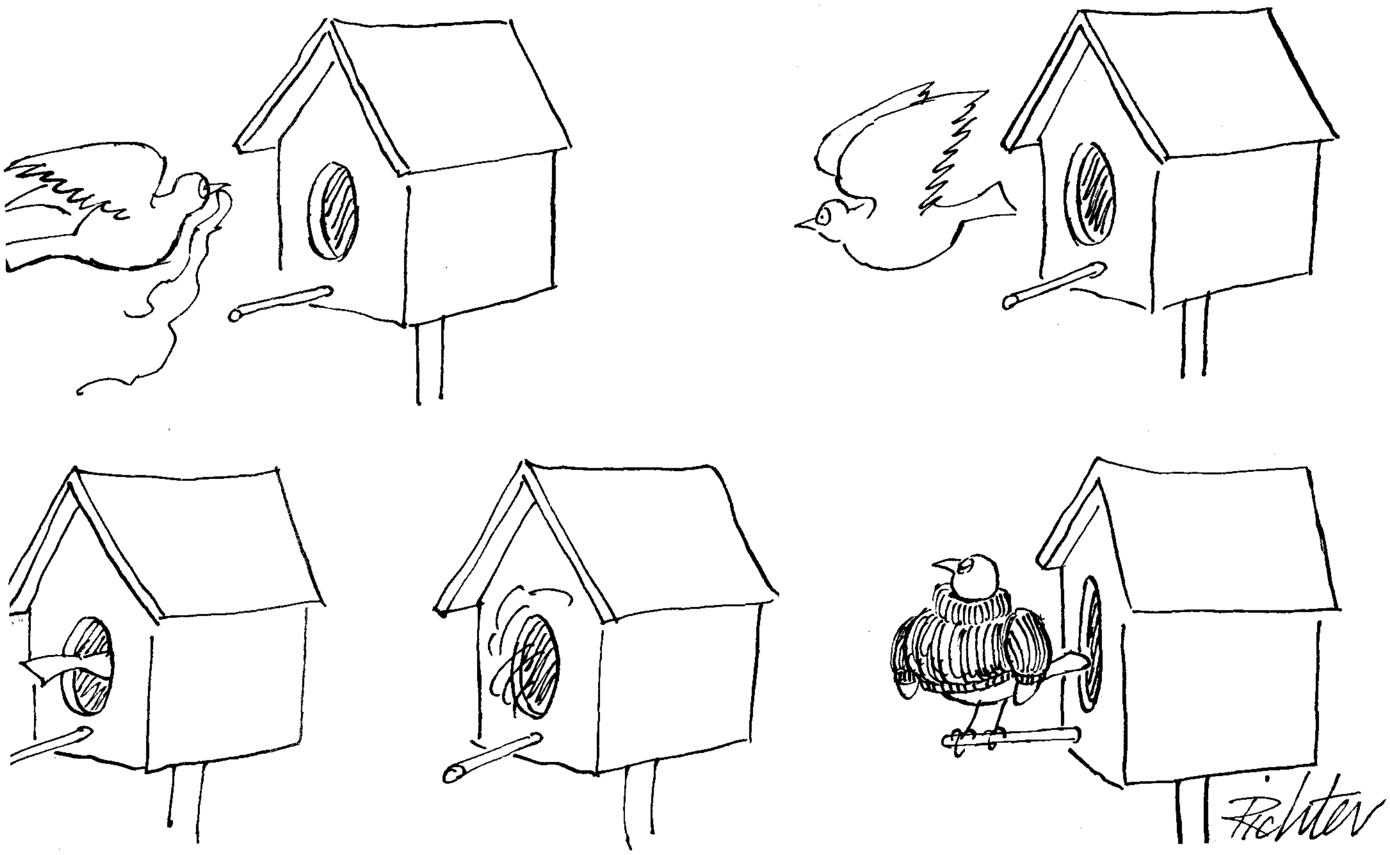
between matinée and evening performances of "The Ritz," and found him to be—at close range—perfectly pleasant-looking, thoughtful, unassuming, quiet, and kind. His partner, Anne Meara, a pretty, cheerful, and outgoing redhead, who is also his wife, sat at the next table, presiding over lunch with their two children—Amy and Benjamin.

"I hate to leave the theatre," said Stiller. "It's too good. You feel like it'll never be so perfect again." The matinée audience at "The Ritz" had cheered during curtain calls a few minutes earlier. "Today, we felt something together," he said. "It just seemed to happen. We were thrilled by the ovation. It was Anne's idea that I should go out and do a play. I was afraid. But she said, 'Do it. It makes me feel very warm toward you.' Our marriage has never been better." Stiller & Meara had recently toured in "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," and before that they had become well known through television and night-club appearances. Both of them are New Yorkers; she came from Great Neck, he came from Manhattan. "I was a kid from the lower East Side," Stiller said. "The candy-store syndrome. My father was a bus driver, for what was originally the Triangle Transportation Company, driving from Houston Street to South Ferry. On Sundays, he made special trips for a political leader in the area, driving people free from Democratic headquarters out to Coney Island. He was one of twelve children; he had to go to work when he was twelve, so he never finished school. He was earning about thirty bucks a week, and we lived in this railroad flat on Baruch Place; it was called Goerck Street at the time. I was one of four kids. We were really fortunate—never really aware of the poverty around us, or of our own. In those days, a lot of kids didn't survive. We didn't have dope then, just desperation, and craziness in families, and people who couldn't hang together. My mother had come from Europe at thirteen, worked as a servant, and she was determined that what happened to her would not happen to her children. She never wanted us to work as kids. Of course, my father bore the brunt of all that. He always thought acting was sissy. But my mother's attitude made it possible for me to dream; all of a sudden I was a special person. My mother had great strength and willingness and great ego. She'd battle the fruit man, and let him have it—pow!"

Stiller joined The Boys Brotherhood Republic, a settlement house that offered activities for kids of the neighborhood and was governed by the kids. "It's now on East Sixth Street," said Stiller, "and I'm on the board of trustees." He played basketball in a converted store on Third Street. "The ceiling was so low you had to shoot like this"—Stiller demonstrated a near-horizontal throw—"so all the guys were recognized by that shot; when they went to play somewhere else, everybody knew where they came from." He went to the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse at fourteen, and acted in James Thurber's "Many Moons." "I wanted to be like John Garfield in those days, but, everything I did, people laughed," he said. "Anyway, acting happened like a thunderbolt, and it never went away. The first time I heard an audience laugh, I thought, That's beautiful. At Henry Street, I had my first crush. I had a crush on the woman who put on the plays. She came from Bennington or someplace, and she was completely out of my water. Sort of like a Mrs. Roosevelt. I saw my first play on Broadway at that time—'Othello,' with Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and José Ferrer."

Stiller attended Seward Park High School in the early nineteen-forties, then enlisted in the Army and was sent to City College, and later Syracuse University, under the A-12 officer-training program, in which he took crash courses in calculus and Japanese. The war ended, and Stiller was sent to Italy, stationed at Caserta with the 977th Signal Company. "I was a very good soldier at first," said Stiller. "Then, later, a very bad soldier. I was on guard duty one night, and there was some crazy American soldier on the loose. He had killed some people. I was supposed to watch out for him and capture him. I decided to wait for him inside a truck. I was waiting when the sergeant major came along and asked me why I was standing guard duty inside a truck. My explanation was not enough. He arrested me, and I spent a couple of days in jail. In order to get out, I volunteered for the Caserta football team, and I turned out to be good. (I'd never played before.) So I played football for the Army until my discharge. Then I went back to Syracuse on the G.I. Bill."

He studied drama at the university and worked in night clubs on the weekends. "Syracuse was a Saturday-night kind of town," said Stiller. "I played places like the Club Candee, the Casablanca, Andy's Inn, and André's—that was high-class—telling



umb jokes, doing a satire of 'Dragnet,' npressions of Maurice Chevalier and eter Lorre. I had some terrible need) perform—an obsession. I felt I could ɜcome very famous and a lot of girls 'ould love me. I had nobody. No girls 'ould have anything to do with me. It 'as starvation. I felt you had to de-:rve somebody to love you. But after did it there were still no girls. Until ıy wife. She said, 'You're a terrible ›median, but I *like* you.' I was ıocked."

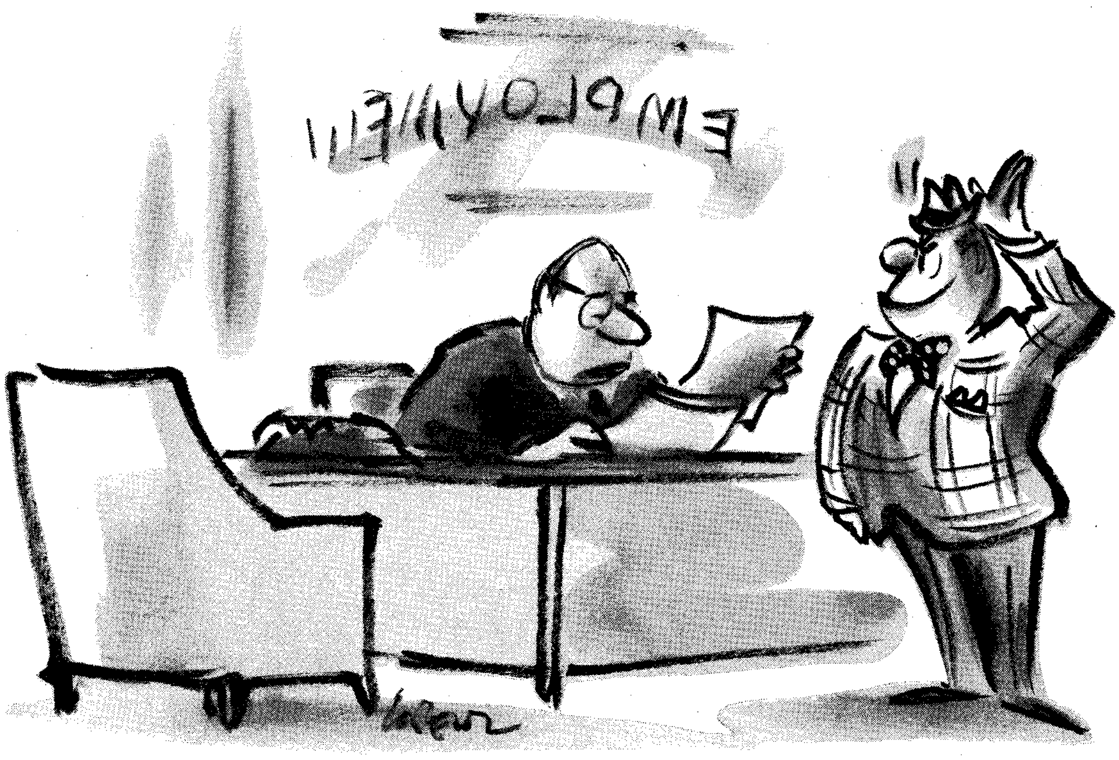
After Syracuse, Stiller came to New 'ork to become an actor. "I couldn't et a job on Broadway," he said. The most depressing job I had was at Iedick's, on Forty-second Street and :ighth Avenue, right by the subway ntrance. I was night manager—a uphemism for doing everything—so could make the rounds in the aytime. I used to see everybody from yracuse, where I had been sort of a ig shot; every time one of them went ıto the subway, they'd look up and ıy, 'What are *you* doing?'

"The second-worst job I had was 'ashing windows in Astoria, in the :avenswood project. My parents had ıoved out there by then, and I started ıy own business, went door-to-door. I 'as very upset because I wasn't earn-ıg any money. The best I could do 'as understudy at a Blackfriars—a :atholic theatre group—show. My fa-ıer was being wiped out, and my mother had cancer, so that's what I did."

Anne Meara came over from the next table. "That brings us up to 1914," she announced, and Stiller laughed. They discussed plans briefly, and she went back to the children.

"Anne and I started going together when we were both making the rounds," Stiller said. "She was studying with Uta Hagen, and I decided to take classes there with her. I desperately needed her." They got married, performed together in Joseph Papp's Shakespeare in the Park, and then went to St. Louis, with Alan Arkin and Nancy Ponder Zucker, to join the Compass Players there, as replacements for Mike Nichols, Elaine May, and Shelley Berman, among others. "The Compass was looking for actors who could improvise. We came up with premises, developed them, and also took suggestions from the audience and did them on the spot. It gave us a feeling we could sort of do anything. People used to say we were like Mike and Elaine, but we kept trying to shake their image. Their wit was tremendous, and they were more cerebral. We were more organic, more earthy." The Compass group broke up later. Stiller & Meara returned to New York and played twenty-six weeks at a Bleecker Street club called Phase Two. Then came fourteen weeks at the Blue Angel, many appearances on "The Ed Sullivan Show" and other television programs, then night clubs across America. "In Milwaukee, nobody understood you," said Stiller. "In San Francisco, you said hello and they didn't stop laughing. Anne's father came along and watched the kids while we were working, so we could all be together. Some of the clubs were very tough. Outrageous things happened, but I'm terribly afraid to express hostility. I'll be so shattered that I won't be able to perform. But sometimes I had to blow my stack. One club kept bouncing our paycheck, every week, for five weeks. The final night, before the last performance, the manager wanted to give us another check. Anne said to me, 'You get *cash*.' I went to the manager and said, 'I want *cash*.' The owner protested. 'Every one of those checks that bounced you got cashed finally, didn't you?' he said. But at last he gave in, took me to the safe, and got out a thousand dollars in bills—singles—and change, and put it in a paper bag. 'Here,' he said. 'Now what are you going to do with it—leave it in the dressing room while you perform?' I took the paper bag, we went onstage, put the bag on the piano, and did our twenty-two minutes." Stiller laughed.

It was time to go back to the theatre for the evening performance. Anne and the children said a polite goodbye, smiling and shaking hands, and started



"We don't have anything for a feisty little playmaker right now, but if anything turns up we'll call."

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for home. Stiller left the restaurant and walked briskly toward the Longacre. "Just being in this play makes me very happy," he said. "So many wonderful people. It's a family feeling. On opening night, I wrote notes to eighteen people."

A couple of elderly women recognized Stiller as he passed, and hailed him delightedly. Stiller waved back.

"Wait!" one of the women called. "What's your name again?"

"Sonny and Cher," he called cheerfully, and swung into the alley leading to the stage door.

Out There

WENT up to Newburyport, Mass., to view the Ross's gull that has materialized between there and Salisbury. North American bird-watching event of the century. Ross's gull a denizen of Siberia—rare even there. Bird first sighted several months ago; report disregarded by the local Audubon Society. Sighted again, and now the believers come from thousands of miles away—from Tennessee and California, from redwood forest and Gulf Stream waters. Newburyport sleepy little city of sixteen thousand. Flourished during China trade, rested on its oars since. Known best for tole silver and J. P. Marquand hitherto. Day a Sunday, sunny, chill. Approached from the south, past dark seventeenth-century houses, white eighteenth-century houses, village green with hockey players on icy pond. Took turnoff to Plum Island, proceeded east along Water Street. Out-of-state cars in evidence; bird-watchers sighted. Markings: quilt jackets, woolly hats, sensible boots, roseate cheeks, eyes ringed by binoculars, eager, intent expressions. Characteristic cry: "He's out there! He's out there somewhere!"

"Out there" referred to wide estuary where Merrimack River disposes of itself into the sea. Narrow line of bright houses on other side. In middle, cold-blue water ebbing from high tide, with white gulls circling, hopping, feeding as mud flats emerged. Which gull Ross's? Lifted binoculars to eyes, poked an eye. Gulls still looked the same, through binoculars and tears. Cold air pinked hands. Nature less organized than zoo. Ross's gull, apparently under illusion it was just another gull, refused to come forward to take bow.

Proceeded by foot along Water Street, toward seawall where bird-watchers were flocking most hungrily. Binoculars, telescopes—more glass than a cocktail party in Lever House. Mature watchers distinguished from counterculture fledglings by length of apparatus, thickness of clothing. Happy, staring elderly faces. Looked in general direction of stare—same mess of white spots. Tide runnin out and gulls settling dowr Stir of excitement amon watchers. Cry: "There h is! I got him, got him! Answering call: "Where Where?" Man with tr poded telescope, hea cocked, eye asquint, wer into song: "See the red tr angle? See the church roo just under the triangle? T the left of the church roo see four gulls in a line? N five. He's the one on th end. No, there he goe He's the third from th end. No, the second. He flying right. There he goe down. See him? You hav to see him. Now I've lo him." Answering song "There's two black duck just past that patch of, lik seaweed. He's just over th duck on the left, over an to the right. You can te because he's smaller. H doesn't even fly like th others. There's more of flip to his downbeat. Go it's him! It's beautiful!" The telescopes all trained in the same directio now. Bird-watchers in full cry: "Ca you see the triangular tail? The roseate flush? Do you have the roseat breast flush? The wings, the dusk underside. Nobody ever said ther was a dusky underside!" Cameras snapping, cars stopping, tripods scraping Same old patch of jiggling white dot to us.

Looked through neighbor watcher telescope. Saw quivering blur. Breez making the telescope tremble. Thanke very much, tried own binoculars agair Way out—world of their own—gul posing on shiny mud, above own reflections. Something dandyish abou their white, their quickness. Eyin mud, each other, horizon—like *promeneurs* at the races. Four in a row behind black ducks. Second from en looked smaller, seemed to move i more flitting fashion. Oriental grace May have imagined it. Saw no ros breast, no red feet, as *Times* ha promised. Triangular tail moot. Eye went blurry again, hands hurting. Excitement of fellow bird-watchers n longer warming. Wondered if Ross' gull (if Ross's gull) felt strange ami bigger, New England gulls. Bird w saw (if Ross's gull) seemed at home jaunty, on top of strange situation Could see us, no doubt, better than w saw him. Went home (us, not gull happy.

БАГАЖ

EYDKUHNEN was the German border station on the main line from Berlin to Saint Petersburg. Eydkuhnen's Russian counterpart was Verjbolovo. Here the narrow tracks of Western railroads stopped and the wide gauge of the North-West Railroad of Russia began. Between the two lay a traveller's inferno: double passport checks, the German customs and the Russian customs, screeching children who had lost their parents, throngs of varied nationalities and social classes, and, above all, majestic mounds of luggage being shifted from one train to another.

It was through this inferno that, on an early summer morning of 1908, and in the direction of Russia, passed the three Nabokov children, in company of harried Aunt Caroline, Fräulein Abzieher, and a few other melancholy members of the household staff—a Mademoiselle; Nyanya Liuba, my Russian nurse; and perhaps a manservant. Tired and grimy, but full of cheer, we children left the narrow compartments and corridors of the soot-covered German *wagon-lit* and burst into yelps of enthusiasm at the sight of the broader and more commodious first- and second-class carriage—the *vagon mikst* of the Imperial Russian railroads.

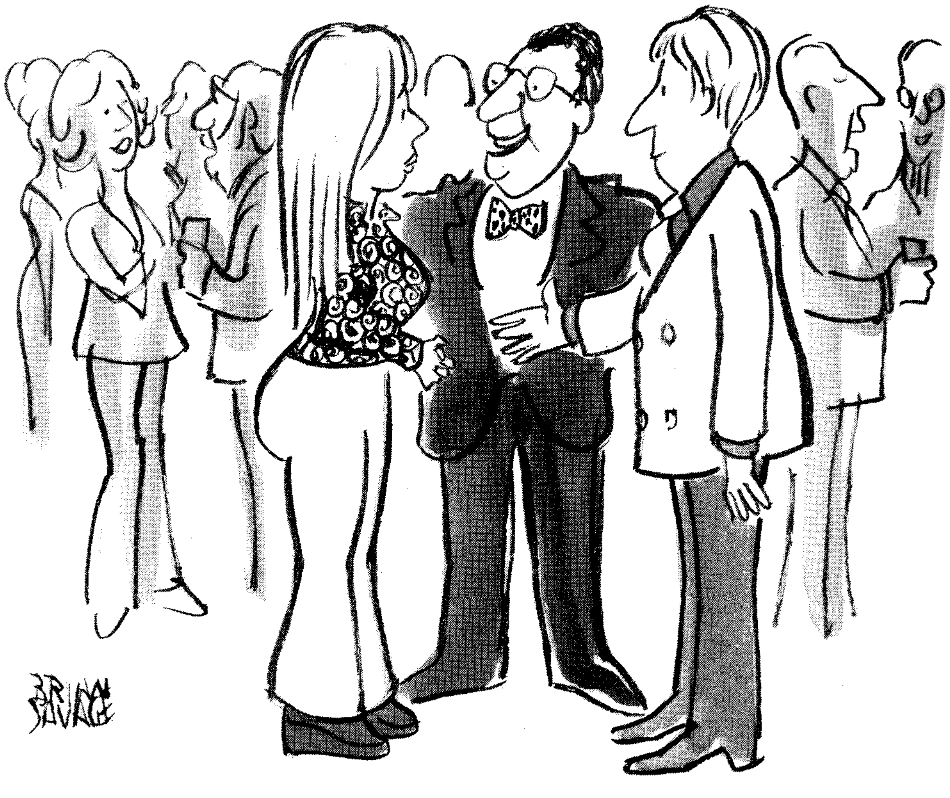
While Aunt Caroline and the *Kinderpersonal* were checking and counting the luggage in the racks, my sister Onya and brother Mitya went about inspecting corridors, compartments, W.C.s, the samovar in the attendant's cubicle, the copper lanterns with short, squat candlesticks, and the special way to open and close doors and windows.

I sat lost in a kind of reverie, in a seat by the window, waiting for the train to start. I was five and a half years old. The object of my reverie was neither the change of track nor the improvement in comfort nor even the frightening transition from the world of Germany to the unknown world of Russia. I had left Russia in 1905, at the age of two, in the wake of my mother's divorce from my father, and was returning to Russia for the first time. To me, the great discovery of the day, which left me in amazement, was simply a new word: "багаж." Not "luggage," mind you, but "багаж"—a Russian term (as I learned in due time) of French origin, covering a far greater range of possibilities than its limited English equivalent. It was at Verjbolovo that, for me, Russia began, and with it багаж—from that day on, the most permanent and faithful companion of my peripatetic life. When I recall my childhood, sentences like "*Faites vos bagages? Qui a oublié ses bagages?*" and "*On a perdu les bagages!*" reverberate in my mind, and I see багаж in entrance halls, in train racks, behind landaus, inside dormeuses and Benz motorcars, or forming a tarpaulin-covered mountain in the huge cart that followed us across the steppes of South Russia between the years 1908 and 1917.

Preëminent among the various species of багаж in use at that time was the *porte-plaid* (портплед in Russian). I rather think it was a product of Victorian England. The native Russian lower- and middle-class баул (a twice-transplanted Turkic word, meaning "bundle," which came from Italy by way of Odessa) was similar in form and function. The портплед consisted of personal belongings wrapped in a Stewart or Mackintosh tartan, or in a handsomely bordered brown cloth, held together by leather straps and with a comfortable grip. It looked like a huge, fat envelope. The баул was the same kind of thing minus the Scotch plaid or bordered cloth (anything, from a blanket to an old rag, would do) and held together—often precariously—by whatever came to hand or was available in the household at the time of the packing. However, the портплед moved determinedly to the position of the dominant piece of luggage in the feudal society of the period, while the баул simply continued to proliferate among the lower and middle classes of the Russian population. The портплед was found not only in Russia but also among the upper classes all over Europe. The баул was very scarce in the West, abundant in Russia, and probably endemic in the Middle East and most of Asia.

Both species have become rare nowadays. During the Second World War, a hybrid of the портплед was to be seen at military airports. It was usually carried by squat-bottomed American colonels, and instead of being a neat envelope it looked like a sausage. Like its carrier, it was khaki in color and thus, together with him, melted into one unicolored Christian object, a cross, a vertical-and-horizontal sausage. Soon after the end of the war, this degenerate портплед was replaced by the standardized and Sanforized Scotch-plaid luggage of Madison Avenue. In the Soviet Union, the чемодан (from a Tartar word, meaning "travel case"), which in my childhood was limited to the upper and middle classes, and ranged in composition from calf hide to cotton fibre, has, I am told, completely squeezed the баул out of existence.

Next in importance to the портплед and the баул of my youth were the white and brown species of wicker basket. These came (and still do) in all shapes and sizes. There was the small one—longish and flat, held together by



"*Ms. Watts, meet Msr. Caldwell.*"

a stick (usually lost), and used for carrying the traveller's picnic (cold chicken, hard-boiled eggs, and battered fruit). Then there was the middle-sized one—often wrapped or sewed up in cloth. Those who couldn't afford a trunk carried in one or two such baskets all their belongings when they went from one household to another. Finally, there was the huge, deep one, with an iron rod and a large black lock. It was mostly used for linens and children's shoes and, on rare occasions, cut-up corpses.

The most capacious of our household's heavy luggage was the кофр (from the German "*Koffer*"). Every member of the family had his own кофр. It sounded like an anagram of Korff, my Grandmother Nabokov's maiden name. The thing itself had about it an air of Baltic-bourgeois dignity. It existed both in metal and in fibre hybrids and was, I believe, in use all over the world. But at the time of my childhood it had not yet developed the faculty of standing upright. It lay flat on the floor. "Upright кофры," or steamer trunks, were virtually unknown in Russia at the time. There were only rumors of their existence. Persons who, like our Fräulein Abzieher, had crossed the Atlantic Ocean and had visited or lived in the fairy-tale land of millionaires were said to have actually seen them.

In 1934, at the end of my first visit to America, I bought myself just such a highly advanced travelling convenience at a cut-rate luggage store on Sixth Avenue. It was shiny and glossy, with hangers and drawers and a huge metal safety lock. I felt very grand disembarking with it from the boat train in Paris, and soon word spread about that N.N. had returned from America "*couvert de dollars*." Alas, that upright кофр did not last long. It fell apart after its second Atlantic crossing and ended its short life on a junk heap.

Hatboxes were of varied sizes, shapes, and types. The more standard ones were ladies' hatboxes. They were as they are now—cylindrical sections made of thin leather, oilcloth, or simply cardboard. On the top of the cardboard variety one could read names like "Lucy" or "Georgette" or "Mme. Iris," which seemed to promise more than merely a lady's hat.

All ladies' hatboxes, regardless of construction, were delicate and fragile, and hence objects of great concern at the time of departure, when the багаж was being collected in the antechambers. ("*Voyons! Vous voyez bien que c'est le carton à chapeau de votre mère! Pourquoi fourrez-vous dessus vot' porte-plaid? Faites donc attention pour une fois!*")

Gentlemen's hatboxes were more substantial, but they also varied in size and shape. My stepfather's hatboxes consisted of: (1) the цилиндр (top hat) and bowler hatbox, (2) the military-style cap hatbox, and (3) the large, square fur hatbox. All of them were truly Platonic objects in that their outward form was an emanation of their inner one.

The third and last type of hatbox that accompanied our family's peregrinations had little to do with headgear. In fact, they weren't really hatboxes at all. They were made of light wooden veneer, and were usually yellowish in color, and bore on the cover an inscription in black, such as "Nika," or "Lida," or "T.C." (Tante Caroline). These contained enamelled night pots.

AND, finally, the queen of багаж, the rarest, the most inbred, and yet most beautiful species: the lady's *nécessaire*.

I knew only one such object—my mother's. All others, in comparison, would seem rustic and bleak. But that one was custom-made by a mysterious foreign magician. It was perfection of its kind.

It was made of dark-red saffian leather and had two small, gilded locks on top that opened smoothly and noiselessly at the turn of a tiny key. From its creases and cracks came an aroma connecting it with its owner: a blend of well-tanned leather and of Trèfle Incarnat—a scent so unwisely discarded by its maker, La Maison Piver. It opened like a ripe fruit, like the loins of a goddess, the two halves of its cover falling gently apart and offering its enchantments to the gaze of the

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COAST OF MAINE

The flags are up again along the coast,
Gulls drop clams from a height onto the rocks,
The seas tend to be calm in July,
A swallow nests under our areaway,
It is high summer, the greatest days of the year,
Heat burgeoning the flowers, stones heating the tides,

This is peace, the indifference of nature, another year
Seeming the same as the year before,
The static ability of the world to endure.
There is Eagle Island twelve miles down the bay,
A mole has just dared to march over our garden,
The far islands seem changeless through decades.

Yet, think of the drama! Here am I,
One year older into inevitability,
The country torn in honor's toss-out,
What does nature care about the nature of man?
Three hundred years ago along this coast
The Europeans came to confront the Indians,

Yet the Ice Age shaped these shores millions
Of years ago, unimaginable upon our senses,
What do I say to the beneficent sun
Descending over the pine trees, the sun of our planet?
What does it care for the nature of man,
Its virile essence unassimilable?

Here come the hummingbirds, messengers
Of fragility, instantaneous as imagination,
How could they be so iridescent-evanescent,
Quick-darters, lovers of color, drinkers of nectar?
Do they remind us of a more spirited world
When everything was lithe, and quick, and visionary?

—RICHARD EBERHART

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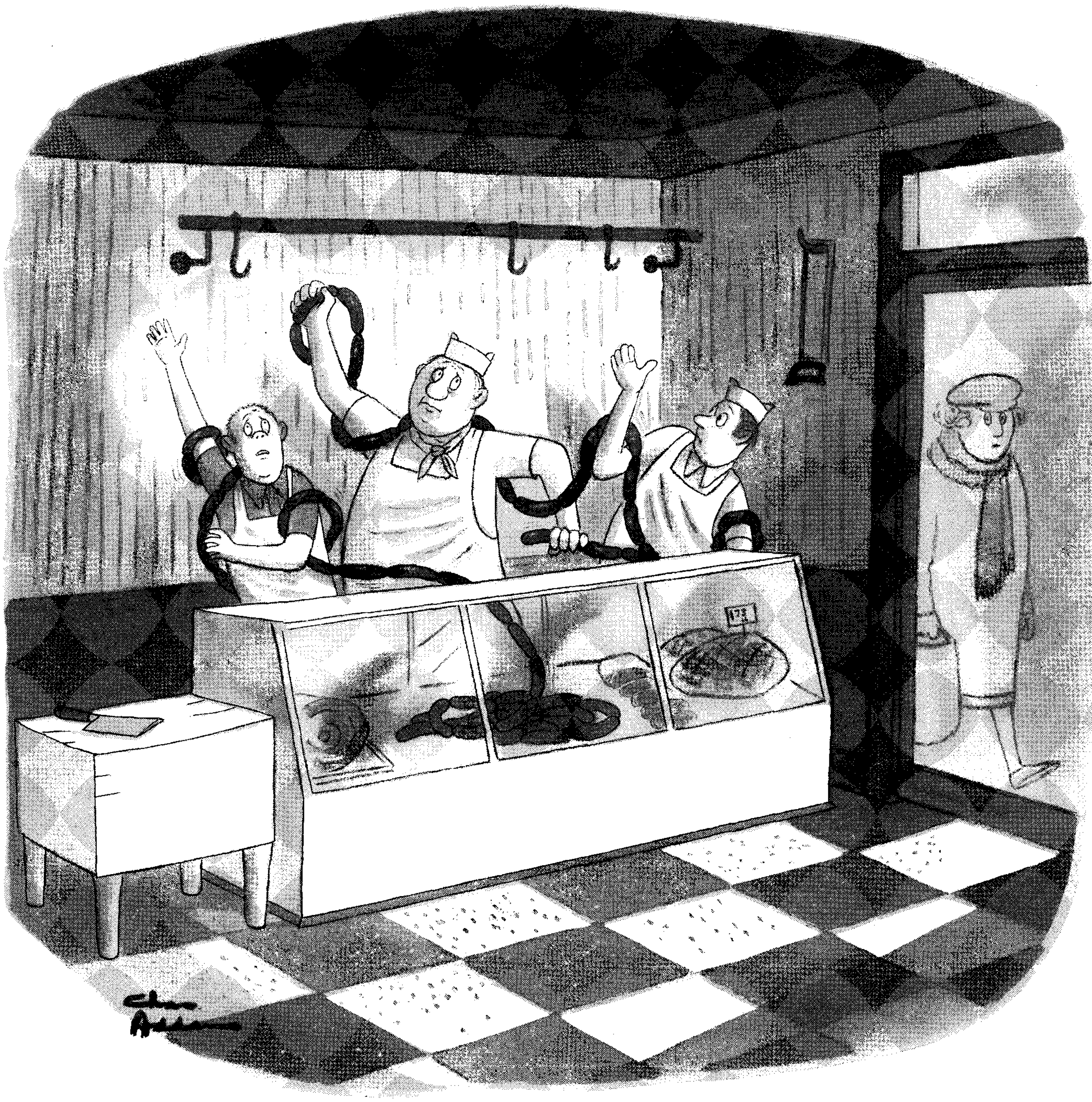


onlooker. The four inner walls of the receptacle were of quilted doeskin. Three of those walls were lined with crystal and gold: small and large cream pots, cologne and scent bottles, toothbrush tubes, a soapbox (gold-covered, with engraved crowns and crescents). The fourth wall was all ivory, silver, and bristle.

At the bottom of the case, in small boxes of various shapes and sizes, lay the delight and the seduction: *les bijoux*. Rarely, very rarely, only after insistent begging, would my mother consent to show them to me. I would crouch near a table that was covered by a dark velvet cloth and look intently at the beautiful treasure. Then, after the viewing was over, the treasure would be put back into its proper receptacles. The reliquary would be locked up and deposited in the vaults of the Azovsko-Donskoi Bank.

Mother's *nécessaire* was always carried by her or by my stepfather. It was never entrusted to the servants or to children. It followed the progress of our lives faithfully—rather like a kind and generous friend, a protector and helper in times of stress and want. Often it had to be hidden, and once it was buried in a garden, but fortunately retrieved before hostile people had discovered it. It survived the turmoil of the Russian Revolution, the death of my stepfather, and the murder of my grandmother. It was with us in our flight from Russia and stayed with my mother through the long years of exile.

As years went by, it got scratched and battered, but still kept its poise and dignity. Alas, it grew constantly lighter and less miraculous inside. Some of the crystal objects got lost or broken. The little jewel boxes were fewer in number, and those that were left contained much less attractive ornaments. Emeralds and rubies, diamonds and pearls had been gradually exchanged for meat and rent, bread and clothes, till finally the old friend, the helper and protector, the *nécessaire* of my childhood, lost its distinction, its meaning, and its purpose. It became tired and worn.

It must have dissolved somewhere between Lubcza and Berlin, for when I last saw my mother, in 1936, herself stricken by an incurable illness, the faithful companion was not there anymore. It was gone. I did not ask any questions about its departure, respecting what was obviously the last wish of a noble friend. —NICOLAS NABOKOV

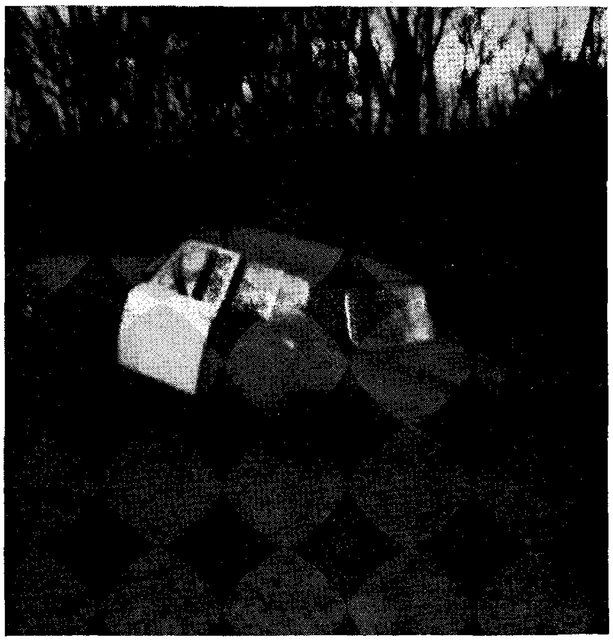
THE BRUCKNER OCTAGON

A NEW book, "The Bruckner Octagon," by E. Powers Jackson, has brought to light an astonishing and frightening phenomenon: a series of baffling disappearances within a general area of New York known as the Bruckner Octagon. This section, vaguely eight-sided, includes Bruckner Boulevard, the Cross Bronx Expressway, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the Mosholu Parkway, and the Hutchinson River Parkway, as well as other major arteries, and extends to the east as far as Pelham Manor. For many years, travellers in this area have felt a strange uneasiness, without knowing quite why. Rumors of the odd disappearances have generally been discounted or ignored by the media and others. When, for example, it was noted, at the opening of the giant Co-op City apartment complex, in 1968, that there were only forty apartment buildings instead of the scheduled forty-one, the missing building was "written off" by authorities as a simple, though embarrassing, blueprint error. Today, in the light of other strange vanishings, the Co-op City case cries out for reëxamination.*

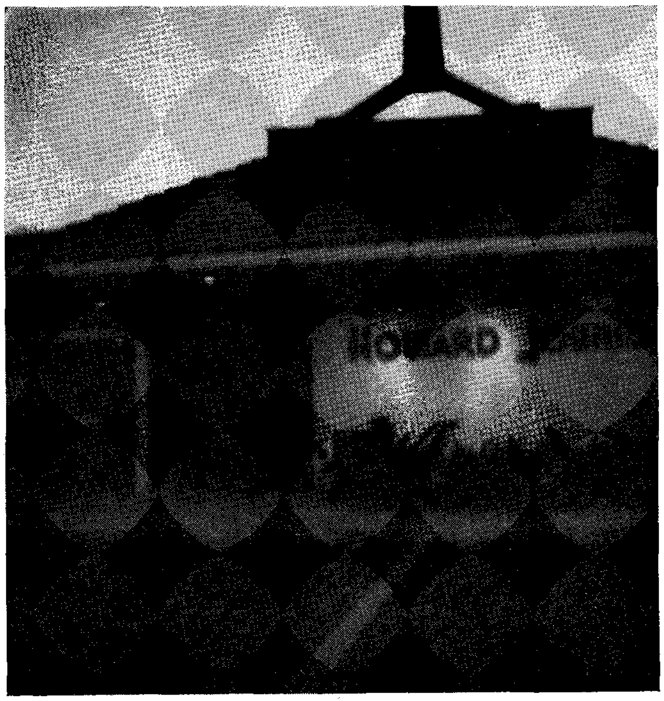
Although some experts draw parallels between the so-called Bermuda Triangle, in the Atlantic Ocean, and the Bruckner Octagon, there are important differences, suggesting that entirely separate forces are at work, or at least forces "wearing a different hat." Author E. Powers Jackson points out in his book that the Bruckner mysteries usually share one common thread: the disappearances involve solid, basically immovable objects, primarily real estate.

Jackson offers in his book some striking photographic evidence; although the pictures are in some cases fuzzy or vague, they are nonetheless disturbing.

EXAMPLE 2. Author Jackson states that six feet of the Bronx River Parkway near Gun Hill Road "vanished" during the night of March 11, 1971. Highway authorities deny this but admit "we have no way of knowing," adding, "In any case, there's always some shrinkage during cold weather."



EXAMPLE 1. Abandoned car. Regular travellers on the Hutchinson River Parkway and other arteries customarily pay little heed to abandoned cars on the roadside, noting only that each day these vehicles have fewer and fewer parts, until one day they are actually "gone." This phenomenon is routinely attributed to vandalism, but new theory suggests that something much more puzzling—indeed, alarming—is involved.



EXAMPLE 3. This roadside eatery stood at the southeast corner of Van Cortlandt Park until 7:29 A.M. of June 2, 1973, according to Jackson. Onetime residents of the area hold conflicting views. Some state that Howard Johnson's restaurants "all look alike," while other residents simply "don't want to get involved."

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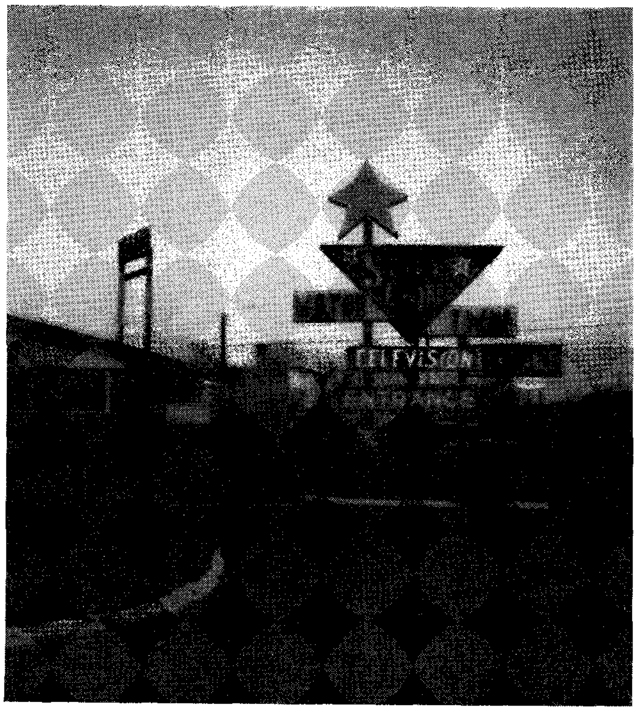
*The earlier disappearance, in the same area, of a large amusement park called Freedomland has also been ignored. This, too, should be checked.

WHERE ARE THEY TODAY?

Above: Claremont Park power station.

Below: Pelham motel.



THE evidence goes on. Extraterrestrial mischief? Satanic intervention? Psychokinetic maneuverings? Author Jackson suggests several hypotheses, including "soft spots" in the Bronx (some experts think that a certain patch of concrete in a field near the Hutchinson River Parkway is the actual roof of the missing Co-op City building), molecular stretch (a gradual separation of particles until they no longer form a recognizable mass; in such an instance, a Howard Johnson's would "occupy" an area of several thousand miles, and hence be unidentifiable at any particular point), and even structural-fatigue interchange (SFI), a process believed to occur when a building, for example, can no longer "hack it" as a car wash and opts for a "simpler" existence as, say, a beach plum.

Perhaps the most frightening—indeed, devastating—piece of evidence in support of the Octagon theory was supplied by author Jackson himself. On the morning of January 3, 1974, Jackson was about to enter his garage on Tremont Avenue, prior to getting into his Volkswagen and driving to Orchard Beach to "check out a new lead" in preparation for an appearance later in the day on the "Merv Griffin Show." Jackson was in high spirits, and his wife, Sarah Ann, decided to take a couple of "snaps." "It's all coming together now," said Jackson jubilantly as his wife focussed the camera. They were his last words.

—JAMES STEVENSON

Above: E. Powers Jackson, 8:05 A.M.

Below: 1/50 second later.

THE LISTS OF THE PAST—IV

PASSENGERS

A FATHER and his child one day set out to see the world. Or anyway, to see what they could see. Just a small piece of it, really, where there's a thing an old friend told him about he's always intended to take a gander at, a natural feature of the landscape, a cliff, canyon, or ravine, carved back then by the glacier, with a trail they could walk down, single file like Indians—a gully, an arroyo, a gulp—

Imagine that, a Gulp!

His wife, who couldn't find him in the kitchen, has sent her daughter out to the terrace, where he is discovered beaming over a cup of coffee, his gardens full of early fall flowers, zinnias, yellow and gold, the world in general. "Did you ever see a grander day?" It's the temperature of early summer, windless, the sky flawless through the shade trees, like looking up through a blue balloon. Only a telltale cicada announces the real time of year, with a raspberry from the silver maple in the center of the lawn.

He explains, "Well, a gap, or a gulf. Here it is! The Gorge!" He's got out a couple of map books and is leafing through the Hagstrom Atlas to Fairfield County. "Mort Martin told me about it and I marked the place. When I woke this morning it dawned on me—let's go! We can paint the terrace some other time."

"Why, Ben," says his wife, coming out to see where everybody's gone. "I thought you were going to take it easy today. Anyway, the weather report says rain."

"Well, I've certainly never been to a Gulp," the daughter says. "Maybe Mother could lend me some sneakers?"

"You go ahead, then," says the older woman with resignation. "I'll make you some sandwiches. I'd come too, but I think I'm getting a cold."

"You think everyone's getting a cold, Mother."

They go into the garage and get into the car, a powerful green Oldsmobile without much mileage on it, and he backs out, expertly clearing the two inches on either side of the garage doors, and shoots off down the driveway just in time to miss the woman coming out of the kitchen door with a sweater for her daughter.

Since the Sound is nearby, they drive down for a look—a blue untarnished mirror, vacant, today, of sailboats, and, around by the beach, nearly deserted. Then up the main avenue of the village peninsula, under beeches and maples, past big houses with big neat lawns, where blackbirds and flickers are beginning to gather to migrate, though the leaves retain their chlorophyll. Blue jays come crashing in like 747s.

A jet flies overhead. "Rackety things. Our congressman promised to reroute them," he says, "but no one seems to have informed the pilots." They're passing the town library, across from the firehouse, right before the Post Road.

"Better under one than on one," says the passenger, lifting her voice.

"And are you still afraid to fly?" The delayed sound effect, catching up, drowns out her response.

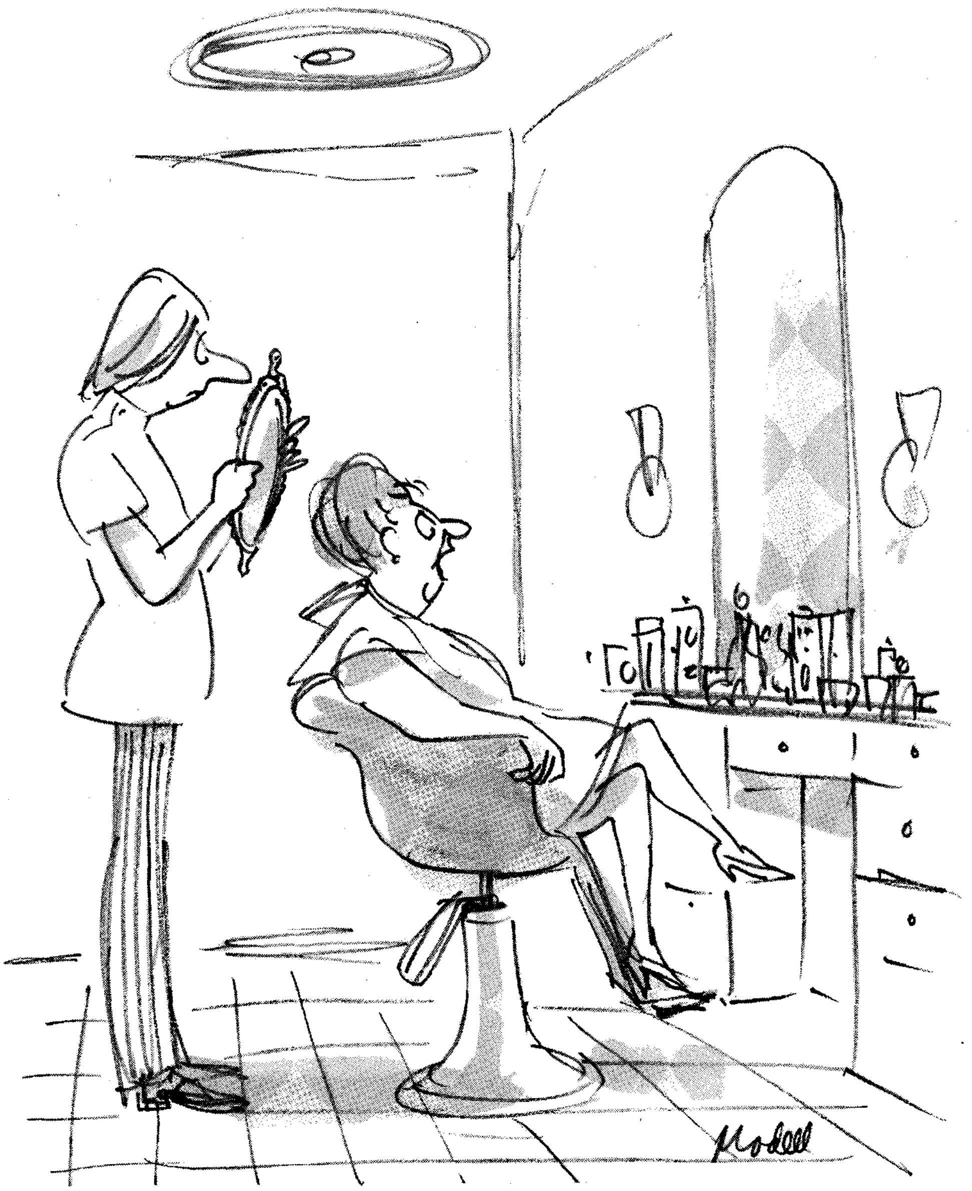
Crossing over the railway tracks and the Thruway, they leave the town and head west toward the Parkway. The two-lane road is busy, like the air, as though everybody in Westchester had somewhere important to go today. "May I drive?" she asks, with real yearning.

"Later, when we hit the back roads. It would make me nervous."

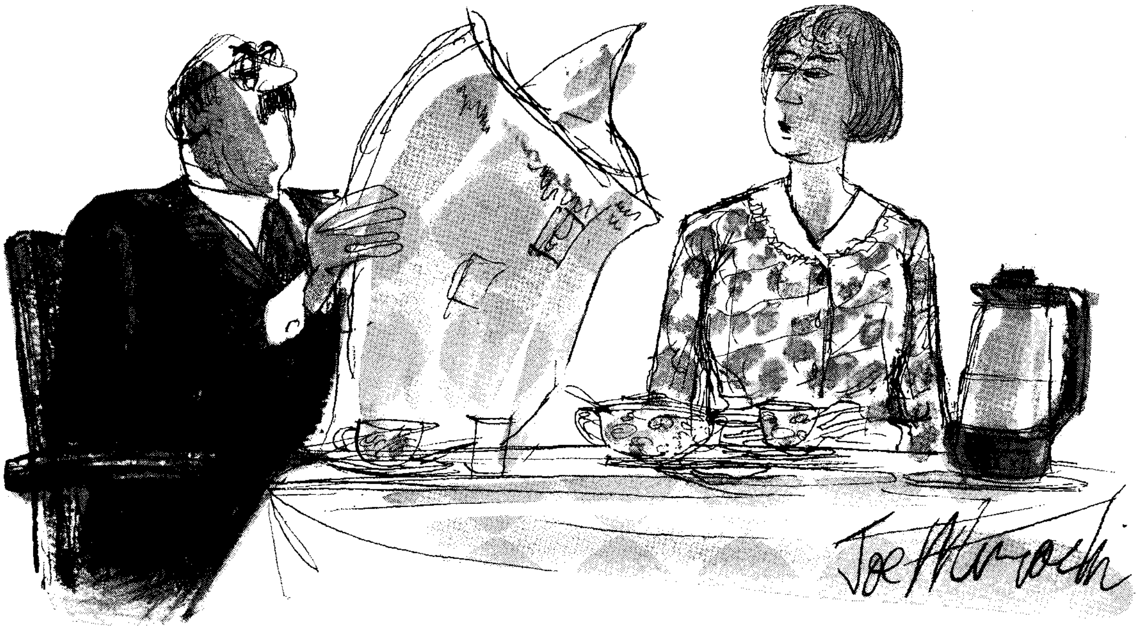
"Well, who taught me to drive?"

As they reach the crowded Parkway, he hesitates, doesn't turn. "Let's try a new way. Let's just meander."

As he reminds her, Meander is not a Greek playwright but a river in Turkey, which wanders, in coils, and hence a name for any wayward river or stream—for example, a brook in a cow pasture. The water, flowing downward, will always curve back and forth, like the lash of a whip, with gravity for the handle. Snaking back and forth, until the coils merge and form a lake or marsh and time dries them up, or digging downward and etching the surface beneath into a canyon,



"Yuk!"



"And how are the indicators this morning?"

straight walls through which it can travel in a straight line, true, trapped forever, until the next ice age. (This Gulp or Gorge will probably illustrate the effect.) Scientists, like cows, are familiar with the phenomenon but, he read in *Scientific American*, haven't come to any conclusions.

"Give them a chance. They haven't had as long as the cows."

And so they meander in a northerly course, through small settlements full of traffic lights, past country clubs with close-cropped golf greens, into opener country. Three polled Herefords in a field, staring at the airplanes. "Oh," he sings, "Cows and cattle/ Grazing there/ Among them all—"

"—The Old Gray Mare!" A silly song composed for children when as a family they went for Sunday drives.

She studies the atlas—pages of all-too-detailed maps with too many street names, and enigmatic clues ("For adjoining area see map no. 10 page 31") like a Parker Brothers' board game.

"Pop, what state is this Gulf in, anyway?"

He can't recall, but it should be near the border. A river, end product of meander, like the Grand Canyon.

On page 31, the directive's pencilled in: *See Atlas for Fairfield County*. The odometer hits the twenty-five-thousand-mile mark. A tangle of green foliage rising on each side of them, coarse second- or third-growth woods, they ride through an amorphous, tree-crowded landscape, with bends the driver can't see around. Here and there a branch of swamp maple, prematurely turned, shows the red feather. They are apparently in a section of Westchester or Fairfield County that has not yet been mapped or explored. She tells him they're lost. He accepts the news approvingly. "Terra Incognito! Fine!"

But up there in the sky a glider circles, probably not far from an airfield, the hot sun at meridian casts compass needles of shadows. To the east, the hum of cars on the Parkway. You can't be truly lost in Westchester County. (Or Fairfield?)

Ascending a steeper hill, a true back road, perhaps one of the last in these parts to have been tarred. "Stop," the driver tells himself, and brakes. "What does that sign say?" A wooden arrow points into the woods: "Appalachian Trail."

"It can't be. The Trail doesn't come this way. I walked every inch from Connecticut to Canada once, the autumn after I first came East. With a backpack and an axe. What I really wanted was to walk the whole way in the springtime from North Carolina—following the spring north. Oh well," he reflects, "life is a series of major and minor disappointments." (He has said this many times.) "But let's just see where it goes. Stretch our legs. Bring the sandwiches, I'm hungry as a horse."

A VERY short way up, the trail opens onto a field, near the top of the hill, yellow with goldenrod pungent under the strong sun. At the woods' edge, they blink. The power lines run at an angle through the field, in the avenue that has been cleared for them; the poles with the lines strung between them march straight as a furrow down the hill and up another, regular as the rest bars on a music staff. He smiles. "I always thought I'd like the job of lineman—walking the Electricity Trail. I'll bet you could follow the power lines all across the country."

She peers out. "I think I see the Sound." A hard, very distant glitter of light to the east. (Or could it be the Gulp—the cut, the rivery wildland, the narrow gorge, the white water with the hemlock needles perpetually falling?) They sit on a stone wall to consider the view, unwrapping and eating the sandwiches the one who stayed at home has prepared—tunafish-and-lettuce on rye, with the crusts neatly trimmed off. The cicadas here, too, buzzing from a pole.

The power lines remind him of a ski tow. "Will you ever forget the one in Vermont? When we collected you after camp and you were afraid to ride up the mountain?"

Yes, she remembers. The high wires of the ski tow, operating in the summer for tourists, flimsy chairs dangling overhead, specks disappearing over the horizon. He persuaded her to get on, explaining about the tensile strength of the wires. "Why, an elephant could ride safely on one of these things." Chuckling over the picture of an elephant on skis, they got on. "It was fun! A beautiful ride," she says. Fear dropping away with the grassy slope, the riders soaring over the treetops, into the sky, toward the summit.

"*You* loved it. I was scared to death."

"Well, I wanted to walk down, too."

The power lines hum, and the insects, seeking the end-of-summer flowers—goldenrod, purple aster, blue thistle. Many fall flowers are blue, he says, because the short rays of the spectrum are best seen by insects in the sun's longer rays. Indeed—

They each spot a patch of blue flower heads, near the place where they entered the field—the closed gentian, nearly invisible until you have seen it, and then indelible, blueness itself, *Gentiana andrewsii*, thriving in the darkness on the brink of October. They go over to look closer. She reaches down to pick one but he stays her hand, no. They're rare, an endangered species. Nevertheless, he wistfully imagines them into one of his gardens. "I wonder if they'd grow. By the rhododendrons. Near the terrace."

Which gives him a real idea. "I've been meaning to start a wild garden." He moves toward the light, where among the goldenrod and asters stand relicts of August, gone to seed and pod—yarrow, tansy, Queen Anne's lace, and thistle. The wayside, alien flowers which follow the path of European man, imported with him over the sea.

They harvest the old flower heads at random. Boneset, Saint-John's-wort, common everlasting, pussytoes. He named them all for her once. "I used to think you made those names up," she tells him now. Milkweed feathers stick to his shirt, and seeds leak into her borrowed sneakers. "Do you really think they'll grow?" she asks.

"No doubt about it," he says with authority. "Weeds always do." They will, for sure, spring up and likely spread to the lawn, to join the dandelion and the ubiquitous plantain. The work of a gardener (and his handyman) is never done.

"Well, I guess that's enough," he says, reluctantly. They stuff flower heads into the paper bag that had held their lunch, leaving out a half-eaten sandwich for the porcupines or raccoons, and she carries the overflow. "I would like to get home and plant these now," he says. "We can look for the Gulp another day. Do you mind?"

"Not at all."

He looks around once more. Woods, field, sky, water, electric lines. "'*Et ego in Arcadia.*'" (Pronouncing it "eego.") "'I too have been in Arcadia,' right?"

She hesitates. "Approximately."

And so they throw the dry things in the back seat and start back the way they came, and rather soon the Parkway crosses beneath the road, and they're in familiar territory again, Terra Cognita. They plunge right into Parkway traffic, no longer meandering. A Heraclitean river, with every car a different make of molecule, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Volvo. Work to do at home now—a new chore. He hunches over the wheel as if the car (he didn't let her drive) were trying to get away from him.

"*Try and remember everything you've passed, and when you go back—make the first thing the last.*"

Off the Parkway, back over the Thruway and the railroad tracks, and the shopping section near the station, the ice-cream store, and a memory strikes her. "Pop, remember when you used to drive us around the village with our eyes closed?"

"Shut-eye night ride!" A Pop who never outgrew baby talk.

In the back seat, the little girls shut their eyes, with the aftertaste of ice-cream sundaes in their mouths, and in the darkness try to read a mental street map while the driver outfoxes them, making unexpected turns, tangling the route, taking them home every time a different way. The car goes straight where they imagine it should curve; it seems they're being driven at twenty-five miles an hour into a wall, a picket fence, a hedge—the children cringe, anticipating the crunch of metal on stone, or leafy wood wrapping itself around the car, precursor of this one (1941 Studebaker. Later he taught them to drive it).

The car with its passengers (in this dream ride) dashes out onto the Post Road without waiting for the light, dives right through the side of the A. & P. and out, soundlessly, through the picture windows of their friends' living rooms, plunges into the waters of Long Island Sound. "Now." Drawing grandly to a stop. "Where are we?"

"Willow Avenue," "Second Village," the daughters guess.

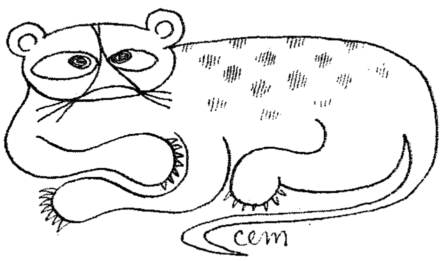
"Open your eyes." A strange house in a cul-de-sac—suddenly familiar. "The *Sanderses!*" Or, a perfectly new street they've never been on before, on the far side of town. Or—more often than not—by the water, the lights from Long Island twinkling. Always, they open their eyes reluctantly; guessing where you are isn't as much fun as guessing where you were, and besides, the journey is over, the ice cream is gone, bedtime. They never really wanted the ride to be over.

THEY make the customary tour of the water's edge in the green Oldsmobile, all eyes open. The weather forecasters may have had a point. The blue gone out of the sky and the water, dark as ice tea, agitated. Neap tide or a distant sea storm. The beach is littered with sweet-gum balls, tracked with footprints like an unmade bed; the bathers have emptied the bathhouses and a family is dragging a small boat out of the water. Up the driveway and "Home again on the same day!" says the driver, as usual.

He rests in the car for about thirty seconds, and she removes their harvest from the back seat.

"Let's get these things in before it rains."

He selects a site near the doctor's house next door, half rock, half crabgrass, under a dwarfed and aging wil-



A SUICIDE: PARAN CREEK

The granny glasses under
their blind earpieces
folded over, the untimely cobalt
coat, quartered
into itself, and the painful
cane in the starved
March grass, put by
in decorous self-murder—

everything seemed urgent—

even the scum on the creek bank
where the millrace
smoked under flotsam
smelling of horsepiss, sour lumber,
detergent,

as, punctual to a fault,
you stayed to look your last
at the ordered street light, cropped
like a crosier, the firehouse clock
in the carbarn
with its cunning pageantry of hoses,
its ambulance in yogurt and enamel—

all the village's machinery of terror
that might suddenly shriek,
whirl in a carousel of bells,
blood-roses—

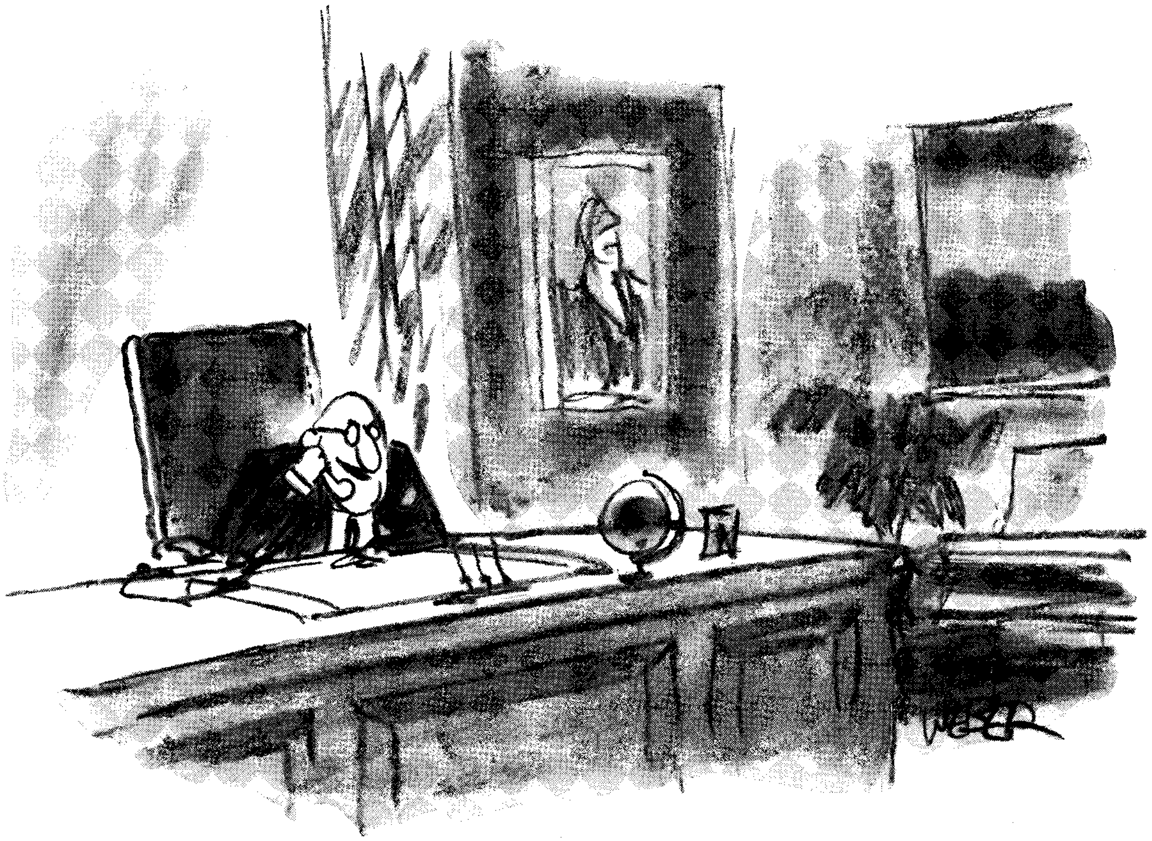
and with no hope
of manageable disaster

you leaned to a muddy bottom
all your length, face
down, as you would read
the hieroglyph of cancer and arthritis
and acedia, and left a floating answer
in the morning.

—BEN BELITT

• •

low. With rakes they scrape away the grass roots. "I've always wanted a wild garden," he repeats, the husbandman, custodian of the tame—a place for the weeds he has to kill everywhere else to live. Maybe the rabbit, mole, and starling will feast from there and leave his roses, vegetables, and zinnias alone. A miniature rocky field for tiny cows—he will imagine them grazing there at the edge of the pasture, heads bobbing, the scent of dry earth flowers, spicy: tansy, yarrow, Queen Anne's lace. Perhaps the thistle-loving goldfinches will come to the thistles when it's their time to roam between summer and fall. And, hey, what it really needs is a place for the cows to plash, making hoofprint puddles: a stream, a meander—a fountain? An elaborate construct of pipes. Absently he hums the sad tune "Cows and Cattle":



"I just called, dear, to say I'll be rushing home the instant I can get away. It's lonely here in the jungle."

• •

She helps him break up the flowers and scatter the seeds on the surface of the raked place. He begins to tell her about the fountain-meander but she doesn't attend, staring at the sky, where a flock of blackbirds crisscross over the silver maple, making up their collective mind about when to go south.

"Do you know," he says, looking at them too, "I saw the last passenger-pigeon flocks in Iowa. Not like in the old days when there were billions, but enough to literally darken the sky. When I was a kid, of course. And a few years later they stopped coming down the Mississippi." He inspects the dirt and flowers.

She asks, "Do they need compost?"

"No, water. Plenty of water."

The two of them unravel the heavy coils of the hose and sprinkle the rock-garden meadow with water that trickles down the slope in branches and puddles (like tiny hoofprints). He's not quite ready to quit.

"Don't you want potting soil to take back to the city? I've got compost to burn!"

"What would I do with it?" she wonders. But he insists on teaching her the science of mixing potting soil, working rapidly in the latening afternoon, for warmth, panting in the chilly wind from the Atlantic. Directing this show now, he calls for wheelbarrow, spade, and a window screen (a spare). The mixture is one part homemade compost from the compost pile, rich and brown as cocoa, to two parts soil from the vegetable garden, spaded up and sieved into a bushel basket. He lets her do the dirty work—dig and sift the soil into one basket, heap compost into another, and scoop it all into the wheelbarrow with a coffee can. Two cans of soil to one of humus.

She fetches some A. & P. paper bags she finds under the kitchen sink. He looks for different sizes of flower pots in the potting shed annexed to the garage, and shows her how to pot: fill in around the bottom hole with terra-cotta shards of old pots, for drainage, then with the soil, almost to the top. Exactly the way he is going to plant his tulip and hyacinth bulbs soon, to bloom in February, his portable indoor winter garden.

The packages of soil and pots are as heavy as though they were filled with water. In the kitchen, they tie them with cord, and her hands tingle and burn as they set them on the back porch so she won't forget to take them on the train with her to the city. And from Grand Central to the subway, from the subway, home. The string may hurt her hands, but she'll manage. And stow them in any available corner, till she can find a use for them.

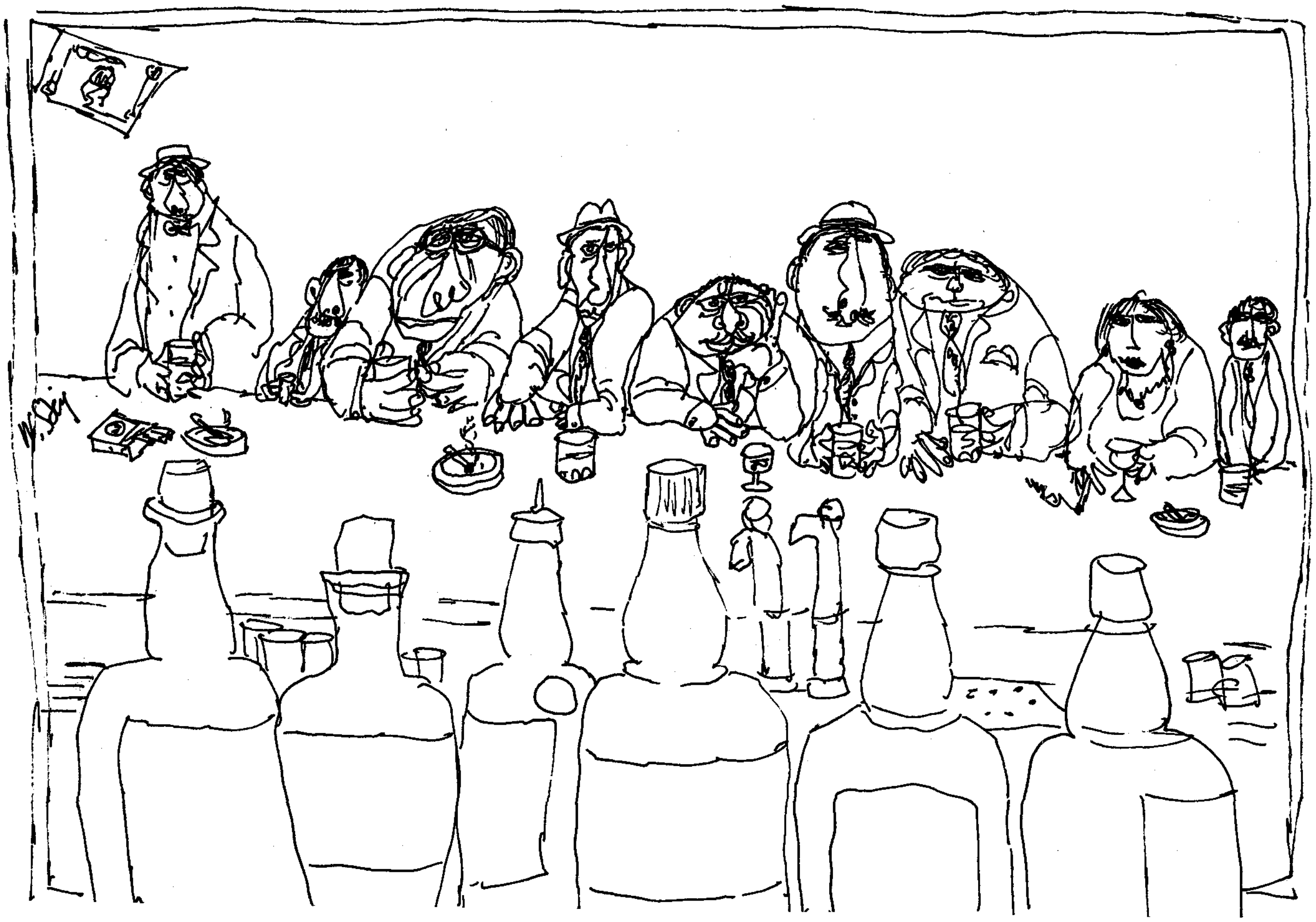
He mixes a drink for each of them and they take their glasses outside to the cement terrace (the only green place in the yard that never has to be weeded or mowed) to savor one of the last of the outdoor evenings, before the clocks are turned back. He eyes its scabrous surface. "It needs to be painted. Come out again soon. You and your mother could help, sweeping off the leaves." He sits down. They set their drinks on the white tin table and relax in the swingy outdoor chairs he'll have to wash and put away soon, with the aid of Myron, the dark handyman. The table is starred with the outlines of leaves fallen from the trees overhead.

The sky is pale gray, the sun, near the horizon, invisibly veiled. "It does look like rain," she says.

He sighs. "We don't need it. We've had over three inches in my rain gauge this month so far."

"Peter," calls a cardinal in the hedge, and close by a chickadee ogles the bird feeder that dangles over the terrace from a maple branch.

"Otherwise, it's been a good sum-



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mer, a first-rate growing season.” Light ebbing ever so slowly.

“Phoebe.” A flock of chickadees in the branches behind his head, like music notes. One of them snatches a seed and flies up to a branch to crack it.

“Pop, tell me some more about this gorge.”

“It is supposed to be one of the last wild places around, virgin forest, an Indian burial ground. Come out again soon. Maybe I’ll even let you drive.”

Airplanes from Spain circling Kennedy Airport. Sweaterless, she shivers. “Jay, jay,” one whoops from the feeder. The sound of cars on the Post Road, zzz of the seventeen-year locust, white noise in the white light.

“Where’s Mother?”

“Upstairs. She thinks she’s got a bug, the grippe or the flu.”

“I’d better go up and say goodbye.”

“So soon? You are always saying goodbye,” he says.

“I haven’t always felt welcome.”

“Ah.” He sips at his drink. “That was your mother. You know, I rather liked the man, in spite of everything—”

“Sow *weeds!*” Peverly, the white-throated sparrow, scratching for some fallen seeds with its feet.

“Funny. While you were away, she checked the newspaper every day to see what the temperature was there. So she could tell what you were wearing.”

Indians live there in primitive splendor; they drink from the fountain of youth the Spanish tried to find, El Dorado. A place of trees and fountains and birds, Grand Canyon practically in your back yard, white water.

Loud tufted titmouse, mimics the chickadee whistle. Feebly, the piercing, plaintive tune.

(A glen, a glen, and the fountain of youth at the center, a spring rising like a small fountain at its heart.)

She asks if he is still busy with the volunteer firemen.

“The ambulance corps is thinking of buying an ambulance,” he says, proudly.

And the library committee?

“Hardly leaves me time enough to read. I got some good books, though, about your ancestors—a scrappy bunch, always tangling with the Indians. Did you know one of them modelled for a character in a book by Fenimore Cooper?”

Indians in the dark, wailing for their lost property. We have burned their fortresses, stolen and tarnished the golden font.

“Remember the time I left you at the library?”

Of course—a little girl on a cold day, shivering on the stone steps, too silly to start walking the short way home, standing and shivering for two solid hours because he’d promised to collect her, and just plain forgot. *She* would forget if he didn’t keep taking the memory out, like a book.

“Will you ever forgive me?”

He will probably ask her that for the rest of his life, too, and she will, of course, always forgive him.

“Cigarette?”

She accepts, and watches the way he opens the book of matches and strikes a light for her, cupping his hand to shield the thin flame flickering in the twilight. “Do you know the best advice you ever gave me? ‘When lighting a cigarette outdoors, always use two matches.’ ” He laughs and lights a cigarette for himself.

The last chickadee of the evening is coming to the feeder.

Cigarette smoke curls up from each chair like a question mark.

And from an upstairs window the woman who watched the weather looks down, and she sees the smoke and frost of his breath.

—Julie Hayden

ANNALS OF CHEMISTRY

INERT

IN the age of convenience packaging, few items have scored a greater success in the marketplace than aerosol sprays. The phenomenal growth of the aerosol industry began in the early nineteen-fifties, when chemists at E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company hit upon an ideal propellant—a mixture of two gases that could be confined under low pressure in tin-plate or aluminum cans—and Robert H. Abplanalp invented a mass-producible plastic-and-metal valve that could dispense the contents of the cans at the touch of a fingertip. Cheap, lightweight cannisters soon supplanted the cumbersome and expensive steel containers that had housed aerosol sprays since the Second World War, and from then on the proliferation of aerosols proceeded at an incredible rate. In 1947, four and a half million cans of the old-style aerosols—mainly insecticides—were manufactured and sold. By 1954, the annual production of aerosols had jumped to a hundred and eighty-eight million cans—a hundred million of them being more or less equally divided between insecticides and shaving lathers. In 1958, the production of aerosols soared past the five-hundred-million mark, with hair sprays taking over as the leading item. And in 1968, when two billion three hundred million aerosols were turned out, the total of a decade before was nearly equalled by the production of hair sprays alone.

By 1970, practically every product that was conceivably sprayable either had been packaged or was being considered for packaging in aerosol form. As a result, more than three hundred different uses have been devised for aerosols, which dispense everything from baby powder, slip preventive for bathtubs, breath sweeteners, and cheese spreads to cooking-pan coatings, nasal sprays, oven cleaners, rug shampoo, shoe polish, telephone disinfectant, waxes, weed killers, and whipped-cream substitutes. With the exception of a few failures, among them toothpaste and chocolate syrup, most of the new aerosol products—lavishly advertised and imaginatively marketed—have gained wide acceptance by the public. Today, with personal products such as deodorants, hair sprays, and shaving lathers accounting for fifty per cent of the take, aerosols are a three-billion-dollar-a-year industry in the United States. They are also virtually ubiquitous. In 1973, two billion nine hundred and two million three hundred and forty thousand aerosols were manufactured and sold in this country—enough to provide about fourteen for every citizen of the land—and the 1974 total was more than three billion, which amounted to about fifty per cent of the total world production. Small wonder that the average American family is estimated to possess between forty and fifty cans of aerosol in various parts of the house.

Though some consumer groups and medical researchers had reservations about this fantastic propagation of aerosol sprays, the matter caused no real stir until last year, when it became known that the propellant most commonly used in them—the same mixture of gases that had enabled the du Pont people to start the aerosol boom some twenty years ago—might be seriously threatening the environment. The first hint of this was received in 1970, when Dr. James E. Lovelock, a biospheric chemist at the University of Reading, in England, detected one of the gases—trichloromonofluoromethane—in the ambient air over western Ireland. Because he knew that the other gas—dichlorodifluoromethane—is far more stable, though less easily measurable, Lovelock assumed that it was present also, and in fact he later found this to be the case. (Both gases had been synthesized in 1928 by chemists in the General Motors research laboratories who were trying to find a non-toxic, non-flammable refrigerant; dichlorodifluoromethane has been widely used ever since as a coolant in refrigerators and air-conditioners.) When Lovelock subsequently took air samples from shipboard in the North and South Atlantic, in 1971, he discovered that trichloromonofluoromethane had pervaded the entire troposphere—the six-to-ten-mile-high portion of the atmosphere that lies between the earth and the stratosphere. At the time, he found no cause for alarm in his observations, for the simple reason that both gases—closely related compounds of chlorine, fluorine, and carbon, which are marketed by du Pont, their chief manufacturer, under the trade name of Freon—were known to be chemically inert. In fact, it was their chemical inertness that, together with a high volatility, had made them ideal as an aerosol propellant, which must vaporize at room temperature and not react with any of the ingredients it is designed to propel. As a result, Lovelock and other investigators at first regarded the omnipresence of chlorofluorocarbons in the troposphere as a harmless and potentially valuable tool for tracing air movement and wind direction.

THE assumption that chlorofluorocarbons would be innocuous in the environment because they were chemically inert might have gone unchallenged for some time if it had not been for Professor F. Sherwood Rowland, a member of the Department of Chemistry of the University of California at Irvine, who was a specialist in the chemistry of radioactive isotopes. Upon hearing that Lovelock had found chlorofluorocarbons to be everywhere in the troposphere, Rowland began to wonder where they were going and what would become of them. Since there appeared to be no particular urgency about the matter, he pondered it off and on for more than a year. Then, in the summer of 1973, he requested and received permission to investigate it from the Atomic Energy Commission, which had supported his work since 1956. On October 1st, he and Dr. Mario J. Molina, a photochemist from Mexico City, who had recently completed his Ph.D. studies at the University of California at Berkeley and had just joined Rowland's research group, set out upon the trail of the chlorofluorocarbons, never suspecting that before the end of the year it would lead them to contemplate the possibility of an end to life on earth.

To begin with, the two men were aware that chlorofluorocarbons, like all molecular gases, could be decomposed upon photolysis by short-wavelength ultraviolet light from the sun. They also knew that such decomposition would have to occur high in the stratosphere—from fifteen to twenty miles above the surface of the earth. Below that, almost all short-wavelength ultraviolet light is intercepted and absorbed by a fragile layer of ozone—a gas formed by the action of sunlight on oxygen—which shields the planet from harmful solar radiation. Because they were sure of the existence of a photolytic sink in the stratosphere—"sink" is a term that scientists apply both to the processes by which chemicals are destroyed and to the places in which this breakdown occurs—the first question that Rowland and Molina asked themselves was whether there might be other methods or locations for the disposal of chlorofluorocarbons. Since Lovelock's measurements had indicated that the total amount of trichloromonofluoromethane in the troposphere was about equal to the total amount of it ever manufactured, this seemed unlikely, and after further study the two men came to the conclusion that the compounds, because of their relative insolubility in water, could not be removed and absorbed by natural sinks such as rainfall or the oceans, and, because of their chemical inertness, could not be broken down rapidly by any other known mechanisms in the troposphere. Thus, they presumed that the several million tons of chlorofluorocarbons estimated to be floating about in the troposphere would survive long enough to rise into the stratosphere. Rowland and Molina were aware that the upward diffusion of chlorofluorocarbons—as of any gas not lighter than air—would be very slow; in fact, after completing their next set of calculations they were able to estimate that the average molecule of chlorofluorocarbon would wander aimlessly, rising and falling between troposphere and stratosphere in the manner of a yo-yo, for between forty and a hundred and fifty years before it encountered short-wavelength ultraviolet light and decomposed. They also estimated that by this time, if chlorofluorocarbons continued to be manufactured and used as propellants and refrigerants at the 1972 worldwide rate of almost a million tons a year, the several million tons of the compounds pervading the troposphere would increase to nearly a hundred million tons, and the decomposition of chlorofluorocarbons in the stratosphere would increase correspondingly.

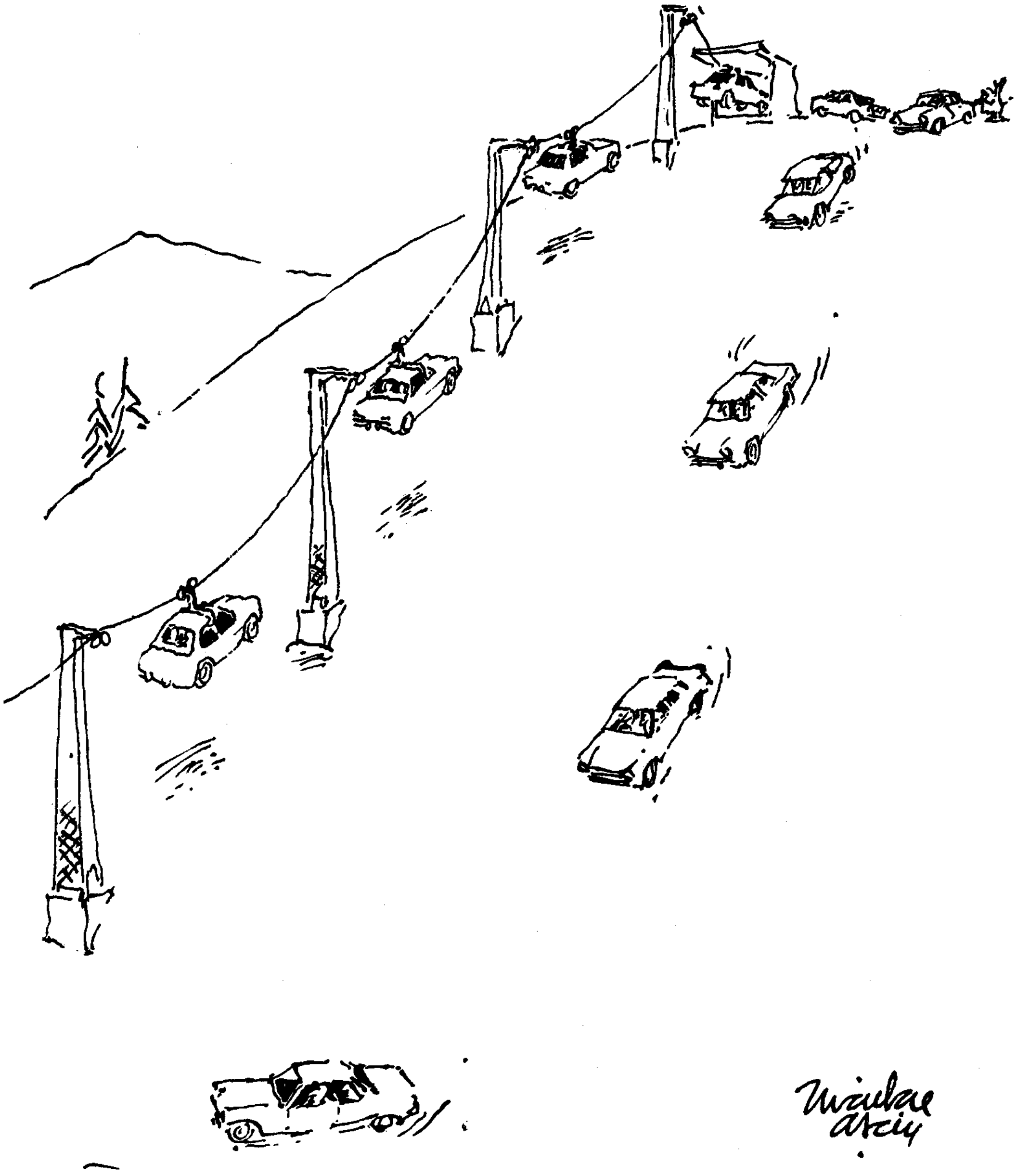
The significance of this increase became apparent late in November of 1973, when Rowland and Molina undertook to examine the consequences of the long-delayed but inevitable encounter between chlorofluorocarbons and ultraviolet light. The two men had known all along that as soon as a molecule of chlorofluorocarbon decomposed it would release atoms of chlorine. They now determined that, within a second or two, each atom of chlorine (a highly reactive chemical) would seek out and react with a molecule of ozone (an extremely unstable substance), and that this, in turn, would initiate an extensive and complex catalytic chain reaction in which, over a period of a year or so, as many as a hundred thousand molecules of ozone could be converted into molecular oxygen and eliminated from the stratosphere. Uneasy at finding that a single atom of chlorine was capable of such destruction, Rowland and Molina returned to their earlier calculation that nearly a hundred million tons of chlorofluorocarbons could be expected to build up in the troposphere within the next century or so, and estimated that enough chlorofluorocarbon molecules would thereafter be decomposed annually in the stratospheric sink to unleash five hundred thousand tons of chlorine atoms. Chlorine in this amount, they concluded, was sufficient to roughly double the depletion of ozone known to occur naturally each year, chiefly through a catalytic chain reaction initiated by oxides of nitrogen released into the stratosphere as a result of bacterial action in the ocean and in the soil. The chlorine would thus bring about a situation in which ozone would be destroyed much faster than under normal conditions.

At the time Rowland and Molina reached this conclusion—it was a few days before Christmas—they had no easy way of determining exactly how much of the ozone layer might eventually be destroyed. However, a rough calculation led them to estimate that a loss of from twenty to forty per cent was within the realm of possibility. This was a disconcerting prospect, to say the least, since the work of previous investigators had demonstrated that such a reduction would cause a tremendous increase in the kind of solar radiation known to be most detrimental to plant and animal cells. Rowland and Molina thus came to the further chilling conclusion that if chlorofluorocarbon propellants and refrigerants continued to be used at present rates, chlorine might one day take over chemical control of the stratosphere, with consequences that could conceivably disrupt, if not destroy, the biological systems of the earth. Moreover, they realized that even if the use of the two gases were to cease at once, destruction of part of the ozone layer—though the full effect would not actually be felt for a decade or two—was foreordained by the fact that the chlorofluorocarbons already in the troposphere were inexorably seeping up

"The long and short of it is I found it just about impossible to come by fifty grand legitimately."

into the stratosphere. In effect, they had discovered a planetary time bomb.

Since Rowland and Molina were not specialists in atmospheric chemistry, they initially reacted to their theory with disbelief, assuming that somewhere in their calculations they had made a simple mathematical mistake. But when they reviewed their work they were unable to find any error. At that point, seeking outside advice, they paid a visit to Dr. Harold S. Johnston, a professor of chemistry at the University of California at Berkeley, who in 1971 had been the first scientist to call attention to the threat posed to the ozone layer by oxides of nitrogen released from the exhaust of supersonic transports. Dr. Johnston not only confirmed their conclusion that large amounts of ozone could be destroyed through a chain reaction initiated by tiny amounts of chlorine but also informed them that similar theories had recently been worked out by several different groups of atmospheric scientists who were conducting research for the Department of Transportation's Climatic Impact Assessment Program—a three-year, twenty-million-dollar study that had been set up in 1971 to investigate the effects of nitrogen-oxide and sulfur-dioxide emissions from the SSTs. According to Johnston, these scientists had undertaken to examine the potential role of chlorine in the stratosphere because they were aware that the use of ammonium perchlorate in the fuel of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's proposed space shuttle would result in the release of hydrogen chloride from its exhaust. But they knew of no existing major sources of chlorine in the stratosphere, and so they had not considered their findings immediately important. The irony of this was heightened when Johnston told Rowland and Molina that recent work in England had indicated that the chain reaction triggered by free chlorine atoms could destroy ozone six times as efficiently as the one initiated by nitrogen oxides.



As might be expected, Rowland and Molina came away from their meeting with Johnston fully convinced of the magnitude and urgency of the problem they had uncovered, and of the necessity of publishing their data as quickly as possible. During the first week of January, 1974, Rowland wrote an article describing their findings and sent it off to *Nature*, the international scientific journal, which is published in England. For the next eight months, the dissemination of their theory about the calamitous effect of chlorofluorocarbons upon ozone seemed to rival the slowness with which the gases themselves were diffusing upward into the stratosphere. To begin with, the editors of *Nature* were obliged to wait until the data had been evaluated by referees, and therefore did not get around to publishing the article until June 28th. A press release based on the article was sent out by the public-information office of the University of California at Irvine, and was picked up by the Los Angeles *Times*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and several other California newspapers. Unaccountably, however, though the release was sent to the Los Angeles bureaus of the New York *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *National Observer*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, the story did not appear in any of those publications. As a result, word of Rowland and Molina's ominous findings did not become public knowledge on the East Coast until the two men reported them in person on September 11th at a meeting of the American Chemical Society being held in Atlantic City.

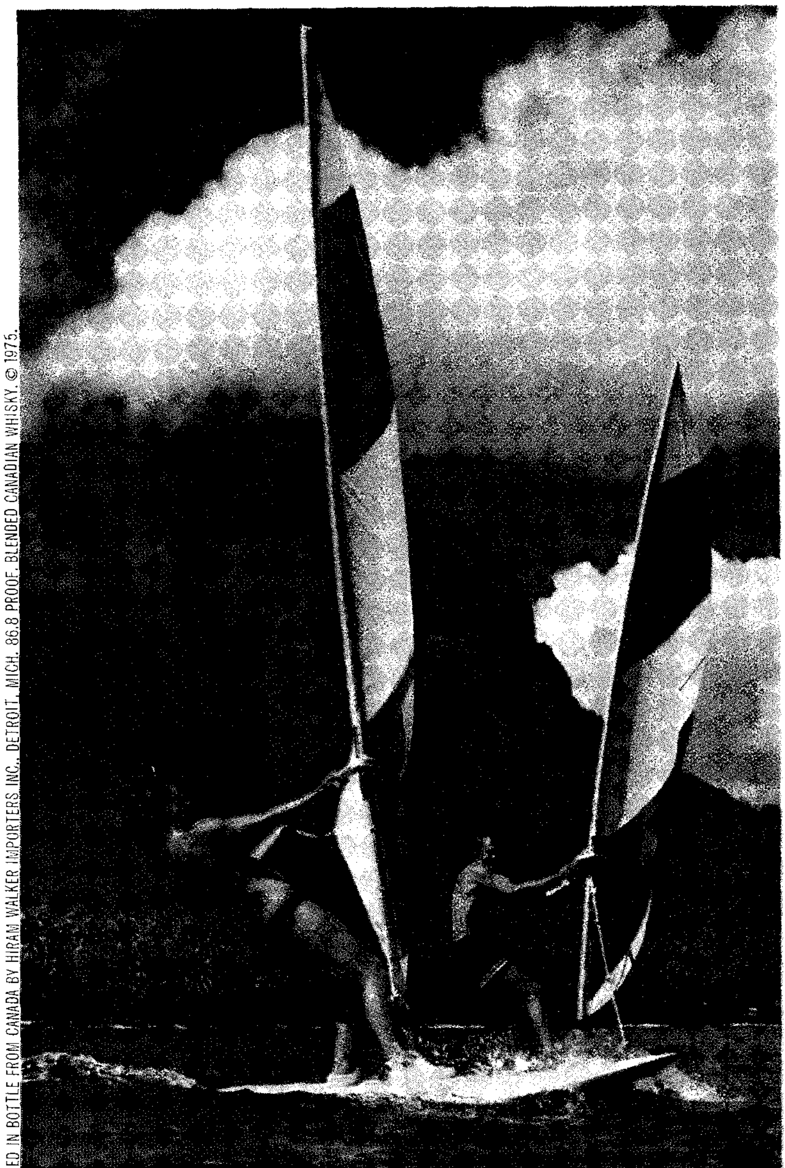
By that time, Rowland and Molina had calculated that if chlorofluorocarbon production continued to increase at the present rate of ten per cent a year until 1990 and remained constant thereafter, between five and seven per cent of the ozone layer would be destroyed by 1995, and between thirty and fifty per cent of it would disappear by the year 2050. To underscore the gravity of even a five-per-cent depletion, they cited studies indicating that the resulting increase in ultraviolet radiation would, after 2050, cause forty thousand additional cases of skin cancer each year in the United States alone. They went on to warn that greater losses of ozone could cause other serious biological damage, such as genetic mutation and crop damage, and might even shift stratospheric temperatures sufficiently to create changes in the world's weather patterns. To point out the irreversible aspect of the problem, they predicted that if nothing was done over the next decade to prevent further release of chlorofluorocarbons, the vast reservoir of the gases that would have built up in the meantime would provide enough chlorine atoms to insure continuing destruction of the ozone layer for most of the twenty-first century. Not surprisingly, they told the members of the Chemical Society that in their opinion the advantages of using chlorofluorocarbon propellants and refrigerants scarcely seemed worth the serious hazards they posed to the climate of the world and to the health of its inhabitants. And they urged that the compounds be banned.

THE information presented by Rowland and Molina in Atlantic City touched off a chain reaction of its own. Within two weeks, their findings were confirmed by an announcement of similar findings by Dr. Paul Crutzen, a meteorologist working with the National Center for Atmospheric Research and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, both in Boulder, Colorado. They were also confirmed by two of the scientific groups that had been investigating the problem of ozone depletion for the Climatic Impact Assessment Program. One of these groups was led by Dr. Ralph J. Cicerone, a physical chemist at the University of Michigan's Space Physics Research Laboratory; the other was headed by Dr. Michael B. McElroy, professor of atmospheric science at Harvard University's Center for Earth and Planetary Physics. The calculations of both indicated that chlorofluorocarbons would, if anything, destroy ozone even faster than Rowland and Molina had estimated.

"I always like a midweek holiday. Then there's a three-day gap between Harvey's holiday depression and his usual Sunday low."

Coming hard on the heels of a disclosure by Dr. Fred C. Iklé, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, that nitrogen oxides released by the heat of thermonuclear explosions in warfare would destroy a large part of the ozone layer, these alarming predictions received wide coverage in the press and aroused considerable public concern. There was already a great deal of concern in the scientific community. In mid-September, the National Academy of Sciences appointed a special five-man panel to assess the situation and recommend a course of action. In addition to Professors Rowland, Johnston, and McElroy, its members included Francis S. Johnson, executive director of the Center for Advanced Studies at the University of Texas at Dallas, and Dr. Donald M. Hunten, an atmospheric physicist at the Kitt Peak National Observatory, in Tucson, Arizona. The panel met in Washington, D.C., on October 26th, and the five men agreed unanimously that a serious problem was in the making; they recommended that the Academy undertake a full-scale study of the chlorofluorocarbon hazard and complete it within a year. Dr. Hunten, the panel's chairman, held a news conference upon his return to Tucson and, emphasizing the urgency he felt, called for an immediate halt to the purchase of aerosol sprays that contained chlorofluorocarbon propellants. Three weeks later, a petition to ban the sprays was filed with the federal Consumer Product Safety Commission, in Washington, by the Natural Resources Defense Council, an organization that has won a number of landmark court cases involving environmental

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."



"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing . . . that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.

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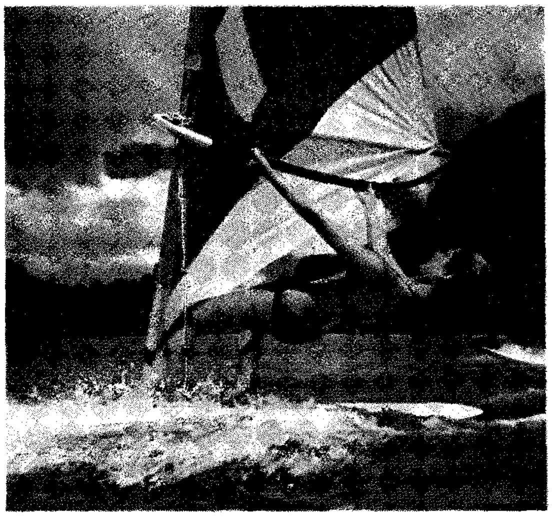

"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck . . . wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers.

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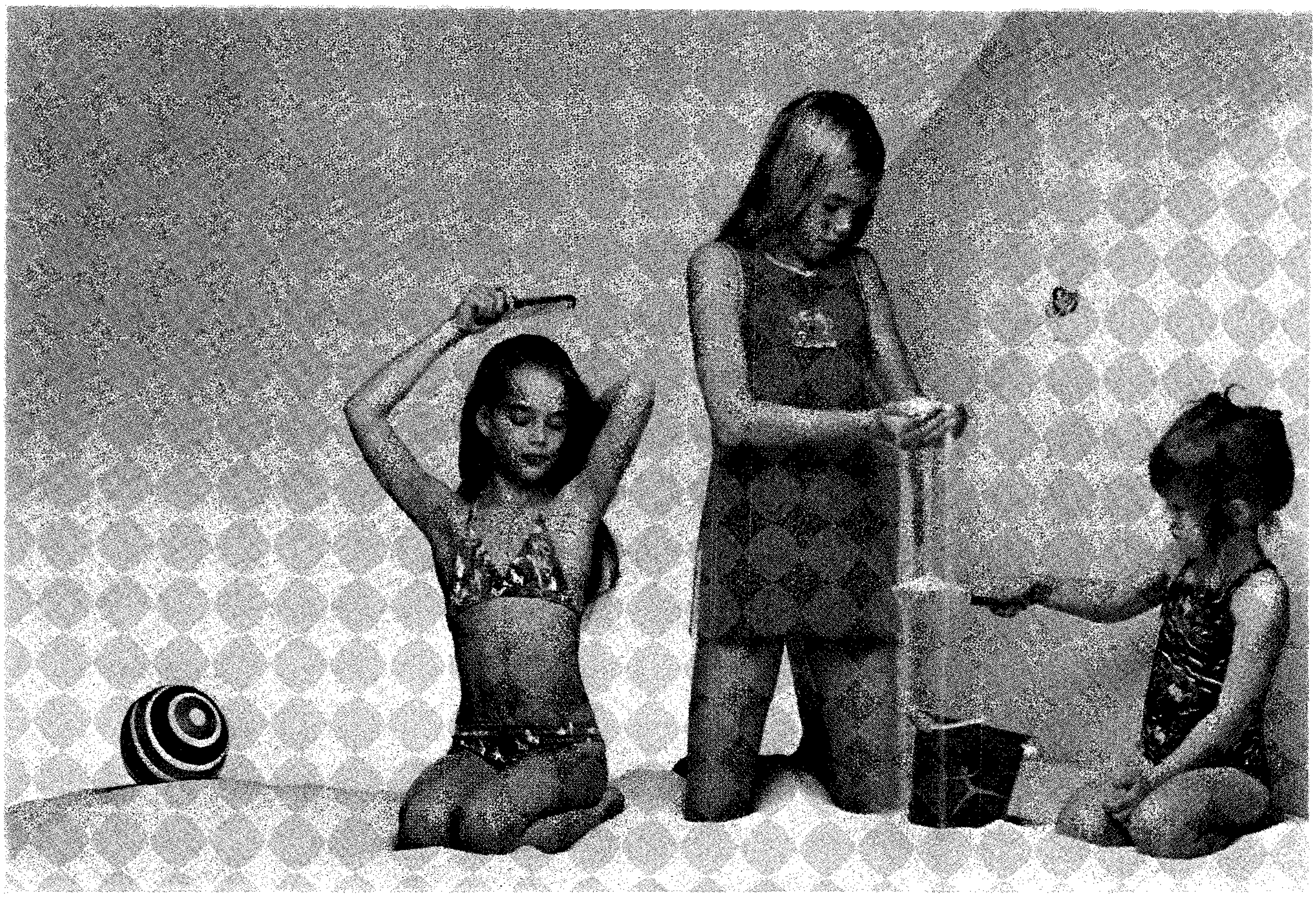

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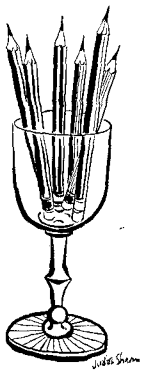
problems. Among other things, the Council's petition cited recent measurements taken from high-altitude aircraft by Philip W. Krey, of the Atomic Energy Commission's Health and Safety Laboratory, in New York City, which showed that chlorofluorocarbon molecules had already risen into the lower stratosphere, twelve miles above the earth.

MEANWHILE, the aerosol industry had been developing its own response to the situation. In September, when chlorofluorocarbons first broke into the headlines, spokesmen for the du Pont Company, which had been aware of the findings of Rowland and Molina for more than six months, contented themselves with pointing out that the calculations were hypothetical—that no real proof existed to demonstrate that the two gases could rise into the stratosphere, let alone that they could lead to the destruction of ozone. Subsequently, Dr. Raymond L. McCarthy, technical director of the company's Freon Products Division, announced that industry-sponsored studies involving both direct measurement of chlorofluorocarbons in the troposphere and observation of their chemical reactions in chambers designed to simulate high-altitude conditions would be undertaken by scientists at several universities. According to Dr. McCarthy, these studies would take three years to complete, and would be coördinated by a trade group known as the Manufacturing Chemists Association. Nineteen producers of chlorofluorocarbons, including the six American manufacturers—du Pont, the Allied Chemical Corporation, the Union Carbide Corporation, the Pennwalt Corporation, the Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, and Racon, Inc.—would finance the studies. McCarthy said that pending the first results of the industry-sponsored research there was no dependable evidence that chlorofluorocarbons posed a hazard to ozone, or, for that matter, that the chlorine chain reaction worked out by Rowland and Molina and other investigators could occur at all. He added that it would be an injustice if hypothesis were to serve in the meantime as a basis for judgment and action. Nevertheless, during the month of November the sale of aerosol products dropped by seven per cent, and rumors soon began circulating that du Pont had halted construction on a new chlorofluorocarbon-manufacturing plant, in Corpus Christi, Texas.

As the autumn wore on, it became obvious that the furor over chlorofluorocarbons would lead to a congressional inquiry, and on December 11th the Subcommittee on Public Health and Environment of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce began two days of hearings to consider legislation that would regulate, and possibly ban, the manufacture of the gases. In an opening statement, the subcommittee chairman, Paul G. Rogers, a Florida Democrat, expressed grave concern over the problem, declaring that it was like a tale out of science fiction. "Since coming to the Congress, I have never begun hearings with such an eerie feeling," he said. "The idea that we may in fact be destroying the layer of atmosphere which protects us from the sun's rays is both rather staggering and frightening."

As it happened, the legislation proposed to regulate chlorofluorocarbons was not reported out of the subcommittee, because the Ninety-third Congress expired eight days after the hearings were concluded. But the testimony of the witnesses on both sides of the issue, though it produced little information that had not already appeared in newspapers all across the country, had served to raise some difficult questions for the new Congress and the Administration to ponder. For example, who should assume the burden of furnishing absolute proof of whether chlorofluorocarbons pose a threat to the ozone layer? Who, for that matter, should determine whether it is safe to wait for absolute proof to be established? What measures, if any, should be taken in the meantime to control the manufacture and use of the chemicals? Which agency should be given the power to enforce these measures? And which agency, then, should assume jurisdiction over the stratosphere?



Neither the Administration nor Congress has yet come up with specific answers to these questions. But the President's Council on Environmental Quality and the Federal Council for Science and Technology are sponsoring a broad interagency study of the situation, and during February two bills attempting to deal with the problem were introduced in the House of Representatives. Both bills avoid a politically unpalatable outright ban on chlorofluorocarbons by calling for additional studies to determine whether a chain reaction initiated by chlorine released from the gases is in fact destroying the ozone layer. These studies are to be conducted over the next year or so by the National Academy of Sciences and by NASA. One of the bills—it has just been introduced in the Senate as well—would ban chlorofluorocarbons if their manufacturers fail to furnish proof within two years that the stuff is safe. The other bill would require that the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency determine what constitutes a safe level of ozone depletion, and to what extent chlorofluorocarbon production should be regulated in order not to exceed it. Thus, both of the proposed laws would, in effect, grant industry's request for a delay in regulatory action. Indeed, it appears that the initial concern of the Congress over the threat that chlorofluorocarbons pose to the world's environment has been tempered by subsequent consideration of the adverse effects of regulatory legislation upon the national economy in a time of recession.

Whether it is prudent, let alone safe, for Congress to try for a trade-off between these two priorities—the environment and the economy—remains a question. It also remains a question whether it is wise of Congress to assign a major role in determining the extent of the chlorofluorocarbon hazard to NASA, an organization that can surely be said to have a vested interest in the matter as a result of its billion-dollar-a-year space-shuttle program. It is equally questionable whether any legislation regulating the production of chlorofluorocarbons in the United States can be effective in preventing destruction of the ozone layer unless similar restrictions are imposed by the other chlorofluorocarbon-producing nations—including the Soviet Union, where the compounds are manufactured under the trade name Eskimon. For that matter, how can the E.P.A. administrator or anyone else determine a safe level of ozone depletion caused by chlorofluorocarbons without taking into account the destruction of ozone that will be caused by supersonic transports? (According to a report released by the Department of Transportation just the other day, several hundred SSTs would reduce the ozone layer from ten to twenty per cent within five to ten years.) Or without taking into account the destruction of ozone that may be caused by other natural or man-made pollutants yet to be identified? While Congress and the Administration grope to find a way out of this murky situa-

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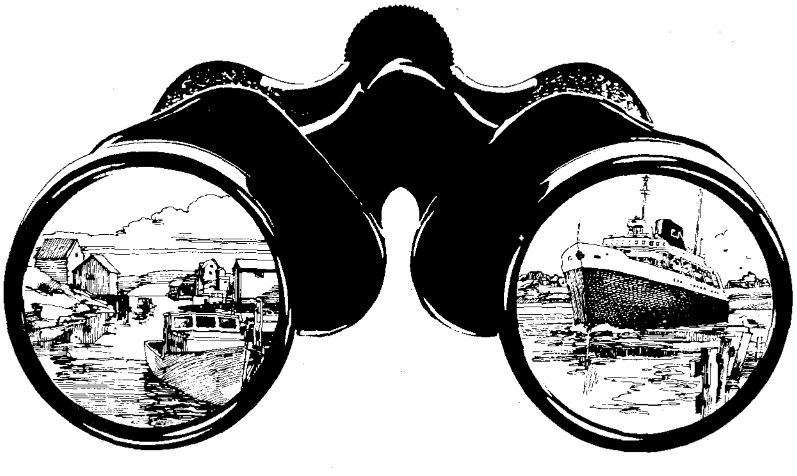

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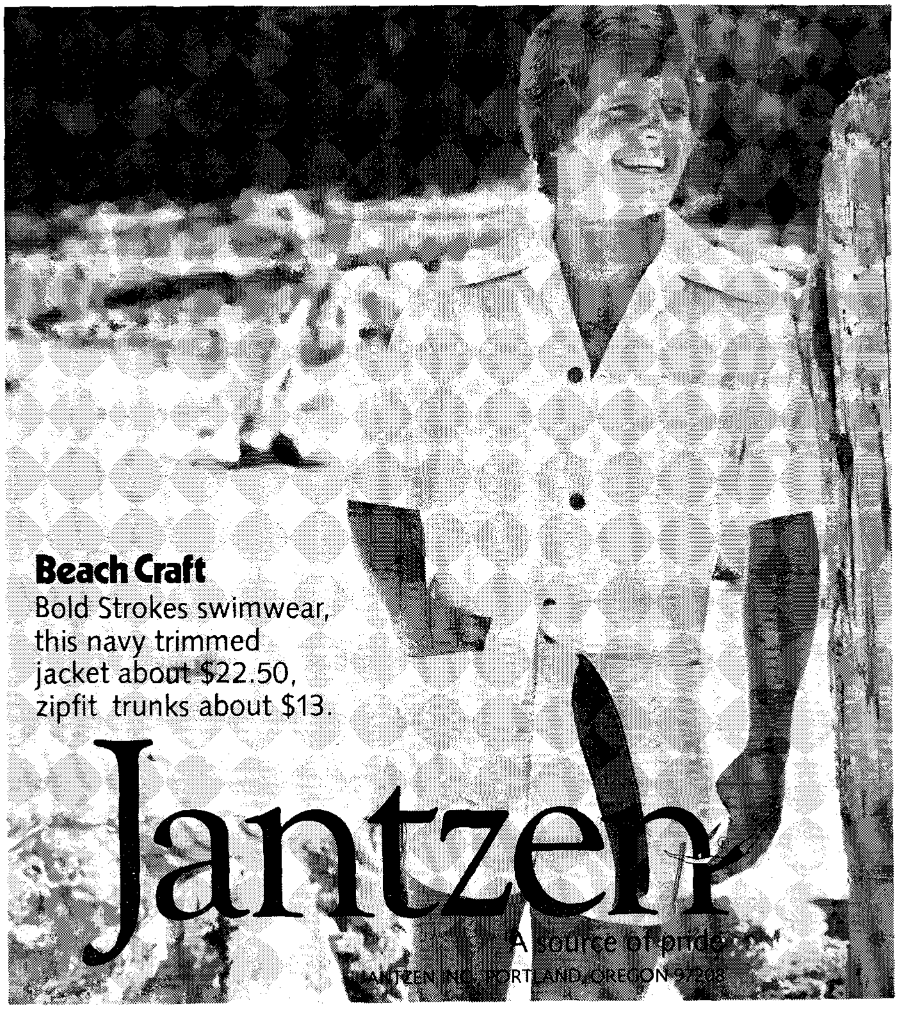
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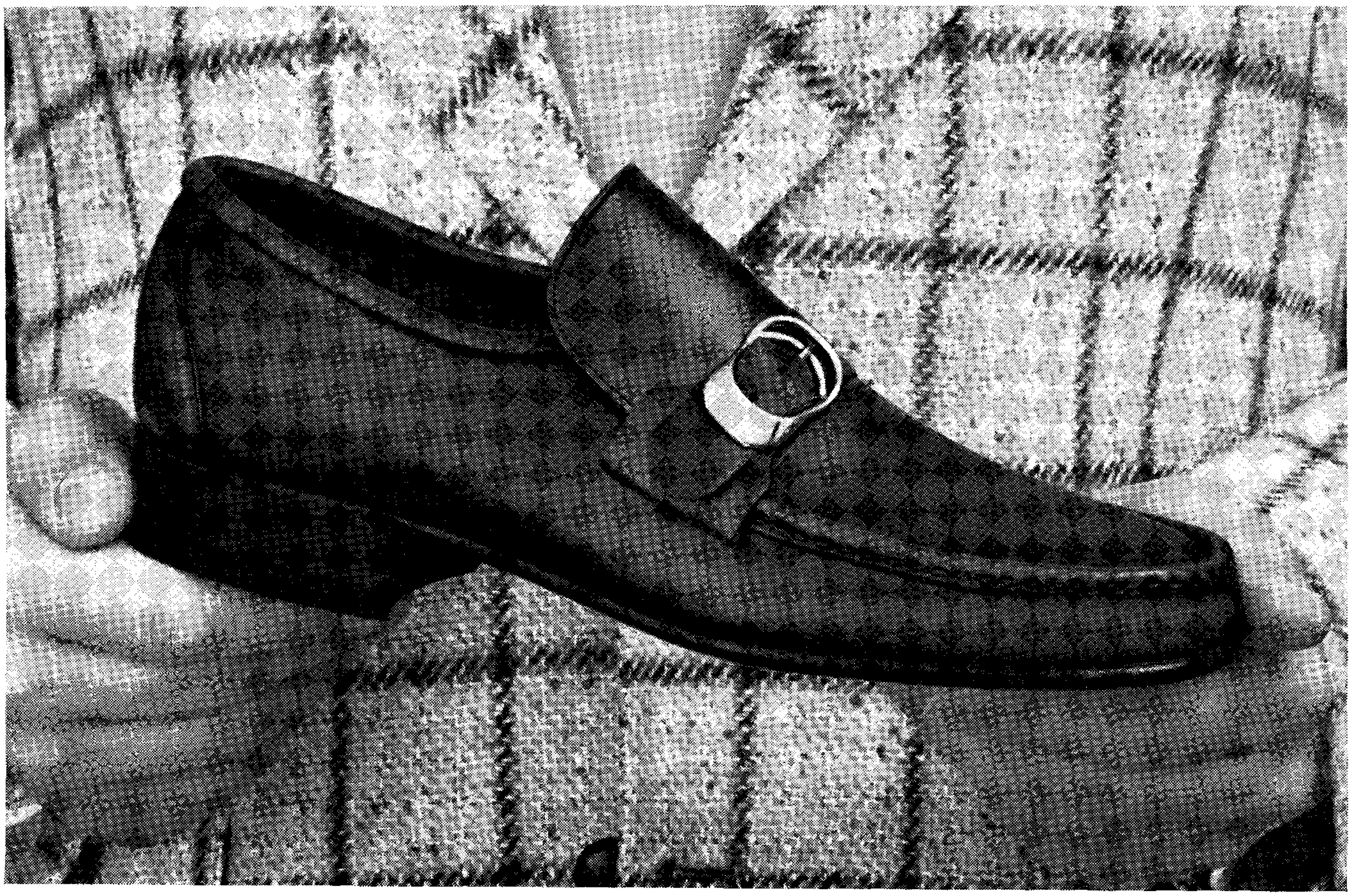
tion, the problem, like the chlorofluorocarbons, remains in the air.

CONCERN over the potentially disastrous effect of chlorofluorocarbons in the stratosphere has tended to overshadow strong evidence that aerosol sprays are more immediately hazardous to the health of millions upon millions of people who have been inhaling them here on earth. For almost a decade, it has been known that chlorofluorocarbons in high concentrations could cause death from cardiac arrest. More recently, it has been reported that smaller doses of the gases can cause changes in the normal heart rhythm of human beings and can weaken heart muscle and lower blood pressure in test animals. For at least fifteen years, it has been suspected that the plastic resins in hair sprays cause a restrictive-lung-storage disease called thesaurosis, as well as abnormal lung cells that may be the precursors of lung cancer. These suspicions now appear to be confirmed by a study of five hundred cosmetologists in Utah recently conducted by Dr. Alan Palmer, an epidemiologist with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health. Dr. Palmer's study found that nearly fifty per cent of the cosmetologists had symptoms of early obstructive lung disease such as asthma and emphysema. Even more ominous was the disclosure, in the spring of 1974, that vinyl chloride, a chlorinated hydrocarbon gas that had been used for twenty-five years in the manufacture of plastics and had been discovered to cause a rare type of liver cancer in workers who inhaled it, had also been employed for at least ten years as either a propellant component or a solvent in dozens of household aerosol sprays. (As with the chlorofluorocarbons, the labels of these aerosols listed vinyl chloride not by name but only as one of several "inert ingredients.") Incredibly, instead of following the lead of the Japanese government, which spent twenty-five million dollars to impound all aerosols containing this carcinogen, the Food and Drug Administration, the Environmental Protection Agency, and the Consumer Product Safety Commission—the three agencies responsible for regulating aerosol products to protect the public health in the United States—did little more than request that companies engaged in the manufacture of aerosols stop using vinyl chloride as a propellant in them. As a result, millions of spray cans containing a known cancer-producing



Style shown: No. M68, with handsewn vamp.

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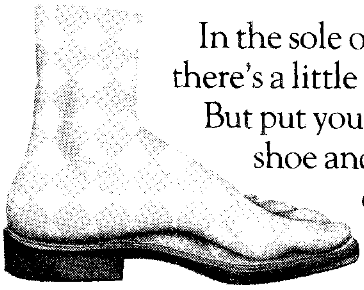

The little hollow in the sole of your foot.

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But put your hand inside your shoe and see if you find a corresponding little "bump" there.

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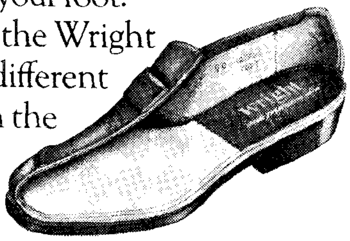

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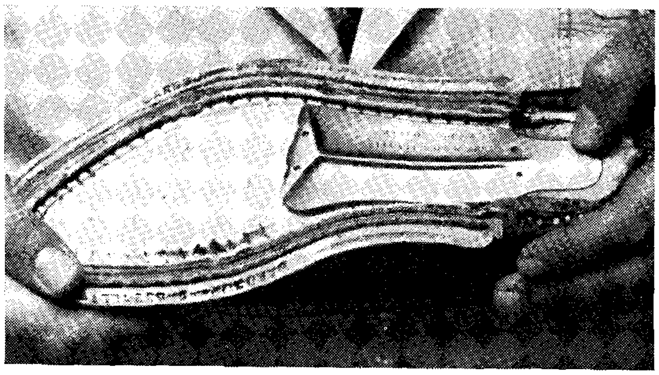

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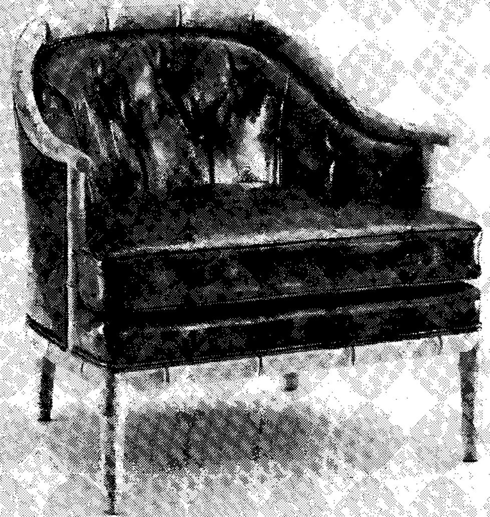

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agent remained in stores and in households from one end of the country to the other even after it had been shown that with normal use—say, massacring a few bugs on the ceiling or giving style and body to a hairdo—it was possible to contaminate an average-sized room with up to four hundred parts of vinyl chloride per million parts of air. This level was eight times that known to cause liver tumors and other cancers in rats, and was soon judged by the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration to be four hundred times the safe level of exposure for workers.

In spite of extensive press and television coverage of the vinyl-chloride hazard during the spring and summer of 1974, there was no drop in the sale of aerosol sprays. Indeed, the average consumer's appreciation of the toxicity of aerosols apparently continued to be limited to a vague awareness of the warning that appears on virtually every aerosol can—"KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN"—which, of course, is simply an evasion of the fact that there is no way to use a household aerosol in the presence of anyone, child or adult, and keep its contents out of the human lung. Ironically, it has taken a chance discovery by two chemists who were not even investigating within their usual field of research to bring home the full extent of the aerosol hazard. For by demonstrating that inert chlorofluorocarbons, instead of vanishing harmlessly into thin air, can scar the ozone layer Rowland and Molina have shown us that we may well have succeeded in inflicting a chronic and irreversible disease upon the atmosphere, which is the very lung of the earth. For better or worse, however, they have also provided us with a valuable lesson in the crucial necessity of testing potentially harmful substances—before putting them on the market—for their consequences both in the environment and upon the human beings who will come in contact with them. (Such testing might have begun some time ago if Congress had seen fit to agree upon the Toxic Substances Control Act, which, vigorously opposed by the Manufacturing Chemists Association and other industry groups, has twice passed both houses and then been allowed to die in conference.) In the meantime, as we await the results of studies yet to be undertaken and action yet to be decided upon, it appears that we can do little more than cross our fingers and hope that somehow or other Rowland and Molina will be proved wrong.

—PAUL BRODEUR

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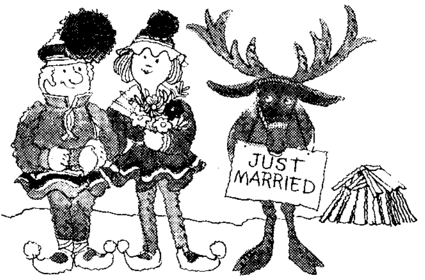

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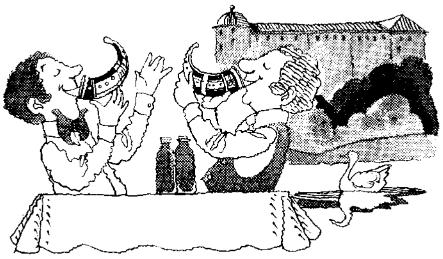

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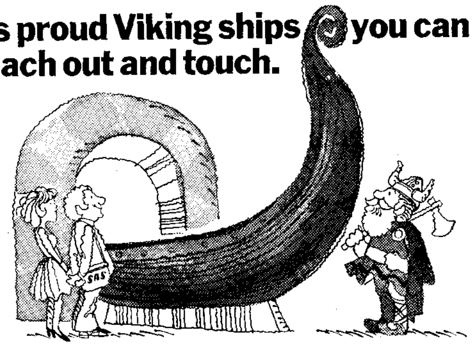

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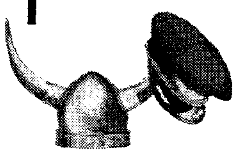

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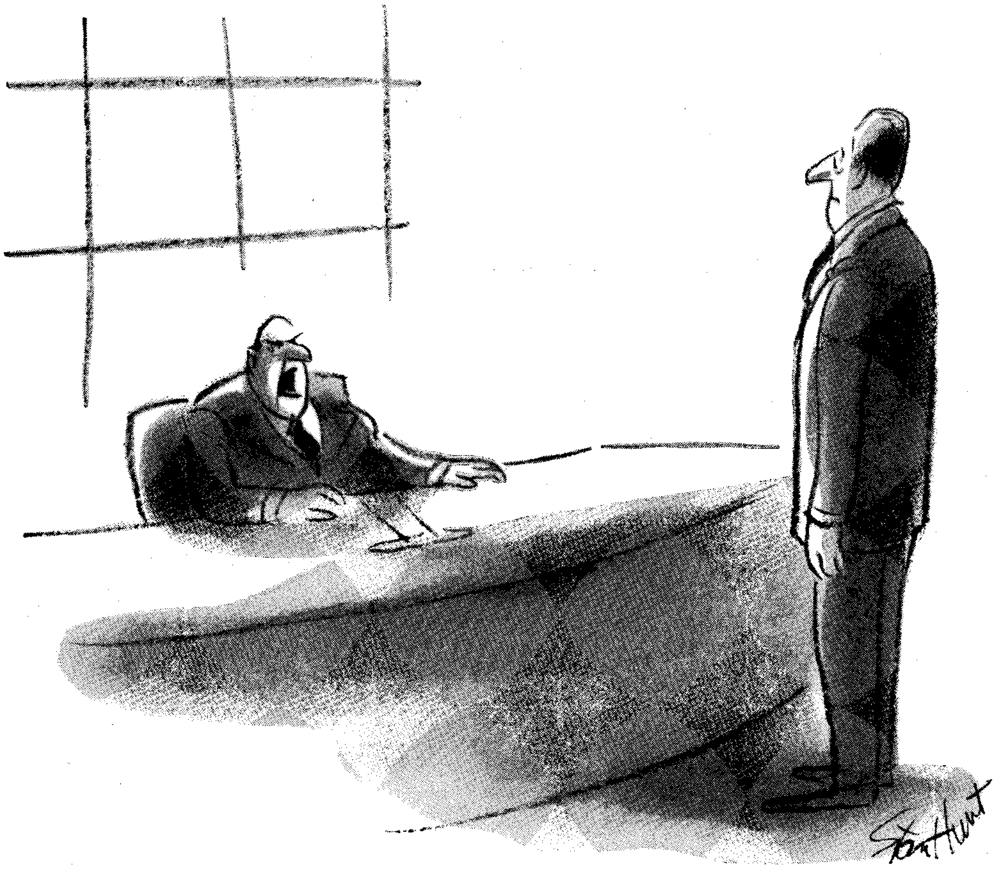
"James Joyce's Dubliners," at the Roundabout, is not a dramatization of James Joyce's "Dubliners," as its somewhat sneaky title might lead one to believe. It is a dramatization, by J. W. Riordan, of Stanislaus Joyce's affectionate memoir, "My Brother's Keeper," and tells, in one brief episode after another, the story of the Joyce family of Dublin, with Stanislaus, as occasional narrator, slipping in and out of the episodes and tying one to the next. "My brother did not invent Ireland," he tells us near the beginning. "He invented Dublin. . . . Many years later, Jim's collection of short stories was published. We are all his 'Dubliners' in thin disguises." Echoes of that book and of "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" pervade the play as we watch the family slide down the middle class, rung by rung, with the father, John Joyce, hiding his hurt pride in bravado and drowning it in drink. The evening opens with a musical party: a woman is singing an Irish song, and all the other characters, in party clothes—among them young Jimmy on a footstool—are grouped about in tableau. Immediately, "The Dead" comes to mind, and the play closes with James, grown to manhood, standing outside the door of his father's house, about to go into exile on the Continent and declaring, with slight variations, "Snow was general all over Ireland" and the rest of the haunting final paragraph of "The Dead." Fragments of the other stories run through the evening. The father loses his job in a tax office that is the counterpart of the office in "Counterparts" (the closing line of "Counterparts" is used in a throwaway anecdote somewhere else), and he becomes a professional canvasser for votes. His meeting with the other canvassers and their discussion of Edward VII's impending visit which ends with Mr. Joyce's passionate defense of Parnell and his poem to Parnell's memory (here sung by Stan Watt, who plays John Joyce) are a condensation of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room." There are cheerful scenes between the two boys, Jim and Stanny, and sad ones of the family getting poorer and poorer, moving, after being dispossessed, from one house to another, with all their worldly goods in a wheelbarrow. We see James go into Nighttown and pick up his first whore—a chubby, merry, singing girl—and then, jaunty as ever, ask directions to the nearest church so he can make a confession. A confession, by the way, that does not stop him from picking up the next girl. Before that, we see him as a schoolboy enraging his Jesuit master with a speech in praise of Henrik Ibsen, and long after that we see him at his mother's deathbed refusing her pleas for his prayers, because by then he has turned his back on the Catholic Church forever.

The tone of the play is gentle and pleasurable, reflecting Stanislaus Joyce's sweet disposition rather than that of his fiery brother, and reflecting, too, Mr. Riordan's outright love for Joyce's early writings. The good actors assembled are responsive to their roles and the words they speak and sing. Eleven actors handle twenty-eight parts, and the characters are always clear. Ty McConnell does very well as Stanislaus, and so do Martin Cassidy as James, Mr. Watt as their father, and Michael Hagerty, Ruby Holbrook, Walter Klavun, Justine Johnston, Erika Petersen, Don Perkins, Frank Hamilton, and Kent Rizley as everybody else. Under Gene Feist's direction, the play moves swiftly. A quibble: much is made of James's eyeglasses in his schoolboy scenes, yet we never see him wearing them as either a boy or a grown man—as if it were essential that Joyce be presented to an audience as a handsome, unmarred leading man, when every literate person knows that that is not at all what he looked like and that he was nearly blind without his spectacles. Otherwise, all goes pretty well at the Roundabout. (High time!) One—this Joyce nut, at any rate—enjoys the play as much for what it brings to mind as for what it is.



"Damn it, Matthews, can't you see I'm trying to put you at your ease?"

"Down by the River Where Waterlilies Are Disfigured Every Day," by Julie Bovasso, is three lethal hours of facetiousness and pranky incoherence about (for all I know) war and revolution and mental retardation and you name it. Usually, mine is a slow burn, but this chaotic production gave me all the time I needed. It is the current entry of the Circle Repertory Company.

—Edith Oliver

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JAZZ

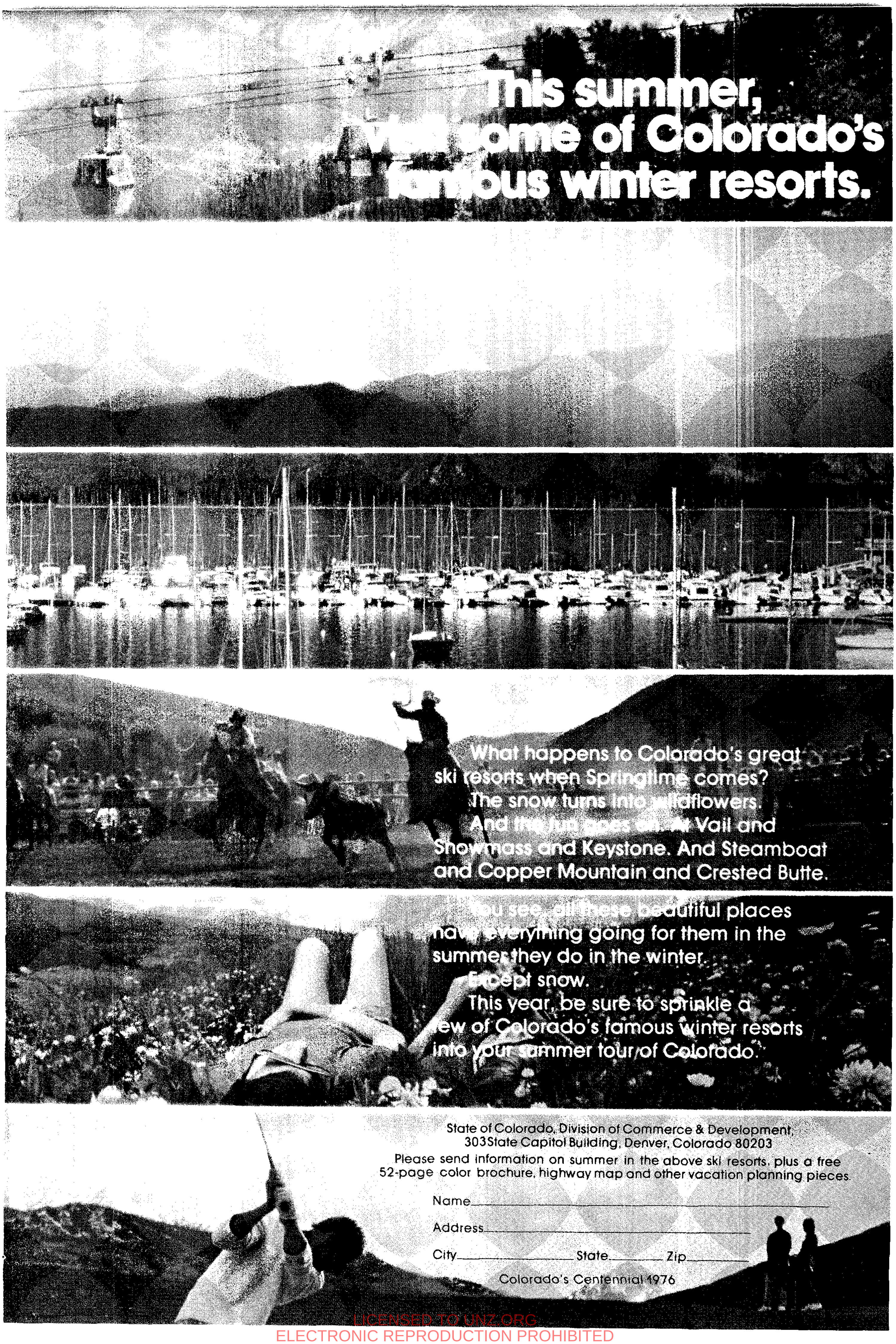
New York Notes

MARCH 7TH: Another fine singer, though largely unknown, has returned. She is Byrdie Green, and she was born in Fleming, Kentucky, and raised in Detroit, where she first sang in the Baptist church and where a remarkable flowering of jazz musicians was taking place—Milt Jackson, the Jones Brothers, Tommy Flanagan, Paul Chambers, Barry Harris. She has been in New York for twenty or so years, she has worked with Buddy Johnson, Freddie Hubbard, and Johnny "Hammond" Smith, and she has recorded several times for Prestige. For the past six years, she has been retired. She started out under the sway of Frank Sinatra and Nat Cole, but she is Dinah Washington's girl, and in the best possible way. She has a muscular, low-pitched contralto, which has that singular flat-topped quality Washington's had. And she can shout. It is an *outright* kind of singing, a black style composed wholly of angles and planes and reflecting surfaces. You can see images in it, but you can't see through it. She is small and wiry and attractive, and she moves gracefully and almost constantly. Tonight, she gave a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall, and, accompanied by Norman Simmons on piano, Michael Flemming on bass, and Al Harewood on drums, she offered highly stylized versions of such blues or blueslike numbers as "Trouble in Mind," "See See Rider," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," "Every Day," and "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." These were brooding and stirring. She also did "Good Morning Heartache," "Tain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do," and a fascinating, backward "My Man," in which she started at a good clip and then halved the tempo, all the while pushing her words along helter-skelter before her. Dinah Washington began as a barefoot rhythm-and-blues singer named Ruth Jones (Red Allen gave her her show-business name), became a star, and suddenly died. Perhaps Byrdie Green can finish up for her.

MARCH 15TH: Although the words "repertory company" were not used in much jazz until last year, when two pioneer repertory orchestras appeared in New York—George Wein's New York Jazz Repertory Company and Chuck Israels' National Jazz Ensemble—the music has always loved to reëxamine what it has done well before. Several instances: Lu Watter's Yerba Buena Jazz Band, which reassembled the musics of King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton just fifteen years after they had flourished; the countless big-band re-creations; the Condon gang endlessly trying to recapture what it had done so well in Chicago in the late twenties. But when it became official last winter that jazz had a past, no one knew quite how to get at it. Smoky questions proliferated. Should great recorded improvisations be transcribed, improvised on, or copied by the soloist? Should available, functioning jazz—the works, say, of Duke Ellington and Count Basie—be performed? How should recordings by masters like Sidney Bechet and Frankie Newton and Sidney Catlett be re-created? And what should be done with a celestial body like Art Tatum? The two companies went ahead in their own ways, and by the end of the year a couple of things had become clear. One was that there appeared to be no single way to reproduce the jazz of the past—that, indeed, practically anything went as long as the spirit and some of the letter of the original remained intact. The other was something of a surprise. The two companies found themselves engaged in a remedial task they had not really envisioned—that of dispelling the ignorance most Americans have about their own best music. People tend to get locked into the music they grow up on; whatever comes later is threatening and foreign, and whatever came before is quaint. This insularity was particularly true of the first rock generation, which, with unwise revolutionary fervor, slammed the door on the past. But jazz musicians like Miles Davis and Buddy Rich and Joe Zawinul and Gil Evans have chipped away at the kids' armor, and, from all reports, they are beginning to pay attention. They have even had the welcome and disconcerting experience of listening to a 1927 Louis Armstrong Hot Seven for the first time and discovering that all "new" musics have to be broken in. Which is exactly where the repertory orchestras fit. By playing Jelly Roll Morton and Armstrong and early Ellington freshly and intelligently, they lift the music from the tombs of the twenties and thirties recordings. What had sounded ancient and strange so long on the old 78 r.p.m.s becomes brand-new again.

The New York Jazz Repertory Company started its second season last fall, but the

"Did you hear about poor Walston? He was consumed by ambition."



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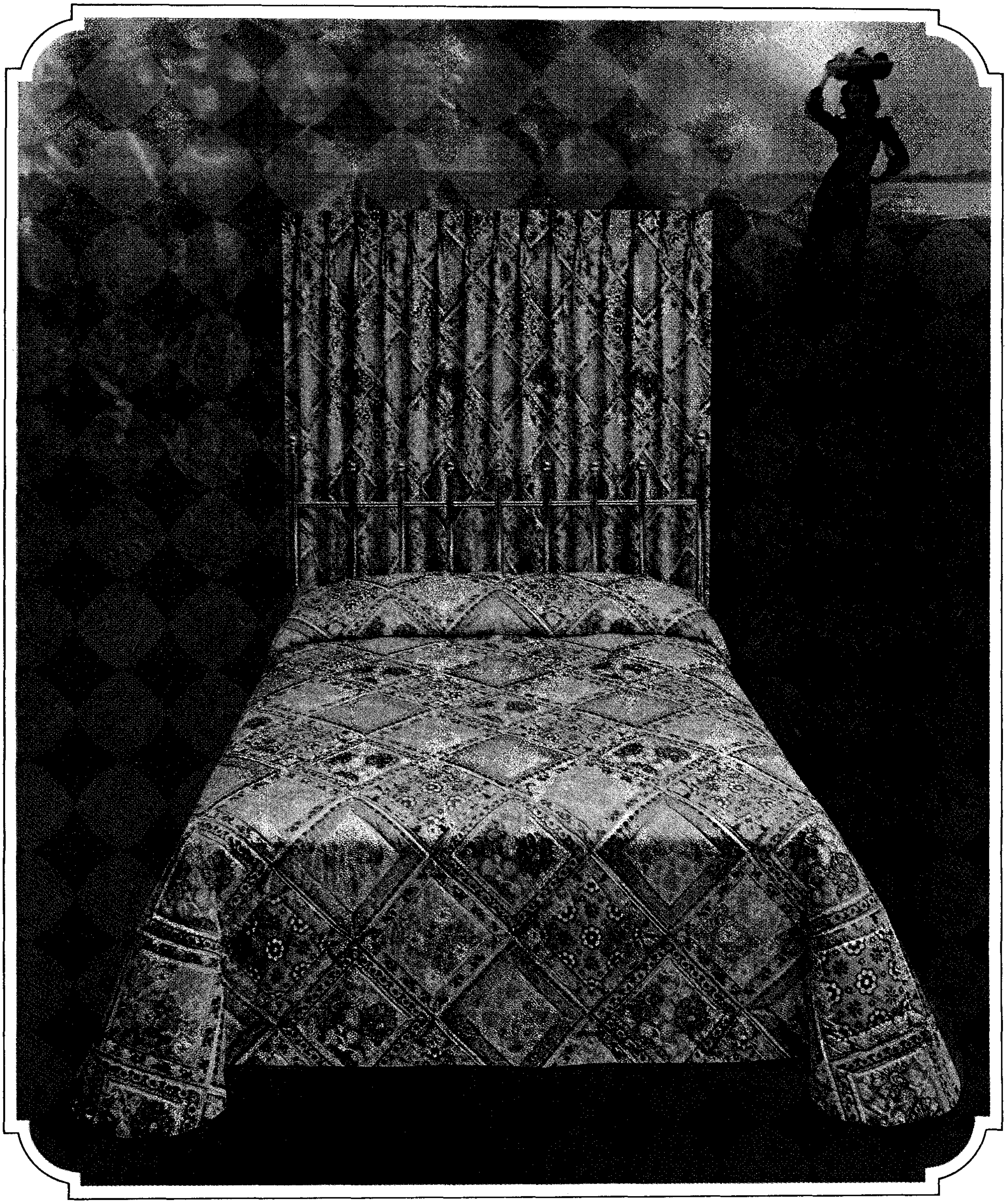

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where quality still means something.

National Jazz Ensemble, ensconced this year at the New School, gave its first concert last week and its second tonight. The band is again sixteen strong, and there are more new faces than old. Among these are the great trombonist Jimmy Knepper and the towering, venerable lead trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell; two marvellous young trumpeters, Danny Hayes and Tom Harrell; and Greg Herbert, an alto saxophonist who is building absorbing superstructures on Charlie Parker's foundation. Back again are the pianist Benny Aronov, the generally sufficient drummer Bill Goodwin, and the tenor saxophonist Sal Nistico. Last year, Israels opened several concerts with an ingenious, unison transcription for full band of Louis Armstrong's solo on his 1927 "Struttin' with Some Barbecue." He did so last week, but two choruses had been added—a contrapuntal interpretation of Armstrong's record that was fashioned several years ago by the alto saxophonist Lee Konitz and the trombonist Marshall Brown and that was played by Knepper and Lawrence Feldman, and a close approximation, delivered with gusto by the giant Maxwell, of Armstrong's closing solo in his 1938 big-band version of the tune. From there we jumped twenty-five years to Hall Overton's arrangement of Thelonious Monk's "I Mean You." It was notable for Herbert's well-constructed solo and for Danny Hayes' very long one. His frequent runs somewhat resemble Dizzy Gillespie's, but beyond that he has his own big tone, a fine sense of design and order, and a thoughtful, pushing lyricism. He is to be reckoned with. Herbie Hancock's pastel arrangement of his "Dolphin Dance" was repeated from last year, as was "Lester Leaps In," which was carried forward with fervor by Nistico and the tenor saxophonist Dennis Anderson. Both numbers had exemplary solos from Aronov, a glistening and inventive pianist. There were more original flourishes from Hayes on Dave Berger's "Twelve Tone Blues," and Knepper and Nistico were brilliant on "Donna Lee," Charlie Parker's wizard rebuilding of "Indiana." There were worthy re-creations of Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm," which was done last year, too, and of his 1929 arrangement of "Hot Feet," as well as of Count Basie's 1938 "Every Tub," in which Maxwell applauded Harry Edison's swaggering, ballooning bridge. "Sweet Emma," a gospel blues by Nat Adderley that was arranged by Bob Freedman in the manner of Ray

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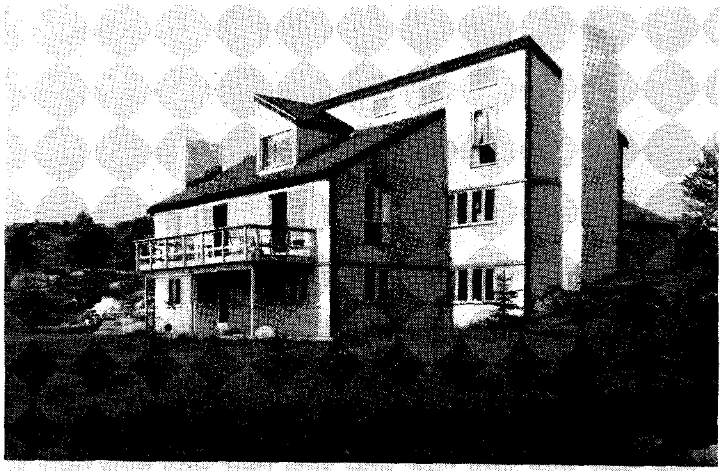

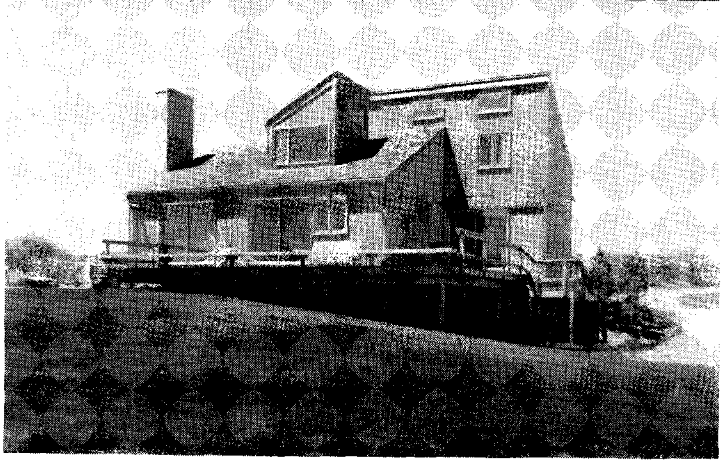

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Charles' small band of the fifties, had affecting solos by Hayes, Nistico, and Aronov. Folded into the evening about midway were four handsome numbers built around Jim Hall, who was a guest. First came a sparkling "St. Thomas," done with the rhythm section, then Hall's big-band arrangements of "It's Easy to Remember" and his own blues "Careful," and, last and most important, an a-cappella solo by Hall on his new custom-built acoustic guitar. The solo was played without a microphone and was a long chordal meditation somewhat in the style of the pianist Keith Jarrett. In Hall's hands, the instrument was shimmering and delicate, and its sound appeared to reach every recess in the place. Perhaps the days of the electric guitar in jazz are at last numbered.

The concert tonight got off to an uneven start. The first number was Ellington's "Harlem Air Shaft," an organic, multilayered blues (with a bridge), in which the solos grow like branches from the dense ensemble. It is a kaleidoscopic little concerto, and the original recording starts at a deceptive amble, which is abruptly upset a third of the way through by three explosive "Bugle Call Rag" saxophone-section breaks, which are virtually catapulted from the ensemble by Sonny Greer's driving, crescendo snare drumming, and are then followed by Cootie Williams' three climactic trumpet statements. For some reason, drummer Bill Goodwin sat on his sticks during the breaks, which were capped bravely by Maxwell/Williams, and all the air went out of the piece. Horace Silver's "Room 608" had teeming warmup solos by Aronov and Harrell and Nistico, but Gil Evans' arrangement of "Moon Dreams," done in the late forties for Miles Davis's Nonet, never got around its narcissism. A light, speedy version of Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma" was played by Greg Herbert and Danny Hayes, who both *think* when they solo. Then the saxophone section, abetted by the rhythm (just barely; the rhythm section never quite fell into place tonight), worked its way deftly through Lee Konitz's "Subconscious-Lee," a breathless I-can-do-it-better-than-Charlie-Parker reworking of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" The first half of the concert was closed nobly by three numbers constructed around Roy Eldridge, who was in measured, elder-statesman fettle. He did his old Artie Shaw display number "Little Jazz," a long and beautiful slow reading of "Body and Soul" that was enlivened

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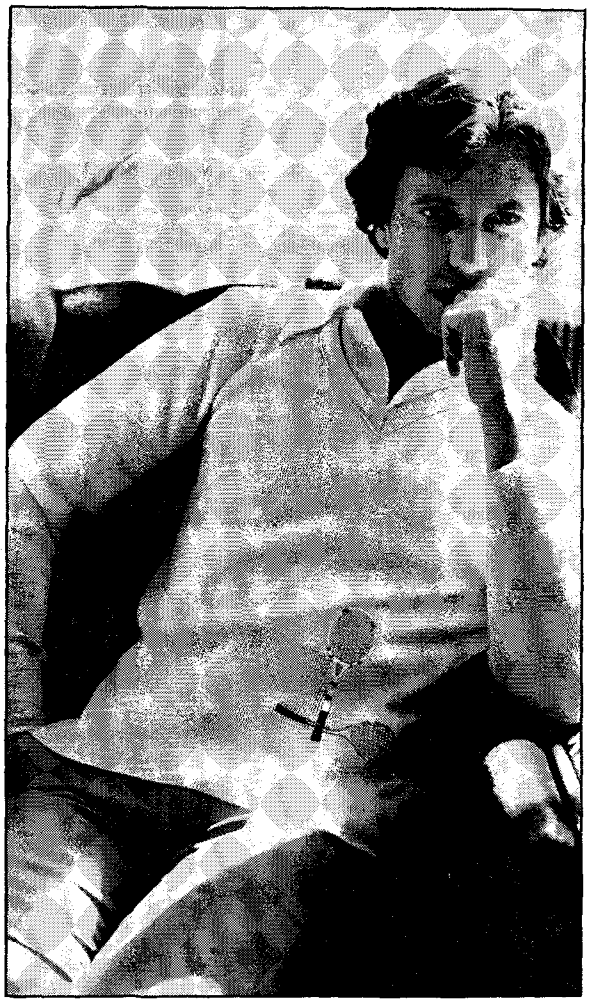

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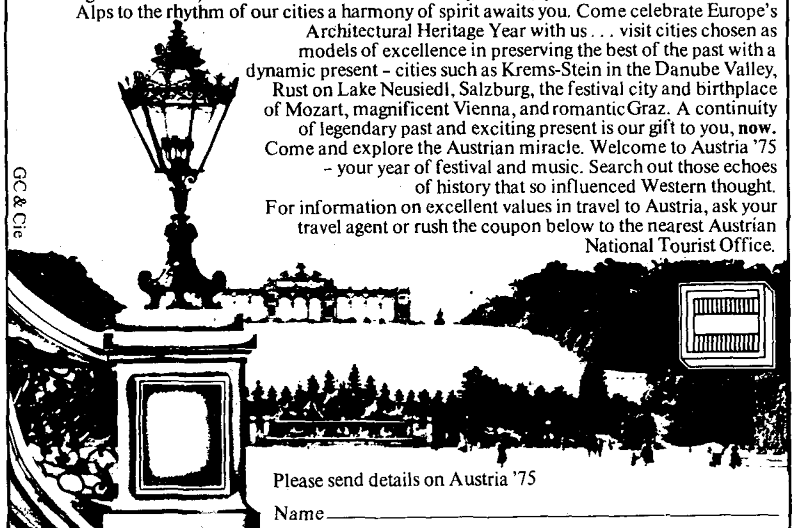

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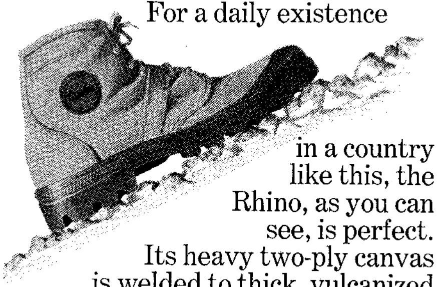

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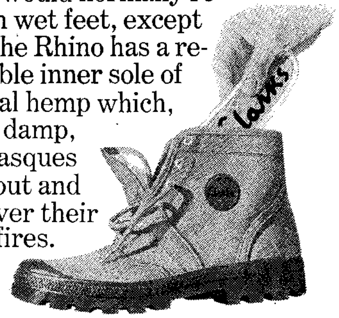

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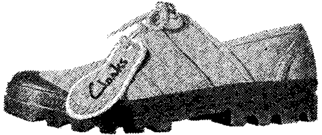

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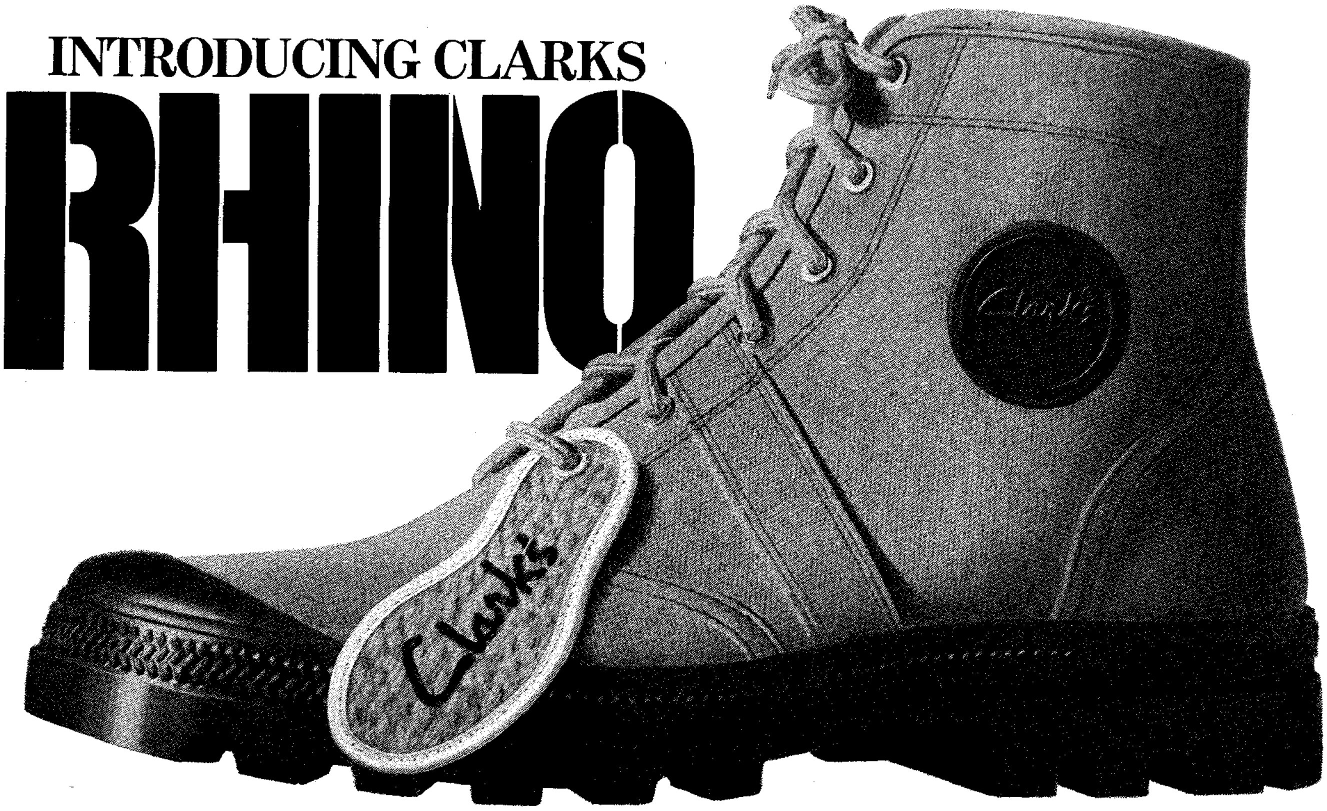

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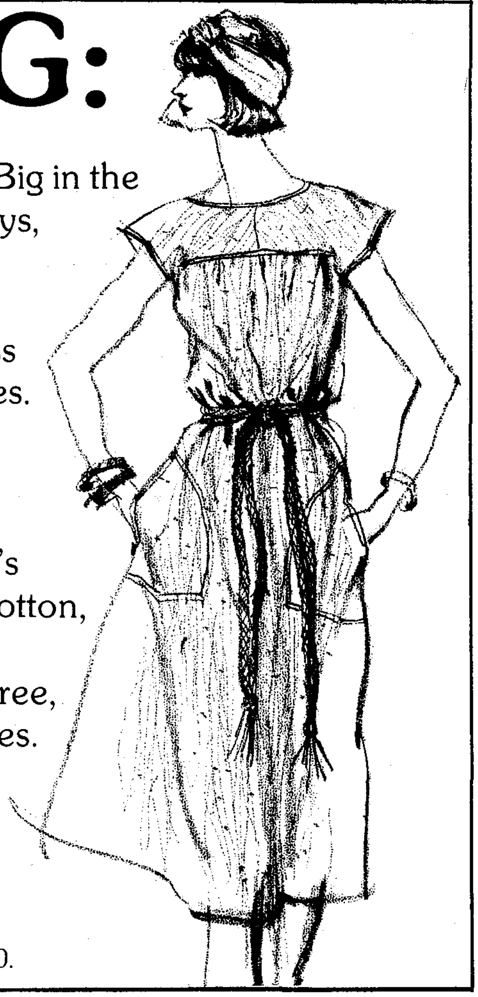

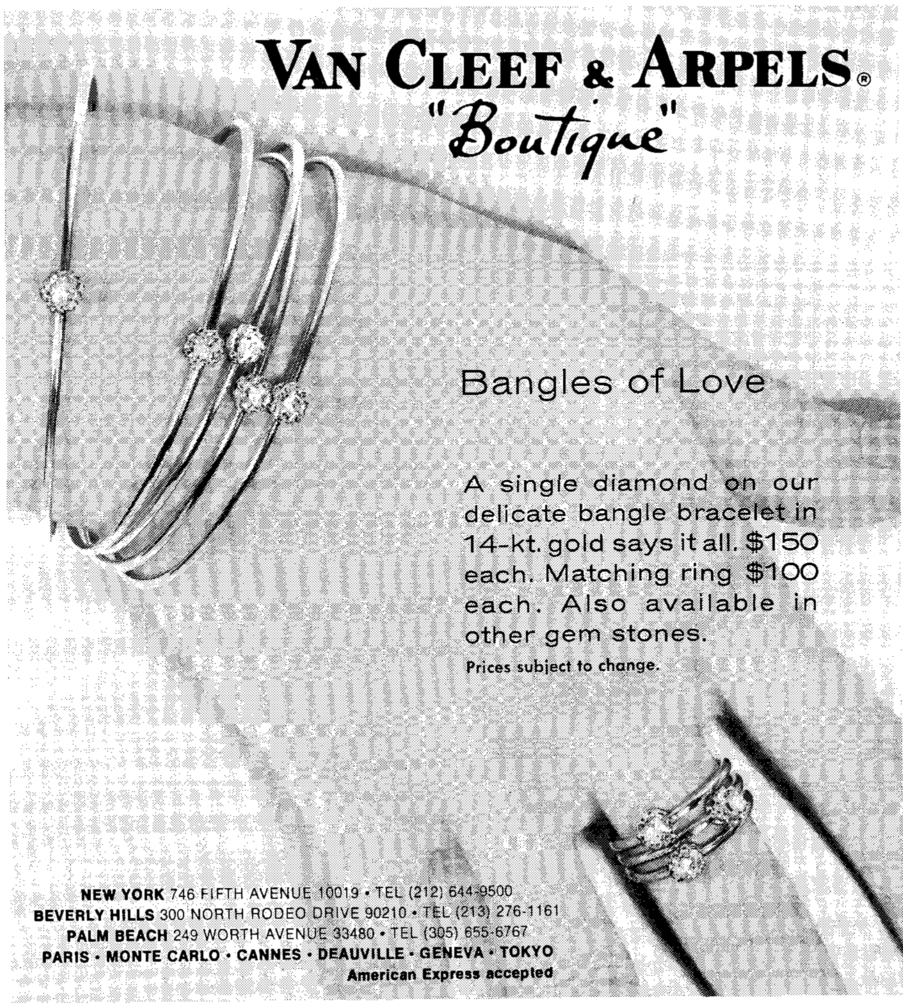

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by the band's playing a transcription of the startling double-time passage he recorded on the same tune in 1938 with Chu Berry and Sid Catlett, and a scrambling version of Louis Armstrong's very fast rendition of "Chinatown," on which the band flew like the wind.

The second part of the evening was made up principally of two avant-garde compositions. The first, a Tom Pierson arrangement of Wayne Shorter's 1967 "Nefertiti," was commissioned by Israels and highly praised by him—an unfailing way to put an audience on the qui vive. It was, Israels explained, full of tensions, and he was right. It is a nervous, impassioned, declamatory number, in which Nistico soloed at great length at both fast and slow speeds while the rest of the band contributed a variety of fluttering or splintered or whinnying contrapuntal figures. It was busy music. The other modernistic effort was by Israels, and it was far more accessible. Called "Skipping Tune," because of the intervals in its attractive melody, it is based on a harmless trick: the soloists are restricted in their improvisations to the major and Lydian scales, which had the effect of making them sound flat-footed and square. It was clean music. The rest of the evening was taken up by Aronov and the ensemble trading Bix Beiderbecke's Gallicisms in a gentle and effective rendering of his piano piece "In a Mist;" a somewhat flip version of Jelly Roll Morton's "Black Bottom Stomp;" and, as encores, two repeats from last week—"Hot Feet" and "Struttin' with Some Barbecue."

It is plain, with the début of the National Jazz Ensemble, that New York's two jazz repertory companies are again pursuing their subjects in very different ways. The New York Jazz Repertory Company is offering in-depth, one-subject concerts, which have included studies of Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, George Russell, and Bix Beiderbecke. These have been pasted together ingeniously out of original recordings, film clips, appropriate alumni, and the usual re-creations and transcriptions. This, in effect, is a graduate-seminar approach, while the National Jazz Ensemble is using the undergraduate survey approach. (An obviously oversimplified comparison: some of the N.J.E.'s pieces are extremely complex and some of the N.Y.J.R.C.'s pieces are kindergarten stuff.) Thus, the National Jazz Ensemble's two concerts have already refashioned Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, early

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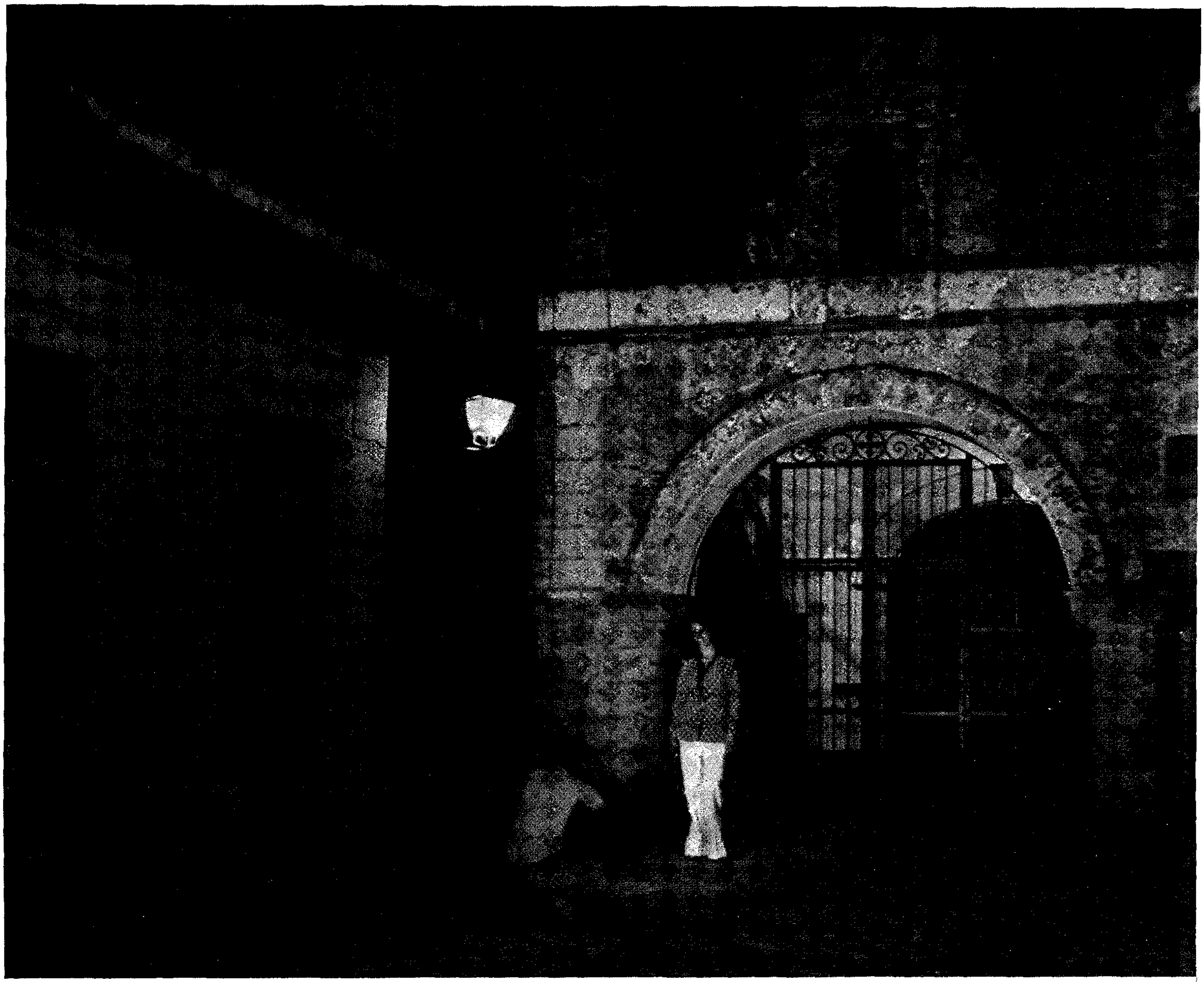

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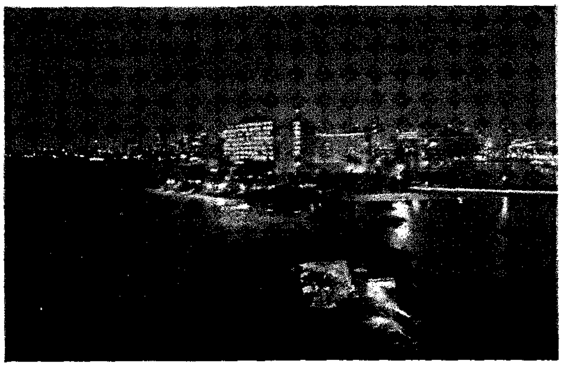

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and classic Duke Ellington, classic Count Basie, bebop, hard bop, Thelonious Monk, Gil Evans, Miles Davis, and the arranging and composing of such young and unknown musicians as Dave Berger and Tom Pierson. Such a survey has unfailing appeal, and it was obvious at both concerts: someone was invariably pleased by something—Ellington's dicty 1929 rhythms, Thelonious Monk's wrought-iron melodic lines, Gil Evans' sweeping harmonic robes. On the other hand, the New York Jazz Repertory Company seminars are, except to older, more knowledgeable jazz students, immediately forbidding. If a potential ticket buyer has never heard Morton or Beiderbecke or George Russell, the prospect of an entire evening of Morton or Beiderbecke or Russell may scare him away. It's an unnecessary take-it-or-leave-it situation. For all their dissimilarities, the two repertory companies are in nonsensical competition. They subsist on some of the same fundings; they are producing basically the same music, albeit in different packages; and they are aiming at the same audiences. (Last week's National Jazz Ensemble concert and the New York Jazz Repertory Company's George Russell concert—both rare and rewarding events—fell on the same night, a bit of lunatic programming that Chuck Israels admits was his fault.) A suggestion: Let the two companies, short of merging, organize their scheduling so that the National Jazz Ensemble's survey course takes up the first half of next season and the New York Jazz Repertory Company's seminar course finishes it out. That way, a lot of Mus.D.s could be handed out a year from now.

At any rate, the marvellous National Jazz Ensemble gives its final concerts of the season on April 19th and April 26th at the New School; the New York Jazz Repertory Company, though, has six more concerts, the last of which coincides with the beginning of the Newport Festival, late in June.

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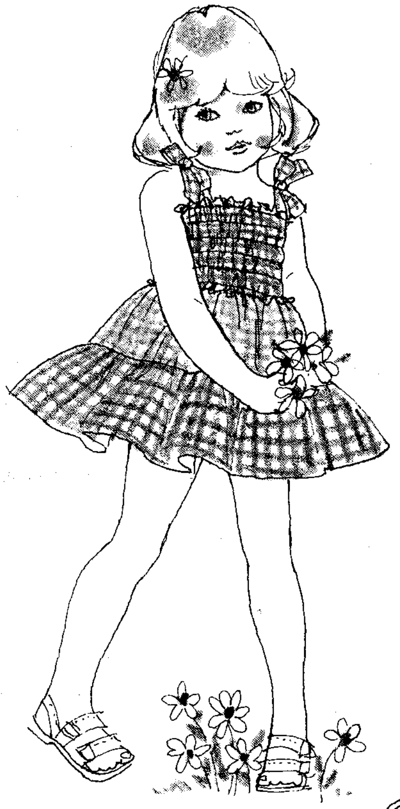

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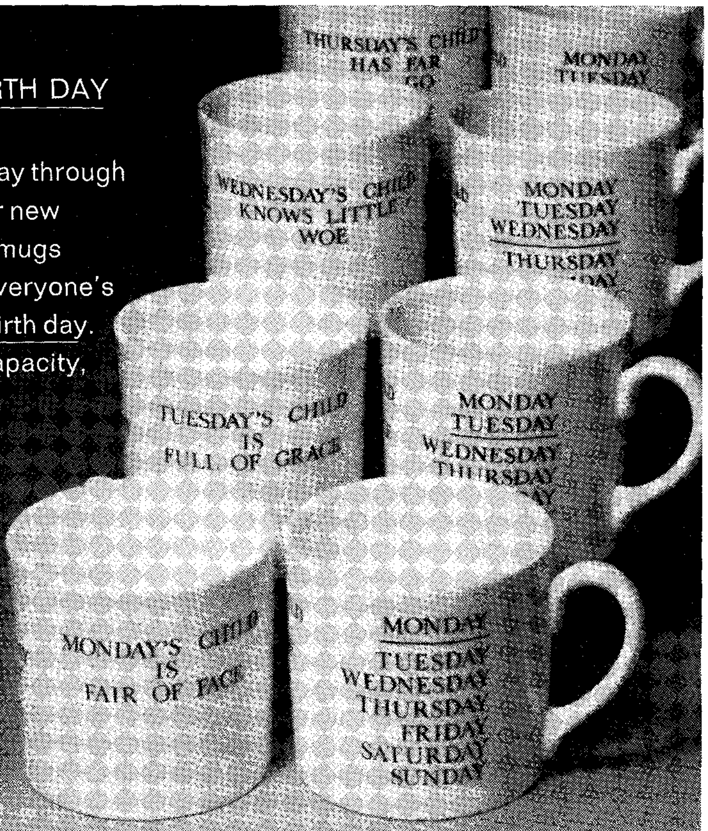

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hand chord here, a cluster of high bell right-hand chords there, and in general to stoke and stir his musicians. But long ago he did something foolish. Between 1938 and 1942, he recorded a dozen or so numbers with just a rhythm section, and no one has ever forgotten. There at last was Basie's remarkable and unique piano playing! It had wit, a nice obliquity, a flawless command of time, unceasing inventiveness, grace, and a singular American originality. What Hemingway had done for American prose Basie was doing for American music. Even so, the recordings were not as good as they seemed. The earlier ones were clogged by repetitive tempos and by a lot of boogie-woogie, which was the rage, and the later ones had a stiff, rather aimless quality. One had perforce to make do with Basie in his big-band setting and with the hope that he would eventually be coaxed into a recording studio for another solo outing. But all that happened was that Basie's piano playing got better and better. He refined what seemed perfect. His playing became more subtle rhythmically and melodically; it now implied landscapes rather than mere meadows. His touch got increasingly silvery. He grew wittier and even more unpredictable. More than ever, one could listen and say, "Ah, he will play such-and-such a chord now or such-and-such a note," and be dead wrong. Suddenly Basie was seventy years old, and things looked gloomy. It was Beethoven never making it to the quartets, Joyce setting aside "Finnegans Wake," Ellington quitting after "Creole Love Call." Then, in May of last year, Norman Granz, an impresario who has done other saintly things for jazz, got Basie into a studio with just Ray Brown on bass and Louie Bellson on drums, and produced "For the First Time: The Count Basie Trio" (Pablo 2310 712). The result is a classic recording. Basie is relaxed, sure, funny, inventive, and brilliant. Part of the reason is his accompaniment, which was ingenious on Granz's part. Brown is a great and sympathetic bassist, and Bellson has taste, good time, and technique to spare. And both clearly relish working with Basie. At the same time, Basie's other self, the guitarist Freddie Greene, is not on hand, and this turns out surprisingly well, too. Basie is freed rhythmically and harmonically from Greene's steady chop-chop-chop accompanying chords, and time and again he delightedly fills in nooks and crannies that Greene would have seen to. Even the selection of materials is

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enlightened. There are two medium-fast takes of "Lady Be Good," the second slightly faster than the first. Both applaud the melody and settle into ringing telegraphic odes. There is a funny, rocking "I'll Always Be in Love with You," and an almost hustling version of "As Long As I Live," a tune that is customarily handled in a slow, extended hum. But Granz has pulled off another miracle: Basie plays organ on two numbers. The first, "Blues in the Church," is a slow blues that opens and closes with superb Brown solos accompanied by Basie moans and cries, and that includes in between a wonderful assortment of jolting chords, tremolos, and those breezes-in-the-trees that only Basie manages on the organ. The second organ piece is a tongue-in-cheek version of the dreadful "Song of the Islands," which Basie mastered memorably with his band in 1939. Best of all on the record are its four piano blues. "Baby Lawrence" (or Laurence, as the matchless, lamented dancer preferred) is very fast and has consummate swatches of Fats Waller stride piano. "Royal Garden Blues" is medium and choice; the grand old tune has rarely received a treatment that is at once mischievous and dead serious. "Pres" is a rolling, easy tribute to Lester Young. And "Blues in the Alley" is an extraordinary slow blues that consists of eight choruses of silences, probing lower-register single notes, riffling chords, and a pervasive mood that is as sad as it is elegant. It is one of the great recorded blues. The sound is superb, although Ray Brown, as is the custom with bassists these days, is over-recorded. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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In Africa, there was the strangest sense of being at a half way point, midway between man's earliest beginnings and the ultimate sophistication of the moon voyages and the space ships. There in the barren gorges and dry lake bed of Olduvai millions of years ago, the prototype of man stood upright at the mouth of the cafe and with furrowed brow watched the procession of the stars overhead.—*Ipswich* (*Mass.*) *Chronicle.*

Actually, it was an Early Diner.

•

CLEAR DAYS IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY

[*From the Fonda* (*N.Y.*) *Mohawk Valley Democrat*]

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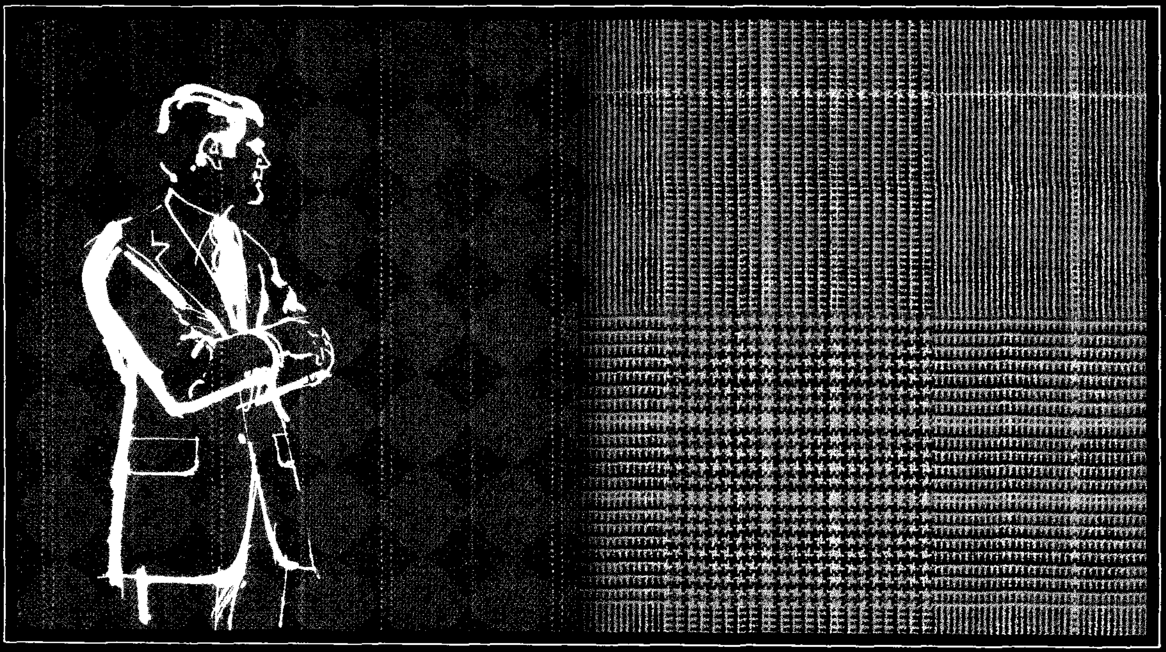

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 28

LAST week, Prime Minister Wilson told the Commons that his Government was urging the country to vote "Yes" in the June referendum that he himself had proposed as a way of dealing with the question of whether Britain should remain in the European Economic Community. It was a day of brilliant sunshine alternating with bitter snow flurries—the first of a preternaturally mild winter—and before Mr. Wilson's speech, people were chilled as they waited in queues at the public entrance to have their bags and bundles checked for bombs. The Houses of Parliament were being picketed by members of the maintenance men's union, who had gone on unofficial strike, and the temperature within—whether of corridors, committee rooms, or the various dining rooms—also hovered between warmth and chill. Right up to lunchtime, nobody knew for certain whether the Prime Minister would make his statement that afternoon or go on trying for another day or so to argue more anti-Europe members of the Cabinet over to his side. (The division within the Cabinet was sixteen for staying in, seven for getting out.) But more delay, it must have been felt, would have run the risk of producing cynicism among the other E.E.C. heads of government, who had done their best at renegotiation talks earlier in the month in Dublin to help Mr. Wilson with concessions on such matters as Britain's share of the budget and trading arrangements with New Zealand.

The next day's *Times* spoke of "one of the most important occasions in British politics since the Second World War," and the House certainly had the air of being ready to receive historic tidings when Mr. Wilson rose to speak. The public solidly filled its gallery—a broad, gaily multicolored swath above the sober ranks of peers, who had probably received the news of the Prime Minister's decision to make his statement while sitting next door comfortably enjoying their grilled chops. (Labour M.P.s who occasionally declare that the other chamber should be abolished were certainly newly embittered on learning that the cooking facilities for the Lords' dining room, owing to a saving technicality in the rules of industrial disputes, were not disturbed by the strike.) The final touch of high drama, to which all eyes turned, was Mr. Heath's first appearance in the House since he was defeated as Conservative leader last month. He sat in the corner seat across the gangway from the Opposition front bench—the same position that was occupied by Sir Winston Churchill when he left office—looking tranquilly settled in the spot, as though he had been there forever and the cleaning women had unveiled him when they arrived that morning. He did not speak. His silence on this occasion, to which everybody could imagine how trenchantly he would have contributed from his old place at the dispatch box, seemed louder than the laughter and more eloquent than any of the questions that pelted in on the Prime Minister after he rattled through his shopping list of the good things he had extracted from the E.E.C. negotiations.

A babel of sounds, largely hilarious, broke out immediately after Mr. Wilson's statement that Her Majesty's Government was in favor of staying in Europe—a fateful moment for Parliament and the people, one might have thought, and no laughing matter for anyone. Conservatives and Liberals jumped to their feet beaming, waving order papers, and shouting with laughter. Many Labour Members cheered, but the left-wing backbenchers shouted angrily, and some of Her Majesty's ministers seated behind the Prime Minister looked as grim as though they had just heard of their imminent consignment to the Tower. The hilarity was mocking, of course, at this final move in all the supple about-turns that Mr. Wilson has made in the past few years regarding Europe. The loudest laugh of the afternoon came when he insisted earnestly that it had been a near thing to wrest these concessions from the hard bargainers in Dublin. But it was wonderful, he said, how flexible his friends at the European Summit had been when they saw they were up against something very different from the lot who had negotiated with them in 1971. He declared more than once that relations with the United States were back in good shape, too, after a period under the old management here when they had been at very low ebb. Sitting quietly amid all the noise in the easy position of a man observing a remarkable performance with detached curiosity, Mr. Heath continued to gaze calmly and unsmilingly before him.

Mr. Wilson dealt with questions from the House very briskly, avoiding the traps that were set for him even among the words of congratulation, sarcastic or genuine. Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the Liberal Party, wondered blandly whether it would be possible for Mr. Wilson to continue in office should the June vote turn thumbs down on Europe, but he appeared to receive no answer. Many of the speakers were hostile, and Mr. Wilson replied mildly but sometimes crushingly. When he spoke of divisions cutting across every major party—and, indeed, many a family—on Britain's membership in the E.E.C., a rich Scottish voice roared out a protest. The tiny handful of Scottish Nationalists stoutly considers itself a major party and is undoubtedly against Europe, England, and any nation that questions its natural claim to be the favorite godchild of the fairy godmother whose wand has been tipped with North Sea oil. Its leader, Mr. Donald Stewart, of the Western Isles, later informed the Prime Minister that it would fight him on the referendum, "because we know what it means to have lost sovereignty." Also, he mentioned more prosaically, Scotland was disappointed that more of the Dublin deliberations had not been given over to fish, a recurring subject of argument on which Scots feel strongly. Mr. Roy Hughes, Labour M.P. for Newport, told Mr. Wilson that there was no enthusiasm among ordinary people for his venture. "I recognize the rights of Mr. Hughes to speak for all the ordinary people of Britain," the Prime Minister replied sharply. He was brief with a backbencher who said something glowing about his hopes that, given the right answer in June, British Socialists would be able to march forward bravely with their European comrades; the thought might not encourage jumpy Tories to vote yes. Mr. Neil Marten, the Conservative member for Banbury—a genial-looking man, who is a favorite BBC choice to put forward the anti-Europe view in television debates—slid in a gentle but highly dangerous question about how the Government stood on a European parliament and eventual full political union. The Prime Minister said all that must wait until after the referendum. Though Mr. Wilson had sternly rejected the idea of a national ballot in 1971, holding that it would fatally destroy the sovereign powers of Parliament, he referred to it now as soothingly as though he were a family lawyer advising squabbling contestants to

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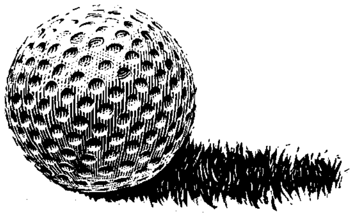

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meet and settle their claims peacefully outside court once and for all. Soon after that, the historic occasion was over, without cheering from anybody. Possibly feeling that the debate had clarified the situation or possibly more confused than ever, people in the public gallery rose and began to make their way out into the unspringlike afternoon.

So the battle has begun with sounds of fierce strife coming out of the Cabinet and the Labour Party. Multitudes of profoundly uninterested citizens as yet do not care much one way or the other, but feverish plans are going ahead to enlighten them with press and television campaigns and meetings for and against up and down the country. Mr. Heath broke his silence following Tuesday's events to say vigorously in a broadcast interview that the time had surely passed for niggling over party points about who got better terms for Britain, and that they must now unite for the hard fight ahead. Many who agree with him feel anxiously that the anti-Europeans have got off to a flying start already, since their propaganda is so much easier for the majority of the public to understand than the arguments of the other side. Also, the special Labour Party conference set for next month to hear Mr. Wilson advise them to endorse his acceptance of the renegotiated terms is more likely to be guided, it seems, by the big trade unions, which, for all their occasional fraternal greetings to their European friends, have a built-in insularity that will probably return a thundering "No" to the great June question. In sum, the referendum device Mr. Wilson produced in the heat of an election to attract doubtful voters and to unite his party has had the very different effect of releasing a swarm of troubles and uncertainties for him, and perhaps for England, too.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

In an unusual move yesterday, the CBS-TV replaced the scheduled premiere episode of "Khan!," a TV series about a San Francisco detective, with a substitute episode. The original episode had drawn poor response from several critics.

The CBS decision came four hours before the premiere segment, "Code of Guilt," was to have been televised. The substitute segment was titled "A Mask of Deceit." It was shown at 8 P.M. z z zz zz z

—*The Times.*

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	teaspoon	20.00	13.33	23.50	15.67	27.00	18.00
	place knife	30.00	20.00	34.00	22.66	38.00	25.33
	pl. fork	32.00	21.33	36.00	24.00	40.00	26.66
	salad fork	28.00	21.00	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
	pl. spoon	28.00	21.00	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
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	butter knife	25.00	18.75	27.50	20.63	30.00	22.50
	sugar spoon	29.50	22.13	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
	cold meat fork	58.50	43.88	64.00	48.00	69.50	52.13
	gravy ladle	58.50	43.88	64.00	48.00	69.50	52.13
	pie/cake knife	30.00	22.50	35.00	26.25	40.00	30.00
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THE RACE TRACK

End of a Streak

John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm horses have a way with them for cutting off winning streaks. Three years ago, his Roberto beat Brigadier Gerard, one of England's great racers, in the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup at York. Up until that afternoon, the Brigadier had won all of his fifteen previous starts. Last Saturday, Mr. Galbreath's Prince Thou Art and Sylvan Place ran one-two in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, and Foolish Pleasure, winner of all his nine previous starts—including the Flamingo Stakes, in which he had beaten both of them—was third. As I saw the race on TV, Foolish Pleasure was off well and apparently was running easily until Sylvan Place, who had never been far behind him, moved up fast and took the lead about three furlongs from home. As Foolish Pleasure went all out, Prince Thou Art, who had been last of the field at the half-mile call, stormed past both of them to win by three and a quarter lengths. Foolish Pleasure was a neck behind Sylvan Place. The time for the mile and a furlong was 1:50⅖—two seconds slower than the time in the Flamingo. None of the six other three-year-olds had the ghost of a chance.

Though Foolish Pleasure was 1–5 in the betting, the Galbreath pair was well supported, closing as second favorites at 3–1. Lou Rondinello, who trains them, made no secret of his preference for Prince Thou Art, a well-constructed dark-bay colt by Hail to Reason out of Primonetta. He recalled that the Prince had stumbled coming out of the gate in the Flamingo, and didn't have the best of racing luck, but when he got going he finished a fast-closing second. Now Prince Thou Art and Sylvan Place will go to Keeneland for the Blue Grass Stakes, their next step toward the Kentucky Derby.

Vasquez, who rode Foolish Pleasure, summed the situation up better than I could when he said, after the race, "I have no excuse at all. When my mount collared Sylvan Place he didn't have much left." I see no reason to denigrate Foolish Pleasure just because he was beaten. After all, Secretariat, to whom he has been compared so favorably, was beaten as a two-year-old and again in the Wood Memorial as a three-year-old before he struck his spectacular stride. Leroy Jolley, who trains Foolish Pleasure for his owner, John Greer, had no comment beyond saying that if the colt is all right he will be shipped north for the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 19th. From all accounts, there was the usual hoopla at Gulfstream Park for its Derby Day—bands parading all over the place, and a race in which jockeys rode three tame tigers, which, happily, I missed.

Hobeau Farm's Step Nicely, who won the seven-furlong Roseben Handicap earlier in the meeting at Aqueduct, has done it again. It took all he had, however, to beat Tambac, to whom he gave ten pounds, by a nose in the Westchester Handicap last Saturday at a mile. Onion, Step Nicely's stablemate, was third. Despite a cold, drizzling rain, there was a crowd of 29,090 in the stands, and they bet $4,211,739. Colonel Martingale hopes the weather is better this weekend for the Gotham Stakes, the official prep for the Wood Memorial.

Another Saturday repeater was the Shamrock Farm's Christopher R., who won the J. Edgar Hoover Handicap at Pimlico easier than he had won the Native Dancer Handicap the closing day at Bowie a fortnight before. His margin was six lengths, and he gave sixteen pounds to King of Cornish, who was second, and ten to Mo Bay, who was third. I am surprised that Charles Town, in nearby West Virginia, hasn't put up a memorial to the former head of the F.B.I. Though he was often at Pimlico, Charles Town was his favorite track. He and Clyde Tolson used to go there every day they could get away from Washington. —Audax Minor

•

Dear Abby:

My roommate says I am crazy—that she will turn out to be ugly and a horrible mistake. Please advise me, Abby. I am truly disappointing, and it will be intrigued.—*Abigail van Buren's column in the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

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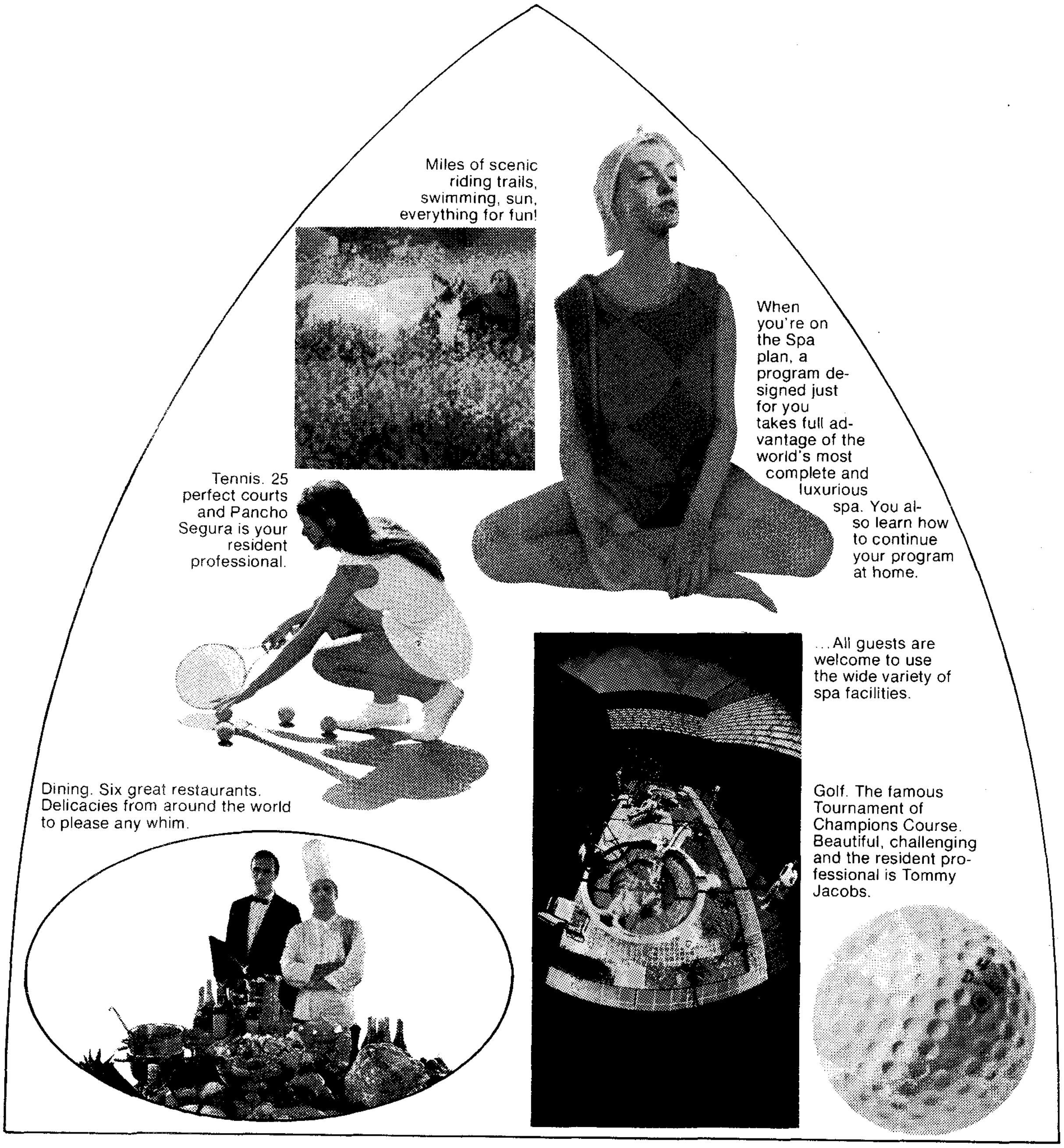

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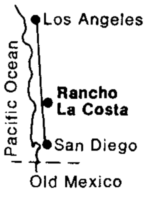

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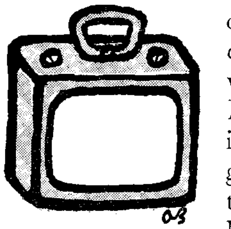
THE AIR

Snapshots of the Face of War



THREE days ago, on television, I watched a file of South Vietnamese refugees trudging south along a narrow asphalt road. Two days ago, on television, I watched a different band of South Vietnamese refugees trudging south along a similar gray road. Yesterday, also, there was a thirty-second film clip of the flight of South Vietnamese civilians from the northern cities of Quang Tri and Hué toward Danang. This morning, on the news, there were still other refugees, on the same road and framed in the same scene. It has become a familiar shot. The cameraman stands in the road ahead of the oncoming Vietnamese. They walk seemingly toward him—grave Asian faces, numbed with fatigue or wretchedness. Some turn to look at him. Some carry small children—sometimes small bloodstained children. Then the cameraman swivels and follows their retreating backs: men and women in scraps of clothing, trudging slowly down a narrow asphalt road that points to an unseen destination.

For weeks, we have watched on television news the encirclement of the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh and, more recently, the results of a new North Vietnamese offensive against the northernmost urban centers of South Vietnam. That is, we have watched film clips of artillery firing, of smoke rising from far-off buildings, of children bleeding from dreadful wounds, and of refugees trudging down a narrow gray road. I hope that it won't seem offensive to those men and women of American television who at risk to themselves have sent back such flimsy messages as we have received during ten years' engagement in Indo-China when I say that such iconlike scenes are now dreadful mostly in their sameness, and in the quite obscenely easy way in which they are still being fitted into our daily newscasts—and perhaps, in the end, in their revelation of the deep inadequacy with which our communications establishment has all along viewed our national involvement in Southeast Asia.

The Vietnam war is finally, as the saying goes, winding down—though our soldiers are no longer fighting in it. In nearby Cambodia, a different encounter, between our "national interest" and Cambodian politics, is also winding down. Clearly, it is the end of the affair; something terribly important is happening. But it appears that television—our eyes and ears—will not really have it so. It has been business as usual on the television news. This morning, in addition to the film clip of refugees along the road there was a scene of artillery firing in Cambodia: four howitzers drawn up in a row. Then there was a discussion of congressional action on income-tax legislation. Then a view of Mr. Kissinger in the Middle East. President Ford, it was reported, planned to get away to Palm Beach by the end of the week for "a little golf." Even Charlemagne would probably have taken time off for a little golf, had it been available. Even "business as usual" is not a bad way to go about things, if one is in business—or, at least, if one knows what business one is in. But which business has this nation been engaged in overseas in Southeast Asia for the past decade, and how is it that now—at this sad and terrible point in its dénouement—we still know so damn little about it? Was it the domino business? "You had a row of dominoes set up," said President Eisenhower in 1954, which was twenty-one years ago, "and if you knocked over the first one and what would happen to the last one was the certainty that it would fall over very quickly." A child might have pointed out that dominoes, like nations, are played flat, and that only children stand them on their edges, but then a child wasn't asked. Later, President Kennedy's and President Johnson's Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was concerned that in not facing up to the Communists in South Vietnam we might "lack credibility" in preventing future wars. Were we in the credibility business? In due course, there was "Pacification" and "Vietnamization." There were "strategic hamlets" and "search-and-destroy missions" and "free-fire zones" and, of course, bombing: air strikes, air missions, raids against the North, against heavily entrenched positions, against enemy strongholds, against hidden base camps, against carefully camouflaged supply depots, against enemy shipping, against missile sites, against railroad yards, against warehouses, against suspected troop concentrations, against enemy enclaves, against cities. In January, 1973, after a final spasm of punitive bombing raids against North Vietnam, President Nixon and his national security adviser, Henry Kissinger, standing before the placid lenses of the television cameras, proclaimed a peace settlement in Vietnam. Now, two years later, after still more deaths and misery in South Vietnam, the business (whatever it has been) is closing down, and before the same cool, passive lenses.

Last evening, a journalist I know who had himself spent several years in Vietnam during the nineteen-sixties remarked, "They're all heading back for the showdown." I've noticed that Malcolm Browne, who won a Pulitzer Prize as an Associated Press correspondent in Vietnam in 1964, is now back in Saigon for the *Times*. Likewise Bernard Weinraub, who was a junior reporter providing "color" stories in 1967. The television networks have been flying in additional correspondents and film crews to cover a war that has mysteriously "heated up," though, in fact, the temperature of the Southeast Asia crisis has remained at a consistently dangerous level since the Pax Kissinger, and it is only we and television news who have been cool to it—with perhaps this curious exception: that, after an absence of regular news broadcasting from the area for well over a year, scenes of the continuous savage fighting in Cambodia began slowly filtering back to American television screens a few months ago, around the time that the Administration was attempting to push its emergency military-aid bills for South Vietnam and Cambodia through Congress. At any rate, the phrase "déjà vu" has appeared a number of times over the past few weeks in televised commentary from Vietnam—even, on one occasion, from a correspondent who had not been there before. Indeed, the *Times* headlined its lead article in Sunday's "The Week in Review" section "Indochina Déjà Vu." Ironies doubtless come readily to journalists at times such as this; at least, they provide a certain distance, or the semblance of perspective, to someone trying to confront a wretched situation. But I doubt whether irony will be of much help to anyone now.

I think what might help is this: for television, finally, to make us look at what has been happening all along in Southeast Asia. We have been treated like children too often in our national news broadcasts, with our little boredoms and anxieties and attention spans so quickly and tactfully attended to. Are we boyish? Then show us an icon of an airplane or a gun firing. Are we sentimental? Then show us an icon of

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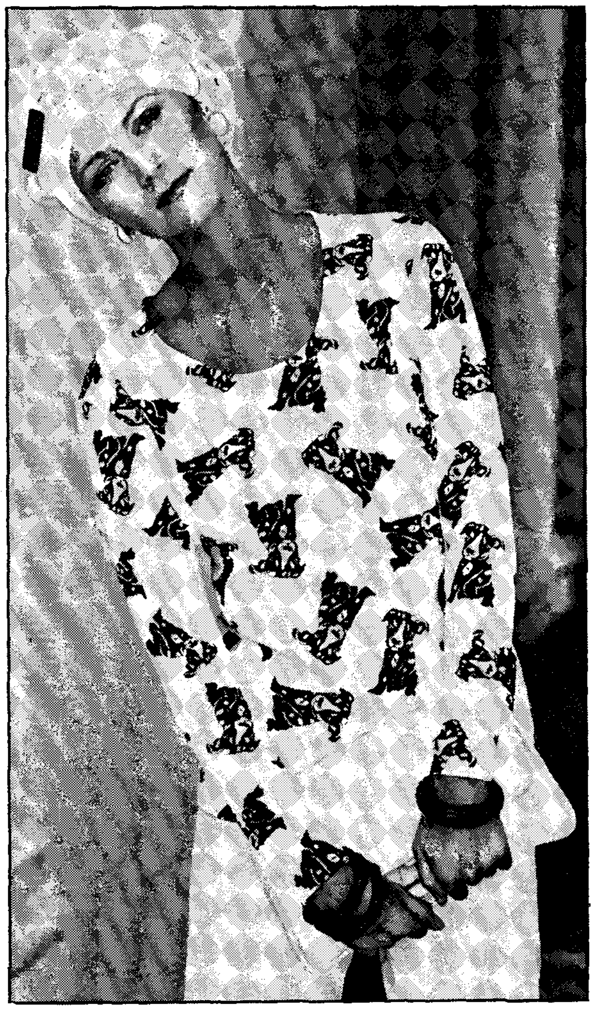

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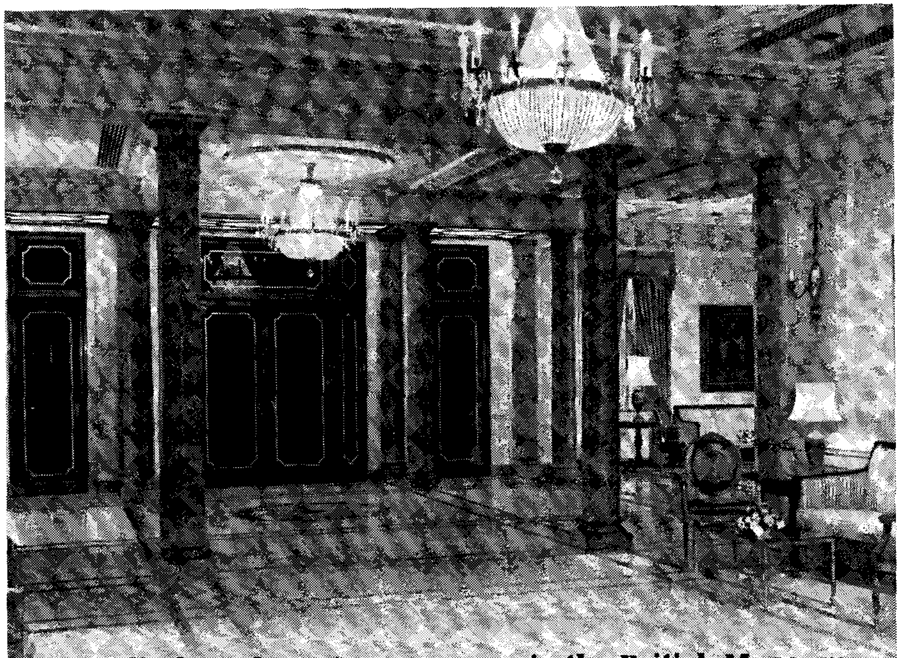

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a bleeding child. Instead of language—even film language—we have been *shown* pictographs. But, all along, we were never children. Neither the parents of the American men who died nor the men who died nor the survivors were children—only grown men and women who (in the fashion of grown men and women the world over) will sometimes express childlike qualities unless they are summoned beyond these qualities to more difficult terrain. But who was to summon us? Not our politicians, wrapped in their remote fantasies of power, and their subjective, rearward visions of history: Beware the Great Depression! Beware Munich! The Sack of Troy! The only voice that spoke to us from outside ourselves during this long time was television, which spoke to us each day, all through the day, each evening, every morning—the voice of television.

The voice of television has dealt us a cheap hand, I think. It has been pleased, for its commercial purposes, to play the role of benign adult toward us simpleminded children—has been quite agreeable to assuming the dramatic posture of "giving the public what it wants," of not taxing our frail anxieties with too much worry, of not wishing to bore us with too much complex discussion or frighten us with too stark a vision of mortality. But when the presence of a true adult has been needed—that is, of a man or a woman who will take responsibility for his or her position in the world—the voice of television has faded, waffled, chatted of this or that, shown us half a dozen things at once, been charming: has gone out to lunch.

It seems to me that it is time for television to assert itself on the matter of "the news." Television, after all, is merely a word describing vast enterprises that are run by human beings. *Somebody* is there. One has heard amply about organizational responsibility to stockholders or to the F.C.C. or to various doctrines of fairness and balance. Still, there must be some *person* there who carries a sufficient measure of the classic virtue of pride to be able to say, I am *most* responsible: I have eyes and ears, and my eyes and ears tell me such-and-such, and I will now tell you—straight. If it is true, as many believe it to be, that the central fact of American life since the Second World War has been our involvement in Southeast Asia—first Laos, then Vietnam, and now Cambodia—it is not too late to salvage some element of truth and self-understanding for this nation from what has been a largely uncomprehended experience. We are a people who have never been bombed. We have never trudged as refugees down a highway, heading north or south. There are some things we can never truly know, and the perhaps well-intentioned but meretricious symbol-pictures of wounds and refugees will not bring us closer to any truth—except, perhaps, the truth that we are a nation that more and more transforms experience into symbols. But there are other things, many other things, that we can know—and were these to be told to us coherently, in the spirit of truth, or at least of a storyteller believing his own story, we might look and listen to them, and some connection might take place within us; something in us might change. Something in us might even feel loss and hurt and pain. For if a misfortune or tragedy is taking place so far away, across the world in Southeast Asia, and yet so near to us, it is surely our misfortune or tragedy, too. And what chance have we to realize and deal with this experience if the experience is kept from us or tidied up or simplified—processes that amount to the same thing?

It seems to me that we have seen enough of these film clips of guns firing and of smoke rising and of refugees fleeing—because these images, however real, are no longer to the point. We have seen enough of propaganda—whether pro-war or anti-war. Someone on television must begin to tell us where we have been and where we are now—*and must get us to look at it.* Admittedly, television—for all its power and wealth—is not a logical place to expect to find such a synthesis. With one or two minor exceptions, American television in ten years has produced no notable "literature" on the subject of Vietnam or Asia. Indeed, our vaunted television-news era has so far been rather like the early era of manuscript literature under the clerics—a period of dry orthodoxy and of timid, powerful authority. But the dénouement of our adventure in Southeast Asia is the terminus of a great, tragic human saga—one worthy of the best storytellers. It is a story that demands to be grasped, and not avoided or relegated to late-night news "specials" or two-minute film clips sandwiched in between the day's comings and goings. For ten years now, television news has provided us with these bits and patches—disconnected visual glimpses or isolated snatches of dialogue, as if from some massive ongoing novel, whose core had been somehow omitted or not dealt with. How, then,

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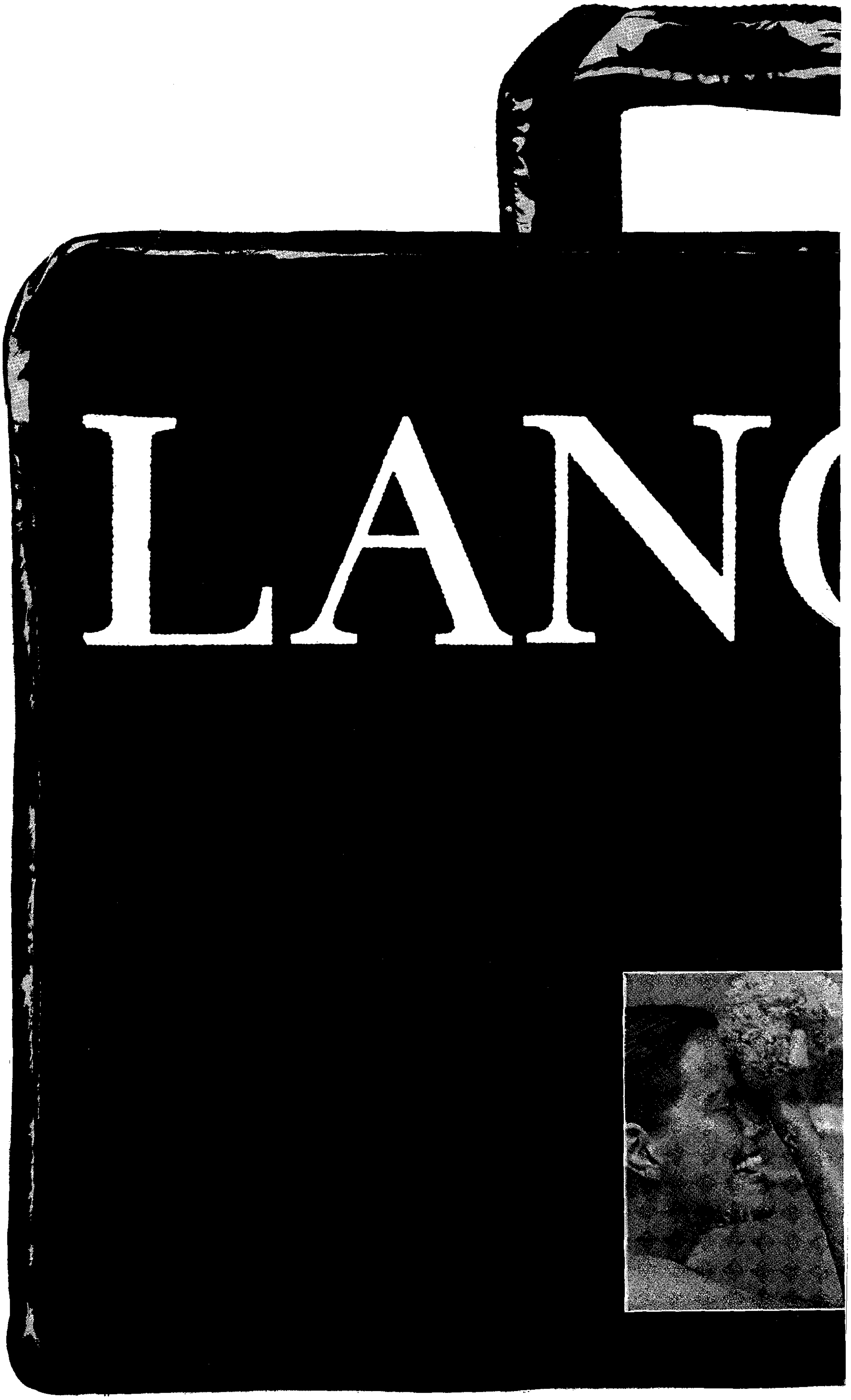
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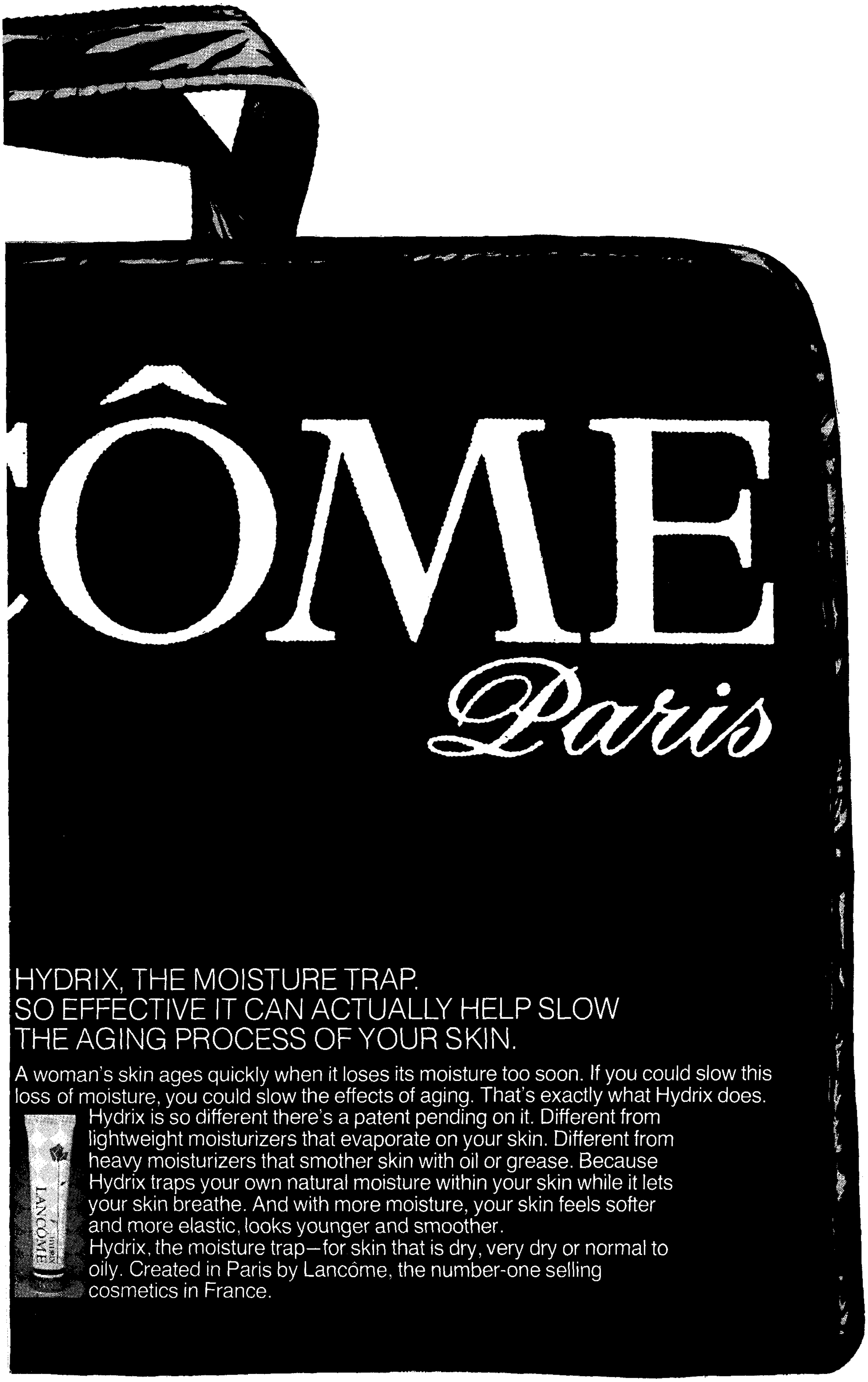

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is it to provide the missing core or meaning of this great story? By means of "specials" or "documentaries" or "closeups" or "expanded news coverage" or "investigative reporting"? I am not being offhand when I say that I don't believe that this is the main question. Whenever there is an important story to tell, a form will usually evolve for telling it; the story will shape its own form. Consider, for example, what Marcel Ophuls did for the French people with "The Sorrow and the Pity"—and without howitzers or sentimental imagery. The main question really is: Will television now undertake to grasp the story? Will the people in television face their deeper responsibilities and grant to their communication of the tragic narrative of the American expedition to Southeast Asia a priority and a prominence that accord with the actual dimensions of the story—and so enable the people of this country to see, feel, and, if not fully know themselves, at least comprehend their passage through recent time? It is a matter not of providing more combat footage, or more snapshots of human misery, or even more routine documentaries on corruption in Saigon but, rather, of acknowledging the true scope and texture of the subject, and of finding the talent (whether from outside or inside the present news establishments) to master it, and—in some ways most crucial—of obtaining that special managerial seriousness which, given the technocratish structure of network news organizations, remains a key requisite in dealing effectively with such a major theme: either as a great single work—television's equivalent of a great film or novel—or as several linked, separate works adding up to a great whole; or, at least, one wherein the terrible magnitude of the subject might for once be meshed with the commitment of the faceless but powerful network authorities. It is a very large opportunity—not least of all for television to achieve something that its professionals might be proud of, and that its audience deserves. For both parties, one suspects, the answers up to now have been nowhere nearly good enough.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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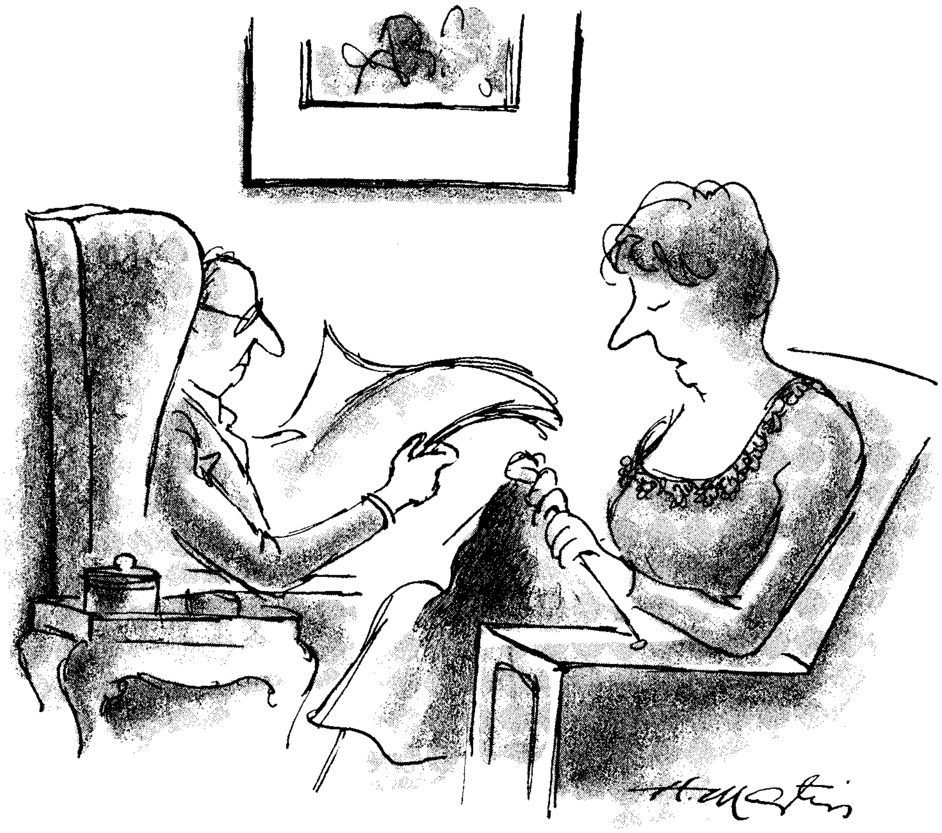
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

SINCE the turn of the century, the most popular wintertime sport in the United States has en basketball, which was invented a Canadian, James Naismith, in 91, at Springfield College, then the M.C.A.'s International Training hool, in Springfield, Massachusetts. the past seventy years, basketball— last new sport to be devised, if one les out utter gimcrackeries, like the ller derby, and mere spinoffs, like tform tennis—has swept around the rld, and today there are few counes in which it is not played, and on a rly sophisticated level, by large and reasing numbers of men and wom. One explanation of why the game s taken root so successfully all over that it does not demand an extensive, mplicated playing area or costly spel equipment. If, as Lope de Vega d, all that is needed to put on a dra is "four boards, two actors, and a ssion," basketball requires only two ards, two hoops, and a ball. For this ason and others, it is quite possible at before the end of the century bastball may have replaced soccer as the st genuinely international of all team rts.

At the same time, basketball has ways been, and continues to be, a stifying pastime. There have been riods when it has seemed the best of games—an exciting blend of indilual and team skills with just the ht proportion of pure improvisation d intricate split-second plays that reire arduous practice for weeks and eks. The game enjoyed one of these ppy stretches in the early and middle eteen-twenties, when the Original ltics, of New York, the first great ofessional team, developed a flashing le in which the five men on the or whipped the ball around in ofsive patterns so fast and so deftly at their opponents were frequently uck stationary with bewilderment. his was particularly true when the ltics trotted out their pièce de rétance, the pivot play, in which the ll was rifled in to the center, poioned at the foul line with his back the basket, who proceeded to feed ball to one of several teammates tting by, or, after faking a pass, to heel and roll quickly toward the sket himself for an easy lay-up. There ve been, however, at least as many etches when basketball has seemed e worst of all the major sports. The essence of good basketball is disciplined flow, but as often as not, in the uneven, skittering course of its evolution, the game has had about as much fluidity as a logjam. One of the chief causes of these periods of clogged confusion has been the coaches' understandable predilection, since the baskets are set ten feet above the floor, for loading their lineups with taller and taller men; few of the giants have been able to get out of their own way, let alone move with the agility of the first very good very big man, George Mikan, of De Paul University, and later of the Minneapolis Lakers, who, though he stood six feet ten, was an excellently coördinated athlete. For another thing, at those junctures when some phase of the game had got out of balance, all too frequently the supposed remedies have led instead to even less desirable trends. Tied in with this is the ironic fact that when the moguls of basketball, which has always been one of the hardest of all games to officiate, have set out to simplify the rules, the reverse has often resulted: more and more infractions have had to be called, and the continuity of the action has been punctured with increasing frequency by the referee's whistle. On top of all this, basketball, like any other sport that is still in the process of growing up, has from time to time spontaneously engendered certain changes that were not necessarily beneficial. As a case in point, take the most radical innovation since the Second World War—the jump shot, which became a part of the game's basic vocabulary in the early nineteen-fifties. When a player with the ball leaps high off the floor and releases his shot at the top of his jump, there is practically no way the man guarding him can defend against it. As a consequence, the coming of the jump shot brought about a proliferation of one-on-one, or *mano a mano*, duels and created a corresponding decline in the command of pattern, the crisp ball handling, and the other elements that lie at the heart of good team basketball.

For all these periods of depression, however, basketball has enjoyed some memorable eras, filled with fascinating individuals, combustible team rivalries, and play of a very high order. Indeed, one such era has only just ended—the five-year stretch in the top professional league, the National Basketball Association, that extended from the 1969-70 season through the 1973-74 season. As



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one looks back over those five years, they appear set apart so sharply from the year preceding and the year following them that one gets the curious feeling that they were explicitly foreordained by history to form an epoch as distinct as the Wars of the Roses or the Era of Good Feelings. The significant thing about the year that preceded them was that Bill Russell, of the Boston Celtics, who is acknowledged to be the greatest defensive player in the history of the game, went into retirement at the conclusion of the season. Starting with the 1956-57 season, when Russell joined the Celtics, the team had carried off the league championship eleven times in thirteen years. Russell was not the only one responsible for building this amazing record. The Celtics had many other exceptionally gifted players, preëminently Bob Cousy—a member of the team from 1950-51 through 1962-63—who is generally regarded as one of the four top guards in modern basketball (the others are Oscar Robertson, Jerry West, and Walt Frazier), and who stands in a class by himself when it comes to one man's ability, through his all-around generalship, to lift the collective play of his four teammates on the court to the highest possible peak of efficiency. Russell, as befitted a slim, angular six-foot-nine center, possessed talents of a quite different type. Though there were two dozen or so men in the league who were at least as tall as Russell, none of them could match his speed, his quick reactions, his basketball sense, and his competitiveness. Until Russell's arrival, the Celtics had always lacked a big man whom they could depend on to get the ball for them, and so, despite the presence of Cousy and other first-class players, they had never been able to win the league championship. The way Russell played defense changed all that. Not only did he cover his own man effectively but his nimbleness enabled him to shift over and pick up any opposing player who had broken free and was driving for the basket or getting ready to shoot from in close. Zone defenses are banned in the N.B.A., but though Russell was playing what was in effect a one-man zone defense in the semicircular area extending about fifteen feet from the basket, he could not be called for anything illegal, for there is no rule in basketball against leaving your own man and covering other opposing players who are open. Russell's virtuosity accomplished many things. For one thing, it allowed his teammates to adopt a gambling style of defense in which they frequentl "overplayed" a man in the hope (stealing passes intended for him; the knew that if something went wrong an an opponent got free, Russell woul be behind them, backing them up. Wit his exceptional reach and his astonishin ability to anticipate how a play woul develop, Russell broke up innumerab passes, blocked many key shots (an often recovered the ball himself, s sharp were his reflexes), and general intimidated the opposition into makin bad, hurried passes or takin bad, hurried shots. His sup rior timing was most appare when he went up for r bounds. There was no one lil him when it came to twistin in midair after he had plucked the ba as it came off the rim or the backboa and, in the same motion, unleashing fast, accurate pass to the man (fir Cousy, later John Havlicek or Jo J White) who was leading Boston wonderful fast break. Russell could l difficult—there were times, in fac when he seemed to enjoy few things much as being difficult—but there w no disputing that he was the play primarily responsible for the creation the Celtics dynasty. Some of the oth big men in the league—Wilt Chan berlain most notably—were far mo formidable on offense than Russe (During each of his first seven season Chamberlain, who is a sturdy seve feet one, led the N.B.A. in scorin and during one of those seasons l averaged an awesome fifty points game.) However, for any number reasons, the contributions of these ot er giants never meant as much to the team as Russell's did to the Celtics.

RUSSELL's retirement in the summ of 1969 not only presaged t end of Boston's long rule but ha the effect of throwing the fight f the 1969-70 championship wide ope Three teams in particular were r garded as having excellent chances winning it—the Los Angeles Laker the Milwaukee Bucks, and the Ne York Knickerbockers. The Lake were the heavy favorite. To begi with, they had in Elgin Baylor one the league's best forwards. At thirt four, and starting his twelfth seaso Baylor was beginning to slow down trifle, but he still had nights when was impossible for his man to stay wit him as he came tearing toward t basket and, leaping high off the floo seemed to hang in the air forever he faked and feinted elaborately befo at length getting off one of his wic assortment of baroque shots. He w

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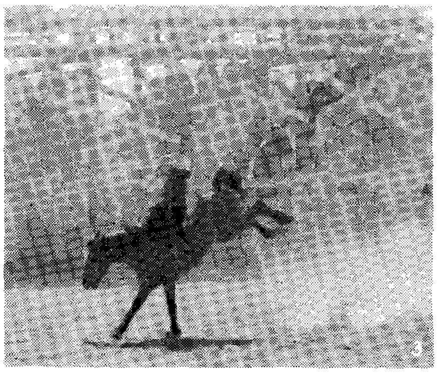

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the Bernini of basketball. (Just as Rodin was the Chamberlain of sculptors.) Then there was Jerry West, thirty-one and entering his tenth season with the Lakers. Many people rated him the league's best all-around player, and with reason. A brilliant outside shooter who could also drive the center lane and the baseline, he was an instinctive team player. On the attack, he was always on the lookout for a teammate with a better shot than his. On defense, he was all over the court, sliding into the other team's passing routes to intercept the ball, or stealing it from his man with fast, darting jabs of his hands. In addition, the Lakers had Chamberlain, whom they had obtained from the Philadelphia 76ers in 1968. Chamberlain's movements had become slower and more limited, but when the mood was on him he was still a remarkable player. In his first season with the Lakers, for example, he had led the league in field-goal percentage and in rebounds. Nonetheless, that season had resulted in just one more grievous disappointment for the Lakers: for the sixth time in eight years they had reached the last round of the playoffs—the Championship Series—and for the sixth time in eight years they had been defeated by the Celtics. Well, Russell was finally gone, and the Lakers were hopeful that things would be different.

The Milwaukee Bucks' chances of winning the championship were not considered as bright as those of the Lakers. They were predicated almost entirely on the acquisition by this young franchise (it was only in its second year) of the most publicized college star of the decade—Lew Alcindor, from the University of California at Los Angeles. A slender tower—for some strange reason, he was usually listed in the record books as standing seven feet two, though he appears to be at least seven four—Alcindor, a graceful two-way player, had a far larger variety of moves in the offensive zone than any big man before him, and he executed them with speed and ease. In 1969-70, since Alcindor's supporting cast was rather ordinary, few experts picked the Bucks to go all the way. The following season, it was another story, for Milwaukee landed Oscar Robertson in a trade with Cincinnati. He was just the man the Bucks had wanted—an experienced ball handler and playmaker who would give the team the steadiness it needed in the backcourt. Robertson could do everything. It was hard to think of a player with a finer jump shot: he had the strength to body his

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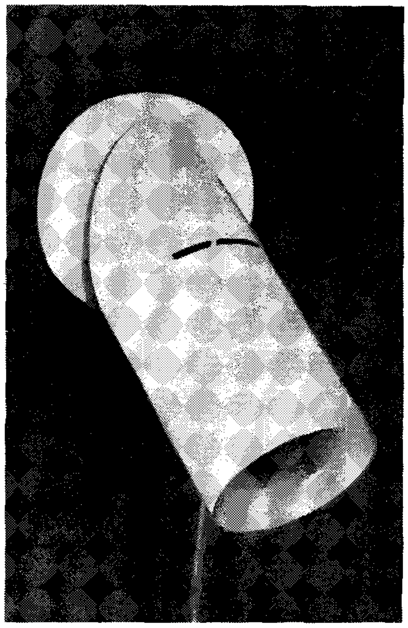

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man off him as he faded back for his jump, and when he went up, the ball held high and far back, he had perfect balance and complete control of it. He was the best dribbler since Cousy, which was not too surprising, since from the age of nine or ten he had made it a practice to dribble a basketball on his way to school and on his way home. In the eyes of a good many observers, he was nothing less than the best guard in history. Those who demurred granted his extraordinary abilities but felt that a little too often Robertson's teammates got the ball from him not when they were in a position to make the best use of it but, rather, when he was finished with it.

As for the New York Knicks, while everyone thought they would be a serious contender, hardly anyone thought they were powerful enough to actually win the championship. In 1968-69, they had certainly demonstrated themselves to be a much improved team, especially after they added Dave DeBusschere, in December, in a trade with Detroit. They had then won eight games in a row, and later they had reeled off streaks of six and eleven straight wins en route to posting a season's total of fifty-four victories—a record for the team. In the first round of the playoffs, they had knocked off the Baltimore Bullets in four straight games, but they had fallen before the Celtics in six games in the Eastern Division Final Series. It had been close, though; Boston had scraped through to each of its last two victories by one scant point.

THE battle to see who would succeed the Celtics as the kingpins of the N.B.A. didn't turn out quite as expected. In 1969-70, the Knicks surprised the sports world by winning the championship—the first time they had managed to do so in the twenty-four years the league had been in existence. After getting by the Bullets, four games to three, in the Eastern Division Semi-Finals, the Knicks outlasted the Lakers in a highly dramatic Championship Series, which also went the full seven games. The teams split the first four. Near the end of the first quarter of the fifth game, Willis Reed, the New York captain and center, was trying to drive around Chamberlain when he sagged to the floor in obvious pain. He had torn a muscle in his right hip, and was out for the rest of the game. The Knicks, with a tremendous team performance—among other things, their two streak-shooting forwards, Bill Bradley and Cazzie Russell, began

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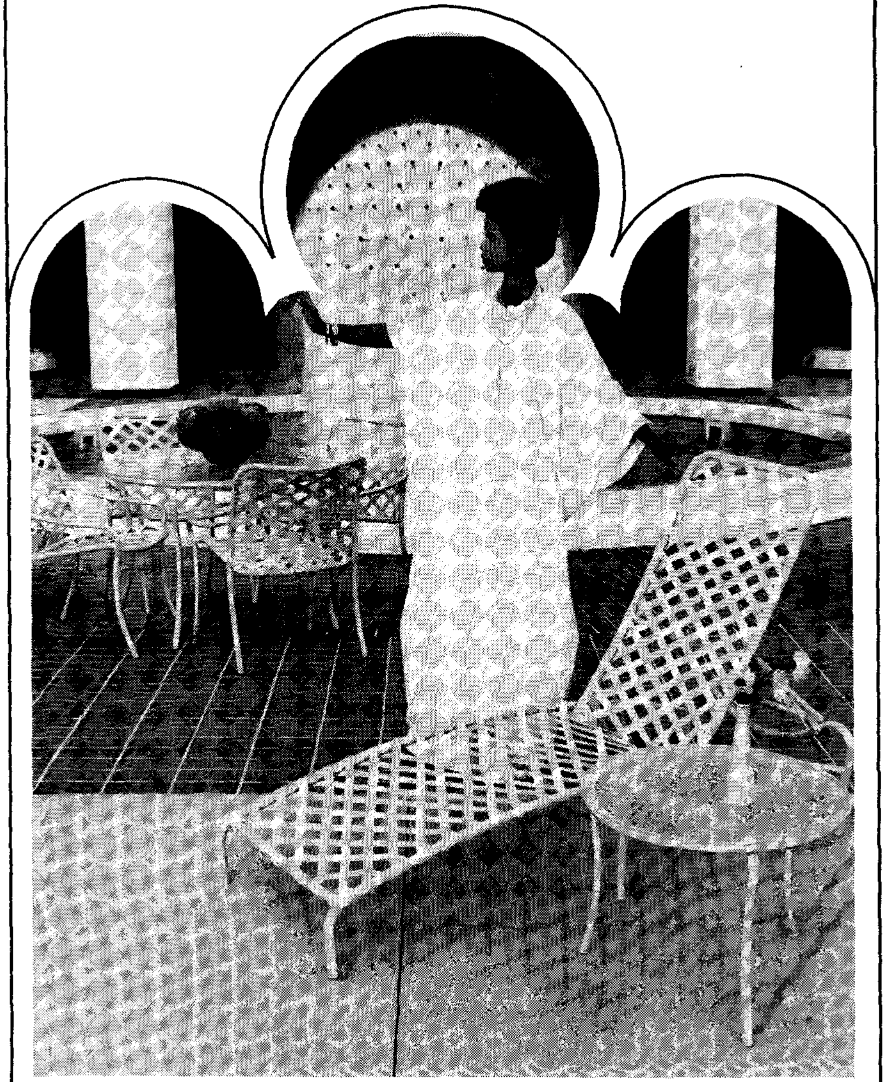

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hitting everything—managed to come back and win that game, but in the sixth, with Reed still out, Chamberlain, having no one to contain him, went on a rampage and scored forty-five points in leading the Lakers to a one-sided victory. In the crucial seventh game, Reed, with the help of Carbocaine and cortisone injections, made an effort to play, though he was still obviously bothered by his injury. The first time the Knicks got the ball, he hobbled away from Chamberlain, who liked to position himself close to the basket, and, moving to the top of the foul circle, scored with a one-hand shot. The next time the Knicks got the ball, Reed made the same move and scored again. Chamberlain was now forced to come out from under the basket to guard Reed, and this opened up the middle. Running well, passing well, and shooting well, the Knicks had built up a 61–37 lead by the time Reed, with three minutes left in the half, trudged to the bench in utter exhaustion. His effort had made the difference. The game, and the championship, had been won.

In 1970-71, the year that Robertson joined them, the Bucks won the championship. Robertson had provided the young team with a new stability, and Alcindor, surpassing his excellent freshman season, had led the league in scoring with a 31.7 average per game. In the playoffs, Milwaukee took its opening series with San Francisco in five games, winning the fifth game by the indecent margin of fifty points. In what was now called the Western Conference Finals (the league had expanded, revamped its structure, and upgraded its nomenclature), the Bucks, without much sweat, defeated the Lakers, also in five games. Their opponents in the Championship Series were the *Baltimore Bullets*, who had eliminated the Knicks in seven fierce games in the Eastern Conference Finals. It proved to be no contest. The Bucks captured four straight games, and their smallest winning margin was a comfortable eight points. The ease with which they achieved all this provoked predictions on every side that a gleaming new dynasty had been founded, but, the way things worked out, the Bucks did not win another championship during this five-season era.

The following season, 1971-72, i was the Lakers' turn at last. The were very impressive in the playoffs in the Western Conference Semi-Finals they beat the Chicago Bulls i four games; in the Conference Final they beat the Bucks in six; and in th Championship Series they beat th Knicks in five. Everyone in basketbal was delighted that an end had come a last to the succession of frustration the Lakers had endured—in the previous decade they had lost the Championship Series seven times, and fou times in the seventh game—and i mattered not at all that the Laker triumph was necessarily a triumph a well for the club's president and chairman of the board, Jack Kent Cook a sort of southern-Californian versio of Charles O. Finley, of the Oaklan A's, in that Cooke is similarly th victim of a violent case of self-esteem Early in the season, Baylor had gon into retirement, and so he was no around when the Lakers at lengt reached the promised land, but Wes was, and so was Chamberlain. Bot were standout figures during the regular season and in the playoffs. Anothe Laker hero was Bill Sharman, an ol Celtic of the Cousy period, who ha been installed tha season as the Laker coach and had succeeded in getting his high-priced talent to play together. That had bee the Lakers' chroni trouble—their stars ha always ridden off i their own separate directions. Chamberlai was not the only Lake who had indulge himself by playing th way he wanted to an not the way the coac wanted him to, secur in the knowledge tha when friction developed between a superstar and a coach in th day and age, it was not the supersta who was considered expendable. However, in the frequency with which h skipped practice sessions Chamberlai was unique.

In the 1972-73 title series, for th third time in four years, it was th Knicks versus the Lakers. The Knick had long since demonstrated that, fa from being a marginal outfit, the were first-rate technically and, mor than that, possessed a team spirit and team attitude that were almost without precedent in modern professional basketball. This time, the Knick

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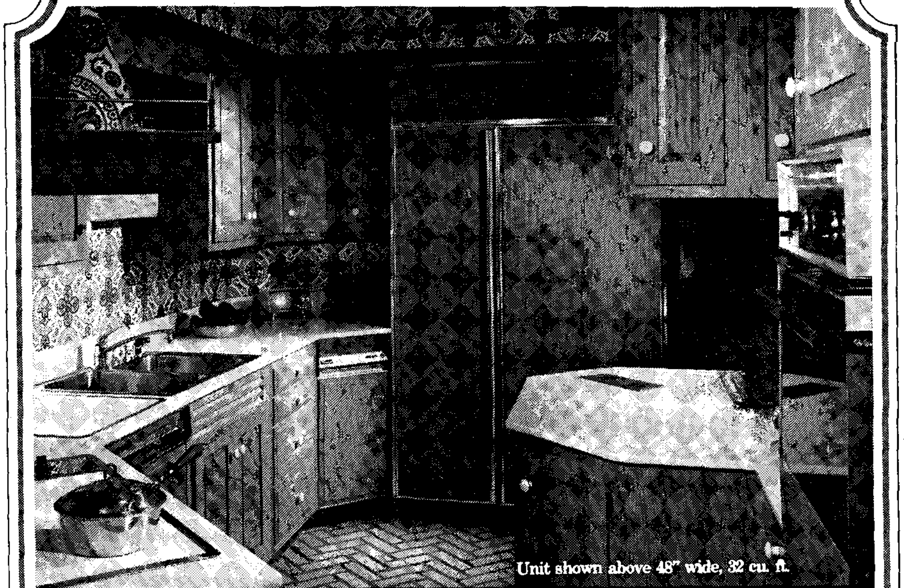

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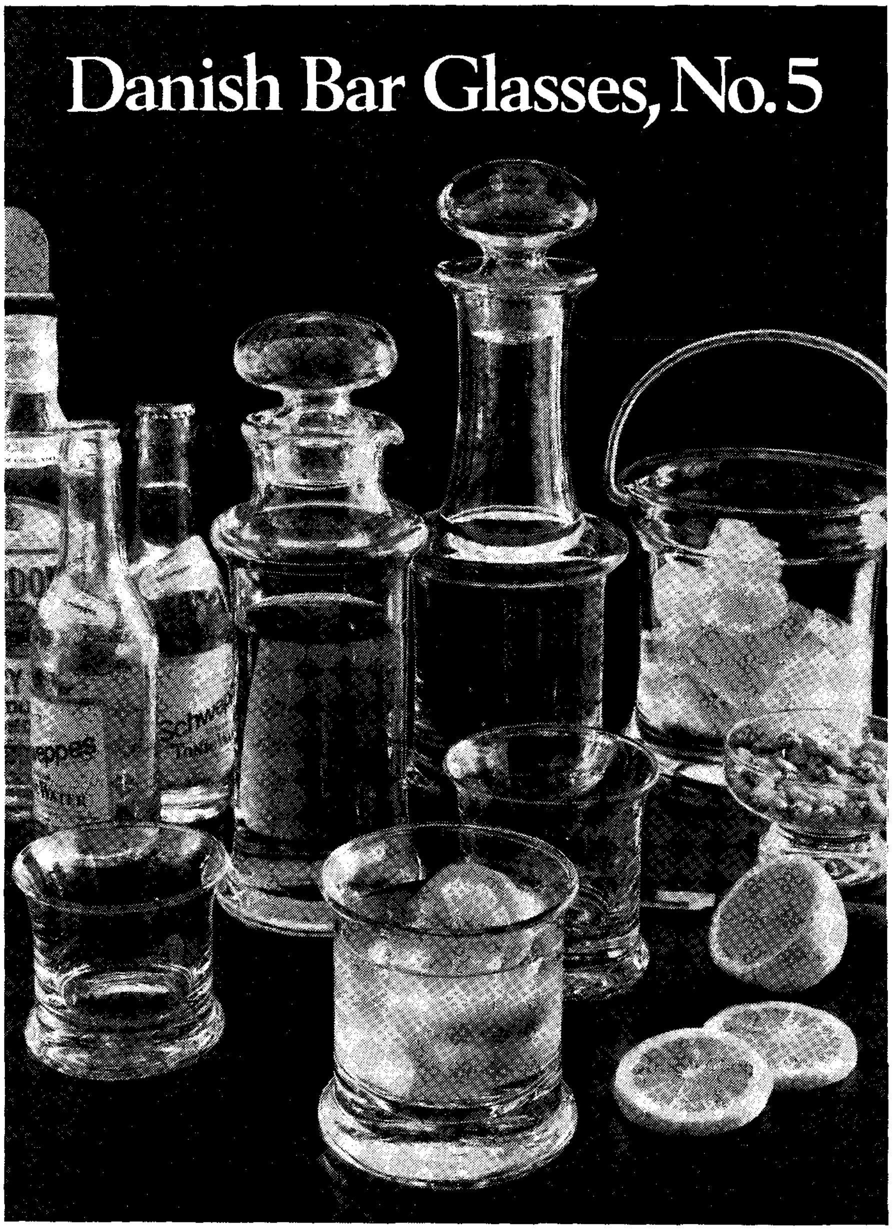
won in five games. Their real test had come earlier—in the Eastern Conference Finals, against a renascent Boston team in a series that went the full seven games. Injuries play a considerable role in sports, and most assuredly in the N.B.A., where the teams go at each other over an insane eighty-two-game schedule before the strung-out playoffs even begin. The previous year, for example, Reed, whose left knee had not responded well to an earlier operation to relieve tendinitis, had been able to play in only eleven games during the regular season and was not available at all for the playoffs. That same year, an injury in the playoffs to DeBusschere—he continued to play, but only at half speed—killed the Knicks' chances once and for all. In 1972-73, however, Reed was back. He had rehabilitated his knee with long, hard hours of exercise, and had then adjusted well to the fourth knee brace he tried—one made of elastic, leather, and steel. In Jerry Lucas, whom the Knicks had acquired in the late spring of 1971, Reed had a reliable backup man. New York was in good shape. On the other hand, in the third game of the New York-Boston series the Celtics lost Havlicek, the nucleus of their team, when he suffered a severe sprain of the right shoulder. Although he returned to action after sitting out one game, he was far below his usual standard. In the game that decided this hard-fought series—all Boston-New York series are collisions—the Knicks came up with a consummate demonstration of team defense and won it, 94–78. (By the way, that was the first seven-game playoff the Celtics had ever lost.) In the 1972-73 Championship Series, the Lakers were also hit by a key injury. In the third game, West, who had earlier pulled a hamstring muscle in his left thigh, pulled a hamstring in his right thigh. In the remaining games, he could do very few of the many things Jerry West usually did. With Walt Frazier, who had been in top form in the Boston series, continuing his superb, team-knitting performance, the Knicks, after losing the opening game, ran off the next four, playing such tough defensive ball that they held the Lakers under a hundred points in each of the four games.

The Knicks did not repeat in 1973-74, owing in large measure to an injury to Reed's *right* knee. It was operated on in December. During the regular season, his total playing time was only five hundred minutes, and in the playoffs it was a mere hundred and hirty-two minutes—all of them exremely painful. (Reed's trouble with his right knee was the reason he went nto retirement before the 1974-75 seaon.) In any event, the Knicks were usted by the Celtics in five games in he Eastern Conference Finals, and the Celtics then met the Bucks to see who would be champion. After six games, he series stood three games all; in ouble overtime in the sixth game, with Boston leading 101–100 and only three econds left, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (the ame that Lew Alcindor had adopted) wheeled into one of his "sky hooks" nd made the shot. Boston then came ack to take the seventh game handily, 102–87.

Havlicek, the tireless captain, along with Jo Jo White and several other ependable men, had a great deal to do with the Celtics' resurgence, but it was he quick maturity of Dave Cowens, who had taken over at center, that was ainly accountable for Boston's return o the top within five years—a very hort time in sports. Cowens, like Rusell, stands six nine, but there the reemblance between them ceases. A trong, burly, intense red-headed young an, Cowens possesses not only blisterng speed but extraordinary flexibility nd stamina. He is without a doubt the ost mobile man of his size who has ver played the game. One moment e is pulling down a defensive rebound n a sea of elbows, and the next he is acing up court like a stallion, overaking the forwards on the Celtics' earsome fast break. He is really somehing.

THE five-year era was over. The Celtics were back on top, and the robability was that if any new dyasty was rising, it would be a new Celtics dynasty. However, what signiied most clearly the end of the period hat began with Russell's retirement was the mass retirement following the 1973-74 season of six men who had layed major roles on the competng teams. The Lakers lost West and hamberlain. (Chamberlain had actully left the team before that season, nd signed with the San Diego Conuistadors of the American Basketball Association, but because he had not ulfilled the option-year clause in his ontract with the Lakers, he was enjoined by a Los Angeles court against laying with the Conquistadors in 1973-74. Just before the 1974-75 season began, he announced his retirement.) The Bucks lost Robertson. (He went into ports announcing, on national televiion.) The Knicks were hit the hard-



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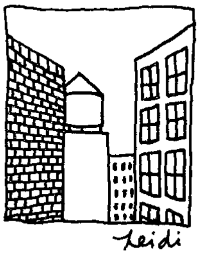
est: they lost Reed, DeBusschere, and Lucas. (DeBusschere received an offer he could not afford to refuse—the general managership of the New York Nets, of the A.B.A. Lucas, a man whose mind was always in motion and who trained it to do stupefying things—once, to fill in some idle moments, he memorized five hundred pages of the Manhattan phone book—joined up with Harry Lorayne, an old hand in the field, and wrote a guide to mnemonics, called "The Memory Book," which became an immediate best-seller. Reed, still bothered by his knee, decided to take it easy for a while and spent a good deal of his time hunting, sometimes with bow and arrow, in the woods near his lodge in northeastern Pennsylvania, thirty miles or so south of the Susquehanna.) Inasmuch as the Knicks had also lost Dean Meminger, a valuable backcourt man, in the 1974 expansion draft, it was a foregone conclusion that they would not be a serious challenger in the 1974-75 season. They haven't been. They got off well, winning seventeen of their first twenty-five games, but, playing mediocre ball thereafter, they dropped twenty-eight of their next forty-one games. At the moment, it looks as if they might not even qualify for the playoffs. (The same holds true for the Lakers and the Bucks.)

As they struggled through this disappointing season, the veterans of the Knicks' championship years—Frazier, the new captain; Bradley; Earl Monroe, obtained from Baltimore in 1971; and Phil Jackson, a resolute reserve who contributed a great deal, often in the clutch—probably found the knowledge that they had been on one of the greatest basketball teams in history a mild consolation. It wasn't that the Knicks were the only club to win the league title twice during that five-year span. Rather, it was the kind of basketball they had played. They had not been without their superstars. Reed had gained that status before 1969-70, and in that first championship season Frazier had also attained it. There were many people who thought that DeBusschere had done so that season, too, but there is little question that he achieved it during the following four seasons, particularly those in which Reed's recurrent injuries placed immense burdens on DeBusschere, who was, after Reed, the ruggedest, strongest man on the team. DeBusschere not only became the best defensive player in the league at his position but on the attack he was a first-rate passer, rebounder, and perimeter shooter. The point, though, is this: the Knicks' superstars didn't play the way the superstars on the other teams did, with one man, or maybe two, doing the bulk of the scoring game after game. The Knicks—all of them—played team basketball, five-man basketball. The starters worked together as a unit, and the substitutes carried out this cohesive pattern of play. On defense, the players pressed their men closely, switched assignments at the proper times, blocked their opponents away from the backboards, and helped each other guard the other team's stars. On offense, they zipped the ball around fast and moved with purpose, setting the picks and screens that their principal plays (and variations of these plays) called for until someone got open for a good shot. Team defense was the key to their success. They made defense, long neglected by the pros, as glamorous as the football Giants had, and the reverberating clamor at Madison Square Garden reached its highest decibel count when the crowd roared in unison, "*Dee*-fense! *Dee*-fense!" Not only fans from the New York City area, who have traditionally had a profound knowledge of basketball, but fans throughout the country who had watched the Knicks in the flesh or on television realized that the team had elevated the game to that standard of perfection which every true lover of basketball carries in his heart. "The words and phrases used to describe the Knicks' style of play were not new to New York fans, or to those who lived in other hotbeds of basketball," Bob Wolff, who announces the Knicks' games on television, recently told a friend. (To my mind, Wolff and his partner, Cal Ramsey, a former N.B.A. player, constitute the best basketball-broadcasting combination in the country.) "For instance, forty years ago coaches around New York were telling their players to hit the open man," Wolff went on. "Well, the Knicks showed what it meant to hit the open man. The old-time coaches also reiterated to their teams endlessly to play team basketball, to be unselfish. The Knicks demonstrated like no one before them what it was to be unselfish and play like a team. During their first championship season, the New York City craze for the Knicks spread all over the country. The result was a new national focus on pro basketball and the excitement it could produce. The



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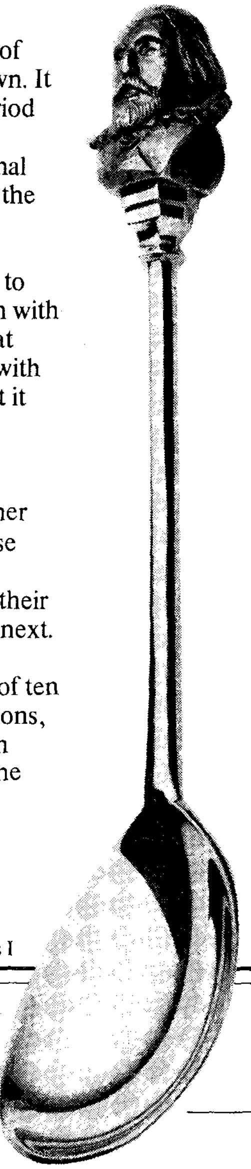

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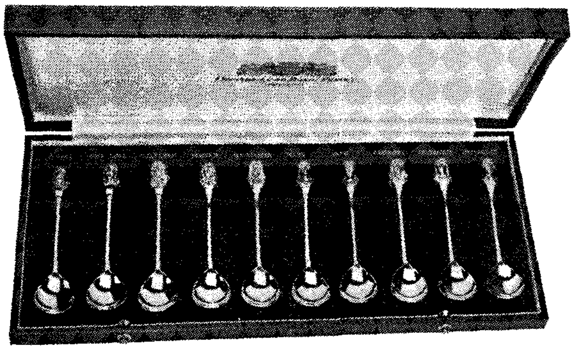

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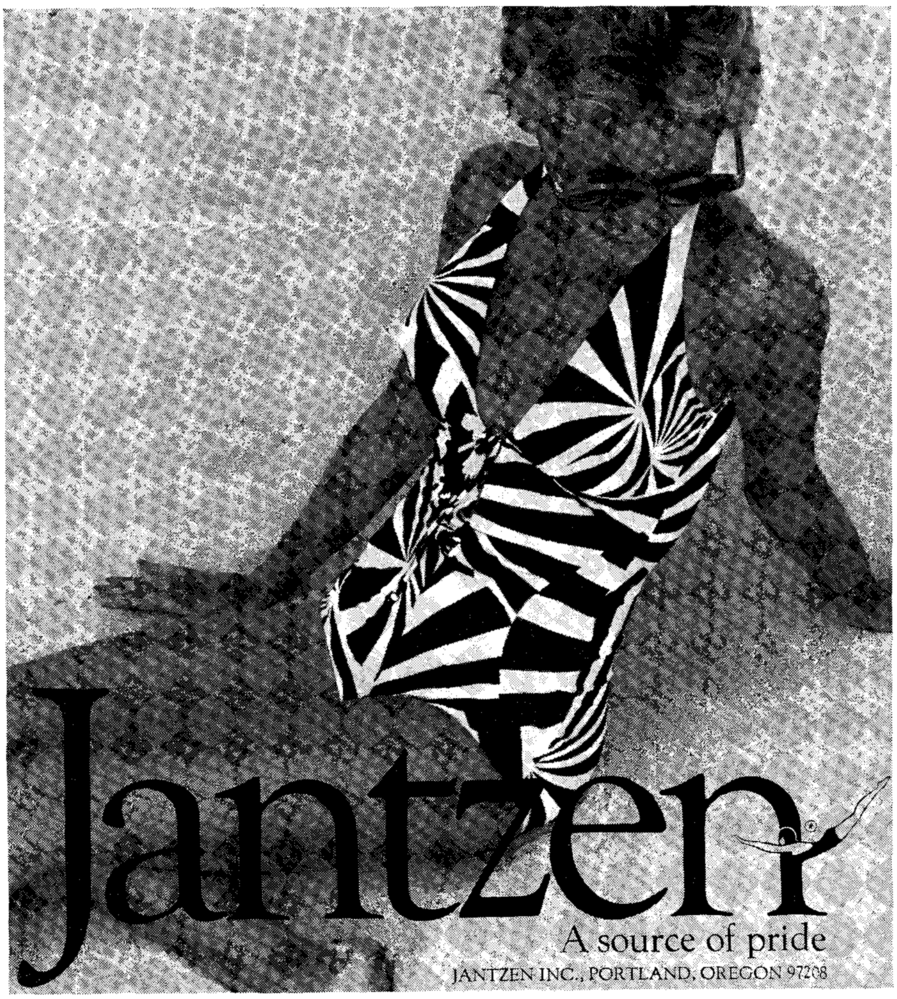

game's position changed in every respect. In the 1969-70 season, ABC, which was doing the national telecasts, had been paying the N.B.A. around a million four hundred thousand dollars a year for the rights. When it was time to negotiate a new three-year contract in the winter of 1970, the figure rose to over five and a half million a year. Largely because of the Knicks' popularity, basketball had grown from a fill-in sport to a major attraction. The proximity of Madison Avenue helped. The media men clambered aboard the bandwagon, and suddenly there was a bursting forth of books and articles about the game, and the top stars began to be used in local and national advertising. With this outpouring of words and pictures, the new expansion teams in the N.B.A. found they had a ready audience and lots of support from their area's advertising people." Wolff rubbed his brow in thought for a moment. "One other important thing," he said. "The Knicks' style of play changed the general concept of basketball from a game in which physical aptitudes were everything to a thinking game with subtle strategies and techniques. As a matter of fact, today all but two or three of the teams in the league have switched to the Knicks' type of basketball—precise, controlled team basketball. What the Knicks brought about was a quiet—or maybe not so quiet—revolution."

ALL the players on the team, from Reed down to the substitute with the smallest amount of playing time, contributed to the Knicks' achievement, but there is no question that the person chiefly responsible was their coach, William (Red) Holzman. Holzman was the ninth man to coach the Knicks since the team was formed, in 1946. In December of 1967, when the Knicks had lost twenty-two of their first thirty-seven games, Dick McGuire was dropped as coach, after having held the job for two years, and made chief scout, and Holzman, who had been the Knicks' chief scout since 1958, was asked to step in as interim coach. Then a surprising thing happened. Almost immediately after Holzman took over, the Knicks began to play the best ball they had in years. They went on to win twenty-eight of their remaining forty-five games and to make a more than creditable showing against Philadelphia—which still had Chamberlain—in the playoffs. The interim coach was asked to return for another year.

In the years before Holzman suddenly bloomed as an outstanding coach, he had not exactly gone from one glossy success to another. Today, many rate him the best coach in the annals of the N.B.A., not excluding Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the abrasive and accomplished former Boston coach, who led the Celtics in the years when they seemed unbeatable. (Auerbach, who became the club's general manager in 1966, is beginning to be referred to as the Knute Rockne of basketball, since no fewer than thirty-two former Celtics have coached or are currently coaching the game, including, in the collegiate ranks at the moment, Tom Sanders at Harvard and Bob Brannum at Brandeis, and, in the N.B.A., K.C. Jones at Washington, Bill Russell at Seattle, Bill Sharman at Los Angeles, Tom Heinsohn at Boston, and Sam Jones at New Orleans, where he is an assistant.) Holzman, who is of Austrian descent, was born in the Ocean Hill district of Brooklyn in 1920, the youngest of the three children of Abraham Holzman, a tailor. He learned basketball on the playgrounds of P.S. 28 and P.S. 178 in Ocean Hill, and played on the team at Franklin K. Lane High, from which he graduated in 1938. He attended the University of Baltimore for six months, then transferred to the City College of New York, where he spent the next two years studying economics and the social sciences, and playing basketball under the college's famous coach Nat Holman, who had been one of the legendary Original Celtics. Near the end of those two years, Holzman, who had always been on the small side physically, reached the then respectable basketball height of five ten and filled out so that he weighed about a hundred and sixty pounds. Though a bit more size would not have hurt him, he became a regular at C.C.N.Y., because he was an intelligent ball handler, a dependable two-hand set shot, and—even more important—such a splendid defensive player that, despite his lack of height, he was always entrusted with the job of guarding the opposing team's star scorer. "Holman was an excellent coach," Holzman recalled not long ago. "He taught you the whole game: how to move without the ball on offense, how to stay between your man and the basket on defense and to know where he was at all times, how to develop an over-all awareness of what was taking place out there on the court—all the other things. To put it a different way, Holman taught his players the kind of advanced basketball that

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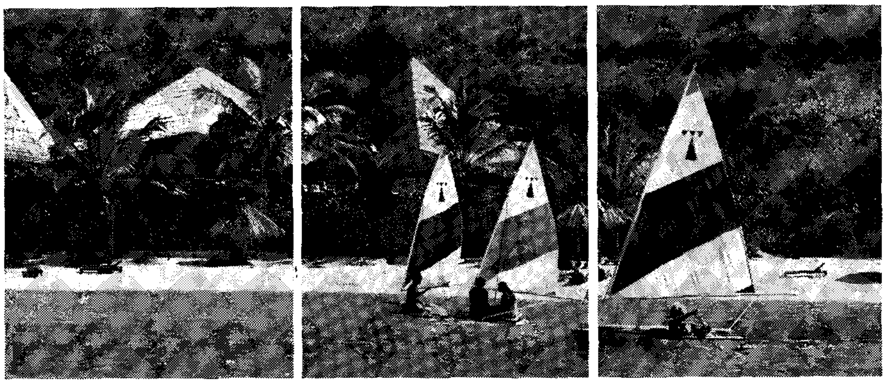

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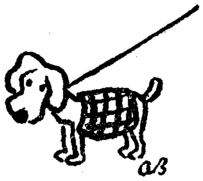
would stand them in good stead in the event they might want to go into pro ball." Holzman himself made this decision in 1945, when, after serving three years during the war as a physical-training specialist in the Navy, he returned to civilian life. He joined the Rochester Royals, who were then in the National League. "My old friend Fuzzy Levane set it up," Holzman said recently. "We got to know each other during our college vacations—he went to St. John's—when we worked as busboys at a hotel on Schroon Lake, in the Adirondacks. Anyway, Les Harrison, who ran the Royals, wanted to have a Jewish player on the team and thought he did in Levane. When he learned that Andrew Levane was Italian, he asked him if he knew of a good Jewish player, and Levane recommended me."



Holzman put in eight seasons at Rochester, a good, solid backcourt man. (During his first three summers, he went back to C.C.N.Y. and completed the necessary work for his degree. This provides a good insight into Holzman. Many people who leave college early say they intend to return and finish their education, but only a few actually do.) During the 1950-51 season, the year the Knicks came closest to winning the league title, Holzman and Bob Davies were co-captains of the Rochester team that defeated the Knicks by four slim points in the seventh game of the N.B.A. championship playoffs. In 1953, when Holzman was on the verge of retiring as a player, Levane, who had become the coach of the Milwaukee (later the Saint Louis and still later the Atlanta) Hawks, signed his old friend as backcourt insurance. Then, in one of the ironic twists that occur so often in sports, Levane was fired two-thirds of the way through the season, and Holzman was appointed his successor. Holzman did an acceptable if not brilliant job with the Hawks. He moved them up from fourth, and last, place in the Western Division in 1954-55 to a tie for second the next season, and in the semifinal round of the playoffs that year they scored a stunning upset victory over the Minneapolis Lakers, who had been the first great N.B.A. team. When the Hawks got off to a faltering start in the 1956-57 season, however, Holzman resigned. That is the way things go in pro sports, and always have gone. It helps to have a steadfast friend like Levane. In 1958, Levane, who had been serving as the Knicks' chief scout, was promoted to head coach, and shortly afterward he arranged for Holzman to be given his old job. Holzman prides himself on his lack of overt sentimentality, but a definite undercurrent of emotion enters his voice when he speaks of Levane: "He's always been a very fine man. He is the only close friend of mine I met through basketball, but when we're together we seldom talk basketball."

At the time Holzman took over as chief scout, the Knicks, as they had been since their formation, were still looking for a good big man—a quest that, in terms of time invested and lack of success, ranks with the Mets' search for a proficient third baseman and Russia's efforts to obtain a warm-water port. In the early nineteen-sixties, the Knicks twice made big men—Darrall Imhoff and Paul Hogue—their first draft choice. Neither filled the bill, nor did other big men, Tom Hoover among them, whom the Knicks also tried. In 1964, however, the Knicks came up with Willis Reed, from Grambling College. Reed stood only six nine, but he had the frame and the brawn to battle much taller players. Landing Reed was a case of more luck than brains. The Knicks had the first draft pick that year, and the men in the front office, after much agonizing over whether they should go for Reed or for Luke Jackson or for Jim (Bad News) Barnes—two other big men with imposing credentials—had opted for Barnes. Inexplicably, none of the eight other teams that with the Knicks then made up the N.B.A. chose to draft Reed in the first round, so the Knicks were able to grab him in the second. (Barnes was traded to Baltimore in 1965 in a deal that brought Walt Bellamy, a six-foot-eleven center, to New York. This allowed the Knicks to move Reed to forward. As for Barnes, he turned out to be a chronic disappointment—a backup man who played for six different teams during his seven years in the league.) Reed went on to become a great player. In addition to agility and toughness, he had a sense of team basketball, which had first been inculcated in him by his high-school coach—Lendon Stone, of Westside High, in Lillie, Louisiana, eight miles from the Reed home in Bernice—not to mention a character, founded on a happy boyhood in an exceptionally close-knit family, that made him the heart of the team that was to win championships for New York.

After the Knicks acquired Reed, they sensibly turned their attention to

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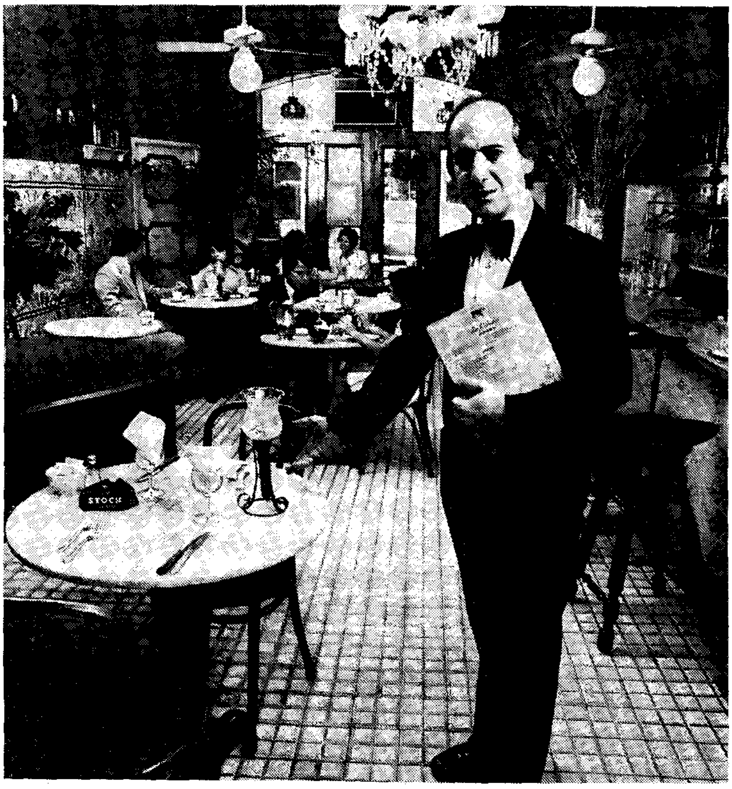

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drafting good, well-grounded basketball players, whatever their size. In 1965, they selected Bill Bradley, Princeton's All-America star, along with Dave Stallworth, of Wichita State, and Dick Van Arsdale, of Indiana. (In addition, just before the season started they made an astute deal with the Lakers for Dick Barnett, an experienced backcourt man.) In 1966, they drafted Cazzie Russell, the Michigan paragon, and the following year Walt Frazier, from Southern Illinois, Phil Jackson, from North Dakota, and Mike Riordan, from Providence—a really spectacular draft. There was no doubt that the ability of the Knicks' chief scout to size up basketball talent was of the first importance in this series of moves through which the team gradually assembled the personnel for the young, well-balanced squad that soon emerged as a contender. Holzman liked scouting, though it could be wearisome work. Each year, as he crisscrossed the country from Duke to U.C.L.A. and from Marquette to Pan American, he watched well over a hundred games. He sometimes saw two games in widely separated cities on a single day, catching a plane out of the first city after an afternoon game and getting to the second in time for an evening game. Since Holzman was a happily married man and the father of a young daughter, spending all this time away from home had its drawbacks, particularly during stretches when it meant living out of a suitcase in moldering motels with bad coffee shoppes. All things considered, though, he found scouting interesting and not unrewarding, and he had no thought of making a change. On December 27, 1967, when the Knicks' brass asked him to take over as coach, he accepted with reluctance, and only after Ned Irish, the Garden's basketball impresario, and Eddie Donovan, the Knicks' general manager, had made it clear that he was the one man who the organization felt could stabilize the floundering team, which at that moment was a few percentage points out of the cellar in the Eastern Division.

Holzman hadn't expected to be asked to coach by any N.B.A. team—his record with the Hawks, he felt, had not been all that glowing. As a matter of fact, he wasn't sure that he wanted to coach again if he were asked. However, from the moment he took over the Knicks he was all snap and assurance. At a practice called for the next morning at eleven o'clock, five players were late, and he fined them on the

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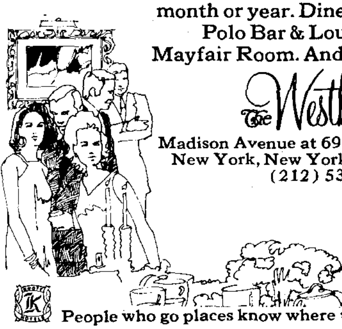

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pot. "I was prepared to work hard nd I expected the players to do the ame thing," he later stated in a book alled "The Knicks," which he wrote n collaboration with Leonard Lewin, f the *Post*, the dean of the New York asketball specialists, who has covered he team since 1946. "Still, I was ather lucky that first day, especially vhen Bradley was one of those to walk n late. He had the super-image and alary, and the players got a kick out of t when he was fined." Convinced that ractice and more practice was the nly way to elevate the team's play to he level it was capable of, Holzman cheduled long sessions on nearly every lay off, explaining to the players that hristmas would have to come in uly that year. The Knicks began to lay well and to win games almost mmediately. It was fundamentally a natter of timing. Holzman, having arned a great deal about basketball nd basketball players in the ten years ince he had left the Hawks, was ready o assume the multiple pressures of oaching. For their part, the extremely alented players he had helped assemble vere at that stage of development vhere, with intelligent handling, they vere ready to blossom. "It was very asy to play for Red," Willis Reed aid this past winter. "Right from the tart, he handled us with respect, so ve felt the same way toward him. veryone plays best for someone he re- ects. For another thing, he knew us ll through his scouting—even Dick arnett, our senior citizen. Red had couted Dick when he was still at ennessee State. I know he must have ome down to Grambling to see me at east a dozen times. The point I'm aking is that when Red took over e knew his players' abilities and per- onalities better than most coaches did vho'd been in the league for several ears."

Holzman made only one significant hange in his lineup: he gave Frazier, hen in his rookie season, more playing me. After suffering an ankle injury a pre-season game, Frazier had ot off to a very slow start. If he issed the first couple of shots he took a game, his confidence quickly wilt- d and he would pass up excellent op- ortunities for shots. He was also shaky n defense. In an early game against hiladelphia, he had been humiliated y drawing six fouls in no time at all rying to guard Hal Greer, a master at uring his man into the air by faking jump shot and then drawing a foul y inducing a collision when he came own. The more playing time Holz-

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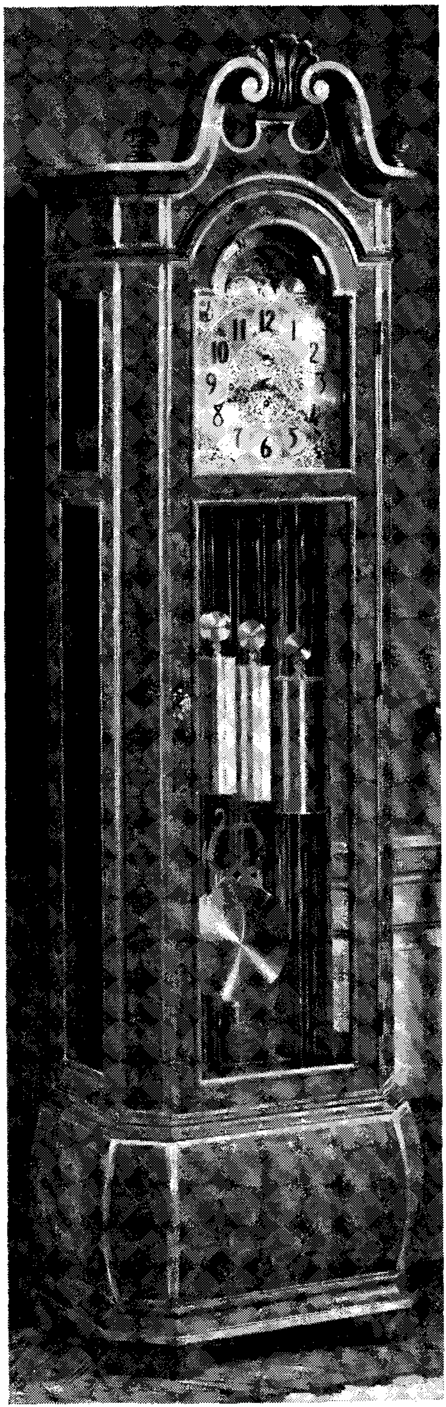

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man gave him, the surer of himself Frazier became. On February 10, 1968, when the Knicks played their last game at the old Garden, against Philadelphia, Frazier, in action for thirty-nine minutes, enjoyed his first really sensational night as a pro. He scored twenty-three points, had fifteen assists and fifteen rebounds, and held his man—his old nemesis Greer—to fifteen points.

In the long, stiff practice sessions, Holzman devoted eighty per cent of the time to defense—the Knicks had been scoring enough points but they hadn't been able to hold their opponents in check. Indeed, he changed the Knicks' whole concept of defense, instituting a much more aggressive team defense—a "helping-out" defense, he called it. One of his first innovations was a vigorous full-court press to throw opposing teams off their stride and make it harder for them to execute their usual offensive patterns at their customary tempo. (Frazier, Barnett, and particularly Jackson, with his long arms and his college experience with this type of defense, gave the Knicks the requisite personnel to make this tactic work.) When the Knicks did not use a full-court press, they still made it a habit to pick up the other team early. The desideratum was to double-team the man with the ball. The Knick guarding him—say, Barnett or Frazier—would try to drive him toward the sidelines, where a second Knick, one of the forwards, would slip over to help tie him up. The other Knicks would adjust their positions, alert to intercept the desperation pass that the double-teamed man might have to resort to. Similarly, in their other defensive ploys the Knicks' object was to harass their opponents into committing turnovers—that is, losing the ball by making wayward passes or committing technical infractions. This took lots of drilling and accounted for the length of the practices, for Holzman not only described to his players what he wanted them to do but also taught them individually how to execute their assignments. He rehearsed them endlessly in such essentials as switching—leaving their own man in order to cover a man who was free because the Knick guarding him had been picked off—and the art of leaving their own man momentarily to help the center to clog up the middle lane. Holzman was a stickler for the fundamentals he had learned at college from Nat Holman, and it was most unusual if five minutes elapsed in a practice session without his calling out to one of the players in his shrill, high-pitched voice, "See the ball, Willis!" (meaning, keep one eye on the ball while you're shadowing your man) or "Get back, get back, Bill!" (meaning, hustle back to your defensive position to shut off the possibility of being beaten on a fast break). A very active bench coach, Holzman also shouted such injunctions time after time during a game.

The Knicks' defense set up a good part of their offense—a team offense. The chief tenet, which Holzman emphasized constantly, was that the ball had to go to the open man. He drilled the players practice after practice on those largely unappreciated phases of the game which permit a man to get open—primarily, moving without the ball into positions to set screens and picks (legitimate blocks in which a player takes up a fixed stance in such a way that a teammate can shake free of his man by slithering behind the block, as he would behind a bush, to get off a shot or receive a pass). Reed, whom Holzman started to use at center part of the time, set perhaps the best picks in the league. He had been doing this from high school on, and knew that in an effective pick assuming the proper angle was every bit as important as planting oneself for maximum width. The Knicks under Holzman had a sizable repertoire of offensive plays—about twenty, each with many variations—but they were not at all averse to adopting another team's play that they thought might work for them. Sometimes this came about by accident; in order to be able to defend against a play that a certain team used against them with marked success, they learned it so well, after breaking it down part by part in practice, that they decided to run it themselves. (Jackson and Bradley in particular were forever thinking of plays the Knicks could utilize to good advantage themselves, such as a blind-pick play that Chicago ran to open up the lane for a cut by Bob Love, or a Los Angeles staple in which Gai Goodrich raced toward West at one side of the court and set a pick for West to swing around.) "I always wanted the players to feel free to suggest new things for our offense,' Holzman told a visitor not long ago "Then they'll break their necks to make them work. If they don't use their basketball intelligence, all their years in the game become an untapped spring that's going to waste. I don' mind telling you that our team won many games because of suggestions th

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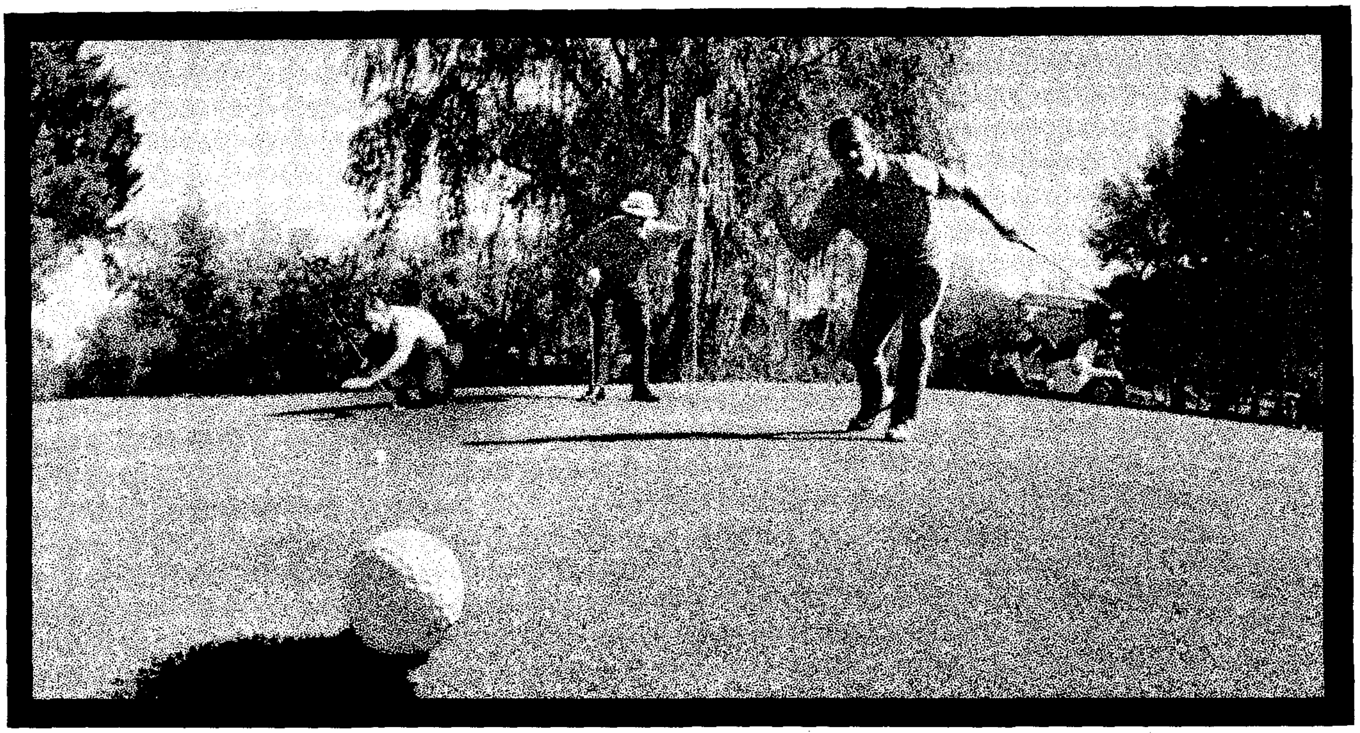

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players came up with. They made me a better coach." During this period of learning, which may have become less intensive but never really stopped during the team's great years, Holzman made adroit use of Reed. Whenever he wanted to get a really important point across, he selected Reed as the conduit. "Willis, how many times do I have to tell you to come out and meet that pass?" he would, for instance, say to Reed after calling a halt during a practice. "That way, the whole team learned," Holzman explains. "If you want to bawl someone out, you can't pick on a rookie. You get better results if you pick on a top guy, especially if you had a Willis Reed, who understood your motives and took it just right."

Holzman, it should be added, has always closed the Knicks' practices to the public and to the press. He feels that practice sessions are the proper time and place for people to get things off their chest, and if he criticizes this or that player in the privacy of practice, no embarrassment is caused. However, he does not believe in emotional pep talks before a game, nor does he allow himself those forty-five-minute rages some coaches indulge in following a loss. He says little at these times, and what he does say is delivered in his natural speaking voice. During a game, his manner is somewhat different. His voice is frequently hoarse and rasping, the better to make sure that what he has to say to the referees is not lost on them. Being sensitive to the stresses his players are under, Holzman has always made it a point on trips to see that their hotel rooms are on one floor and the rooms of the coach, the trainer, the club officials, and the press on another. As a former player, he knows that this privacy helps the players relax. His considerateness is not lost on the Knicks. Nearly everyone who has played for him mentions his fairness and his talent for treating all the members of the team—stars and benchwarmers—the same way. Jackson, the son of a minister, speaks of Holzman as "a very gentle guy who gets his players appropriately prepared for the life style of pro basketball." According to Bradley, "Holzman gives the team a great sense that we're all working for the same end. There's no doubt who the boss is, but we're not soldiers. There's democracy on our team." Bradley further believes that "you can count the good coaches in the N.B.A. on one hand, and Red's right there at the top."

Holzman's knowledge of basketball and the skill with which he handles his

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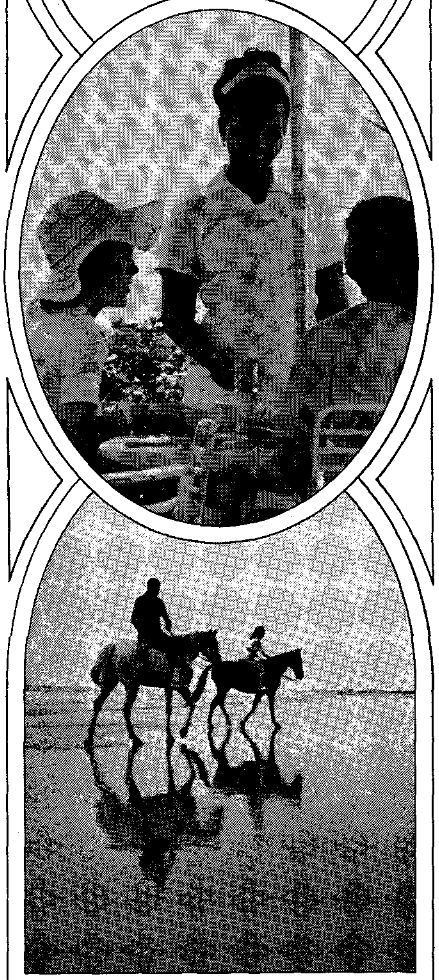

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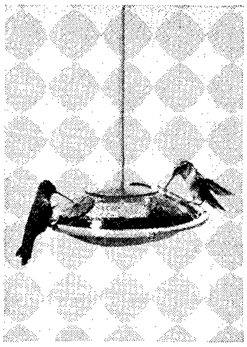

eam during a game are often missed, xcept by insiders, for he is an authenically modest man, who has no wish o call attention to himself. Because is appearance is undistinctive and he oes not have the swagger of a cebrity, once during an important game e was stopped by one of the "speials"—the Garden's security police—when he was a little late returning to he floor at halftime, and was allowed o make his way back to the bench only fter the O.K. sign had been flashed to he officers by Jim Wergeles, the Knicks' director of publicity. Holzman ıvariably shrugs off compliments. At ne meeting of the N.B.A. coaches coıcident with the 1973 All-Star Game, Cousy, who was then coaching the Kansas City-Omaha team, was struck y Holzman's reply when a prominent oach expressed admiration for the way e kept his team under control. As Cousy recalls it, "Red said kind of ıyly, 'Don't give me any credit. I've ıst got some awfully good guys.'" Quite a number of the best basketball ıinds feel that Holzman has few peers when it comes to working out advanıgeous matchups—shifting his players round until he gets the right man on ıe right opponent. This is, to say the ːast, a big part of modern professional asketball. He is also frequently credited with being the best of all contemporary oaches when it comes to running a ːam during the nerve-racking last ıree minutes of a close game. "He has n amazing knack for substituting the xact player needed in a certain situaon," an old basketball hand told me his winter. "He never stops thinking, nd thinking ahead. No one should have een surprised that he was the first oach to see the advantage that could e gained by alternating two players ı the final minutes—replacing Monoe, say, with Meminger, a good deːnsive player, when the other team ot the ball, then sticking Monroe back ı when the Knicks were on offense, nd so on. Now nearly every coach latoons his players like that."

Given their spotlighted position and ıe built-in strain of basketball, a great ıany coaches find it beyond their powrs to resist strutting and hopping round the floor or employing the outze antics of silent-movie villains to roject their feelings, but Holzman oesn't go in for that sort of thing. On he other hand, he does not affect the ole of gentlemanly mentor, either. He himself, with no affectations at all. During the pacific stretches of a game, is gestures are mild ones, such as passıg a hand over the thinning strands

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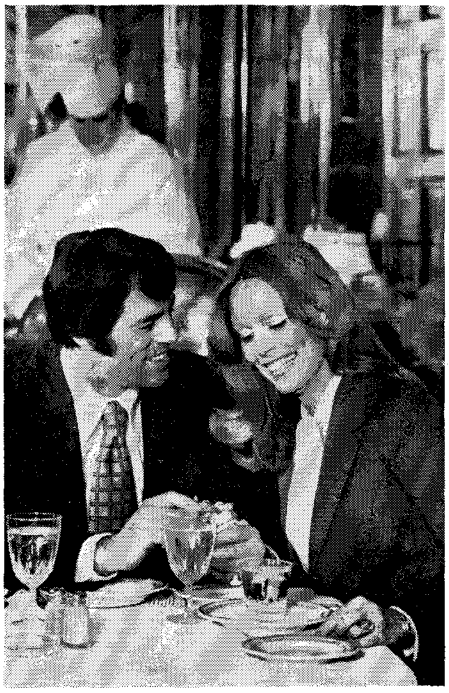

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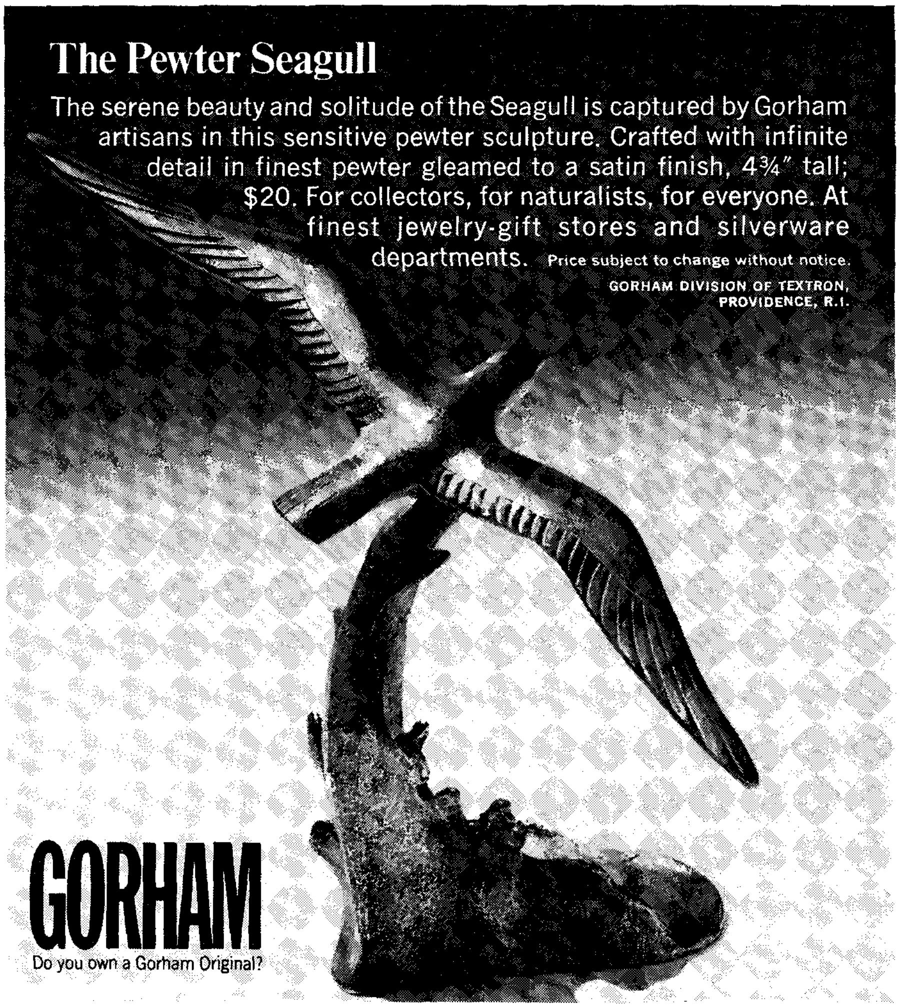
of his now sandy hair, or standing up and sticking his hands in his back pockets as he ruminates with his eyes fixed on the floor. As the temperature of a game climbs, and, with it, in Holzman's mind, the number of unpardonable anti-Knick calls by the officials, he has some pungent remarks to deliver to them, and as he does so his jaw shoots forward, his mouth and nose take on the contours of a snarl, and his light-gray eyes gleam with disbelief and indignation. How he comes across at these times to the thousands banked around the arena concerns Holzman not at all—an exceptional attitude in an age when people are so concerned about the impress they are making. He is concerned only with doing his job and winning ball games.

IN 1968-69, the Knicks did not win the N.B.A. championship, but that season was the making of the team. It saw four changes of immense consequence. The first involved Bradley. When the Knicks drafted him, in 1965, they knew they were taking a gamble, inasmuch as he might not choose to play pro ball. After graduation, as he made clear, he would be off for Oxford and two years of graduate work as a Rhodes Scholar. The son of a banker in Crystal City, Missouri, near St. Louis, he was known to have aspirations for a career in politics. What he would decide to do when his two years at Oxford were over was anybody's guess. His first year abroad, Bradley kept up his basketball. Twice a month, he flew to the Continent to play for Simmenthal of Milan, a team sponsored by the largest canned-meat company in Italy. (Simmenthal won the championship of the International Basketball Federation that spring.) His second year at Oxford, Bradley played no basketball and concentrated on his studies in philosophy, politics, and economics, with such celebrated scholars as Isaiah Berlin and A. J. P. Taylor. He visited the new Oxford gym only three times. The third time, in the spring, he went over to shoot some baskets by himself, and while he was doing this it suddenly hit him that the game meant too much to him to give up. On his return to the States, he fulfilled his military obligations and then, in early December of 1967, joined the Knicks. All in all, his play was disappointing. He was not the lithe, fluent athlete he had been at Princeton. In fact, there was a strange awkwardness to some of his moves. He had lost quite a bit of his speed and nearly all his elevation, and he was revealed to have many shortcomings on defense. For these reasons, he was shifted from guard to forward, where he would have slower men to play. However, Bradley had not lost his shooting eye—he has the fastest release east of the Pecos—or his intense determination; he ran his play routes tirelessly whenever he entered the game to give Cazzie Russell, who was starting at forward, a breather. In late January of 1969, Russell broke his right ankle in a freak accident, and Bradley got a chance to play regularly. Little by little, he caught the flow of postgraduate basketball. Every phase of his game improved, and by the end of the season he had matured into a sound professional player. He remained a starter when Russell came back, because the Knicks unquestionably moved the ball better when Bradley was on the floor, indefatigably running his patterns.

The three other changes were tied in with the trade that Donovan, an excellent general manager, engineered with Detroit on December 19th. It sent Bellamy and Howard Komives, a veteran guard, to Detroit in exchange for Dave DeBusschere. Komives' departure increased the amount of Frazier's playing time, and Frazier came on very, very fast. (By studying the habits of the men he had to guard he made himself into a topnotch defensive player. For example, after noting that Lenny Wilkens, a left-hander, preferred to drive to his left, Frazier would try to force him to go to his right. In the same way, Frazier tried to push Jo Jo White to his left, since White, who usually dribbled with his right hand, liked to move to his right.) Now that Bellamy was gone, Reed, much to his pleasure, returned to center on a full-time basis. As Holzman observed, Reed's service at forward paid some unexpected dividends: he had learned to make his moves much more quickly, and, as a result, the bigger men he was now up against at center couldn't stay with him. But the major benefit to the Knicks from the DeBusschere deal was DeBusschere. A muscular athlete who stood six six and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds, he could keep the other team's big, strong forward under control and, what was more, score on him. He had a thorough knowledge of basketball; he had been appointed the Detroit coach at twenty-four and had held the post for three seasons. In addition, he was an assertive and inspirational competitor, who gave so much of himself in each game that he was physically depleted at the end and so dehydrated that he would down six cans of beer the way the average man drinks a glass of iced tea. After coming to the Knicks, DeBusschere became a much better basketball player than he had ever been before. Both as a player and as an individual, he was the ideal man to complete the team the Knicks had been building since 1964—in Holzman's words, "the perfect ingredient for our mix."

In 1969-70, the Knicks went all the way. During the regular season, they won sixty of their eighty-two games, including a streak of eighteen straight—an N.B.A. record—in the autumn. In that eighteenth victory, against Cincinnati, the Knicks were down 105–100 with twenty-seven seconds to go; down 105–102 with sixteen seconds to go after Reed had sunk two foul shots; down 105–104 with six seconds to go after DeBusschere had made a lunging interception of an in-bounds pass and had swept in for a lay-up; and, finally, up 106–105 after Frazier, picking up a ball the Knicks had jarred free, had been fouled after he rebounded his shot, and had coolly made two from the line. In that eighteen-game run, there was one other last-second triumph worth recapitulating, since it epitomized the team's approach to basketball. It came against Philadelphia in a game in which, with time running out, the Knicks' lead had been cut to two points on a basket by Billy Cunningham. When the 76ers got the ball back, with only five seconds left, they called a time-out. Talking things over with his players, Holzman told them that Philadelphia would probably set up the same play again for Cunningham or go to its other crack shooter, Greer, and to be ready. As the teams returned to the court, DeBusschere noted that Imhoff, the Philadelphia center, was lined up somewhat differently from the way he had been for the play that Cunningham had just scored on. DeBusschere thereupon whispered to Bradley to watch the middle for a screen—the pass might be coming there, Greer's favorite spot. Accordingly, on the in-bounds pass Bradley left his man and raced to the head of the foul circle, where he got a hand up and was able to deflect Greer's shot. DeBusschere had diagnosed the play exactly.

Throughout the 1969-70 season, the Knicks played this watchful, hard-



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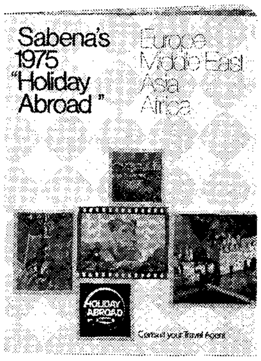

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driving kind of basketball and held their opponents under a hundred points twenty-five times—another N.B.A. record. Everyone had a hand in the team's success, including the substitutes—the Minutemen—headed by Cazzie Russell, Mike Riordan, Nate Bowman, and Dave Stallworth, who was back in action after a remarkable recovery from a heart attack he had suffered two years before. In late January, for example, when the regulars had begun to feel the effects of the long season, both Russell and Riordan hit in double figures in four straight games and gave the team just the lift it needed. Every game seemed to produce a different hero. In the seventh game of the playoff series with Baltimore, it was Barnett, the least conspicuous member of the starting five but a smart, team-oriented player. That night, he scored twenty-eight points and made a dozen fine passes. Later, in the title series against Los Angeles, Holzman shifted Barnett off Goodrich to guard West, who was getting Frazier into foul trouble, and Barnett, in his quiet, undramatic way, did the job. And there was always Reed, meaning it unmistakably when he told his teammates, "We're going to do it, and we're going to do it together." Carrying on despite a bad shoulder, a bad knee, a bad stomach, a bad thigh, and a bad hip, Reed was voted the Most Valuable Player in the league during the regular season and the Most Valuable Player in the playoffs as well. During the year, as Knicks mania grew more and more frenzied, Holzman changed not an iota—although he couldn't help notice that when he stopped off at the Turnpike Delicatessen, where he had long gone unrecognized, on his way home to Cedarhurst, on Long Island, everyone now knew who he was.

Many knowledgeable basketball people are of the opinion that the Knicks' first championship team was their best team. Very likely it was. For one thing, at the close of the 1970-71 season Reed's left knee, which had been giving him trouble, had to be operated on, and after that he was never quite the same. During the next four years, however, the Knicks continued to play intelligent, resourceful basketball, in victory and defeat. Thinking back over that span of time, I believe there are three points, each of a different nature, that help to explain what made the Knicks' brand of basketball both successful and appealing.

First, the Knicks pulled out many tight games because they had devel-

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oped confidence in their ability to execute their plays crisply regardless of the pressure. In situations in which there was time for only one shot to gain a tie or win a game, they generally used a play on which the ball went to Bradley. Somehow, he would be open along the baseline, twenty feet or so to the left of the basket, and far more often than not he made the shot. How did he manage to get free like that? The explanation, briefly, was that two picks were set for him. Here is how that play, a Byzantine mosaic, worked: Barnett would in-bound the ball at half-court, usually from the left, to Frazier. Bradley would be positioned in the far right-hand corner near the baseline, Reed at the edge of the foul circle, DeBusschere to the left side of the court. DeBusschere would swing across the foul lane and, planting himself to the right of it, set the first pick for Bradley, who would brush by DeBusschere and try to run his man into him. Reed had meanwhile moved to a position to the left of the foul lane, fairly close in. If by chance DeBusschere's man had switched off him to take Bradley, then Bradley, continuing his baseline route to the left, would try to run DeBusschere's man into the pick that Reed had set. As a result, when the ball was passed in to Bradley by Frazier he was frequently all by himself with just the shot he wanted.

Second, since the Knicks were not a tall team and could not count on controlling the backboards, they had to find other ways to get the ball, such as forcing erratic passes and shots, trapping individual men, and stealing the ball. This last was Frazier's specialty; with his incredibly fast reflexes, he could literally catch a fly in midair. He had many superlative games in which he did everything. Not that statistics tell the whole story—to begin with, a box score doesn't include steals—but in a game against Atlanta in November, 1972, which the Knicks won by two points after trailing by nineteen at the half, Frazier had eleven rebounds, nine assists, and thirty-five points, twenty-seven of them in the second half. In the fourth game against Boston in the 1973 playoffs, he rallied the Knicks, who were behind 76–60, by scoring fifteen points in the last quarter, and then added ten more in the double overtime: New York 117–110. It has become a cliché to speak of Frazier's amazing body control. He can do as many things at high speed as anyone who has ever played basketball, and he makes it

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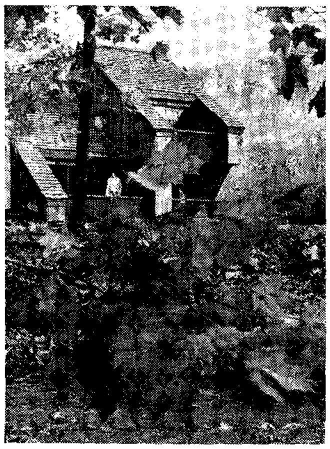

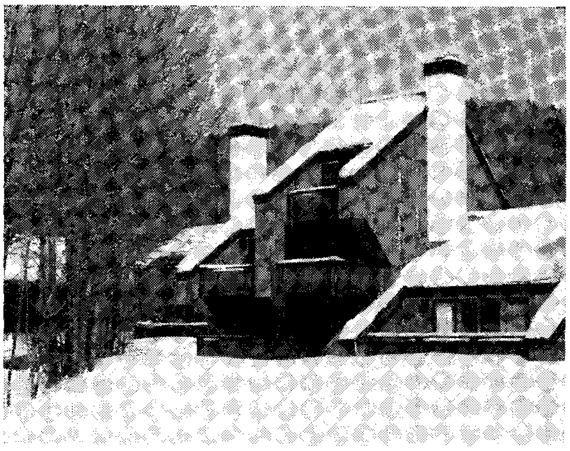

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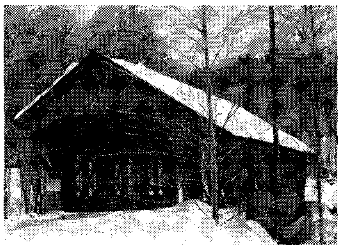

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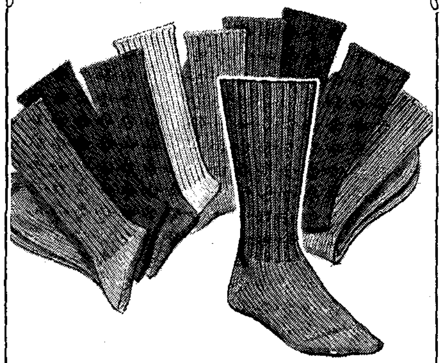

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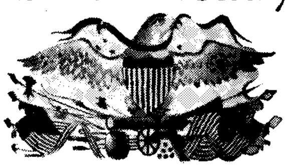

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Third, that Celtics series in 1973 and the subsequent title series against the Lakers demonstrated the team balance that had always been the Knicks' great strength. In the second game against the Celtics, for example, no fewer than eight Knicks scored in double figures. In the third game of the Lakers series, Reed, who had to be spelled frequently by Lucas because of knee trouble, had twenty-two points against Chamberlain, thanks in large measure to a glittering effort by Monroe, who, cutting loose with his full repertoire of spins and twists, bobs and stutters, blind passes and reverse feeds, frequently had Chamberlain leaning north instead of south, or east instead of west. DeBusschere, after a so-so series up to that point, came through in the fourth game—a close one—with thirty-three points, which included a three-point play against Chamberlain on a batted-around rebound with forty-eight seconds to go.

When most Knicks fans think of team effort, though, it is the fifth game of the 1969-70 Championship Series against the Lakers that usually comes first to mind. That was the game in which Reed was lost in the first quarter because of a torn muscle in his hip. Bowman played Chamberlain for a while, then Bill Hosket took over briefly, and then DeBusschere. At the half, the Knicks were down by thirteen points. When they came out for the second half, they went into a 1–3–1 zone offense—this was Bradley's suggestion—to counteract the semi-zone defense the Lakers were using, with Chamberlain as the hub. Russell and DeBusschere began to hit from the perimeter. When Chamberlain came out a couple of yards, Barnett was able to drive by him and score from in close. Bradley then started to hit consistently. All this while Chamberlain had been able to do practically nothing on offense against DeBusschere, who sometimes played behind him, sometimes beside him, and occasionally in front of him to keep him from getting the ball. The other Knicks, led by Frazier, helped to harry Chamberlain, and, outhustling the Lakers, double-teamed them all over the court and pressured them into one error after another. In the fourth quarter, when Stallworth came in to replace a weary DeBusschere, the command of the game had passed to the Knicks, totally. The final score was 107–100. In the second half, the Lakers had committed nineteen turnovers. West did not make a single field goal in that half, and

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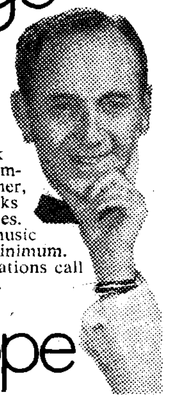

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Chamberlain scored a mere four points.

THIS winter, I went on a couple of road trips with the Knicks. During their years of glory, I had watched a good number of their games at the Garden and countless more on television, but I hadn't travelled with them, and I wanted to do this, although I recognized that my timing could well have been compared to that of some ancient classical scholar who contrived to arrive in Rome a week after Alaric and the Visigoths had hit town. The pace in the N.B.A., I discovered, had grown a shade more frantic, if anything, during the decade since I last travelled with one of the teams. For example, two days in a row a night game and a post-game flight meant that the Knicks got to their next destination at 2:30 A.M. I also was reminded that it is the rare player who is able to avoid stretches in which he carries on while nursing some minor injury like a sprained ankle or a strained muscle. The pay helps a man to put up with such things, but it is not a soft life.

My reason for taking these trips was to pick up a little more information about the personality of the Knicks, as a unit and as individuals. Like every team, they have their protocol. On the bus to the airport, for example, Holzman always takes the first seat to the right; Danny Whelan, the trainer, sits across the aisle from him; and Frank Blauschild, the assistant general manager, whose duties include those of the club's travelling secretary, sits directly behind the coach. On the plane, too, these three sit up front, though Blauschild, a merry and outgoing man, is usually in constant motion, straightening out business matters and chatting with the players spread throughout the airplane. (When the Knicks travel by charter plane, all the players take aisle seats, so they can have the room to stretch out their long legs.) Most of the members of the team relax by gabbing or by playing cards, but three—Jackson, Bradley, and Frazier—prefer to sit apart, in order to get some reading done. Jackson, a pleasant man who gets along well with people, reads books dealing with philosophy, psychology, and religion. When his basketball career is over, he would like to teach in a one-room schoolhouse, and it is difficult to think of a person who would be better at it. This winter, Bradley was reading Martin Mayer's "The Bankers" and Carl Jung's "Man and His Symbols," and was preparing to dig into

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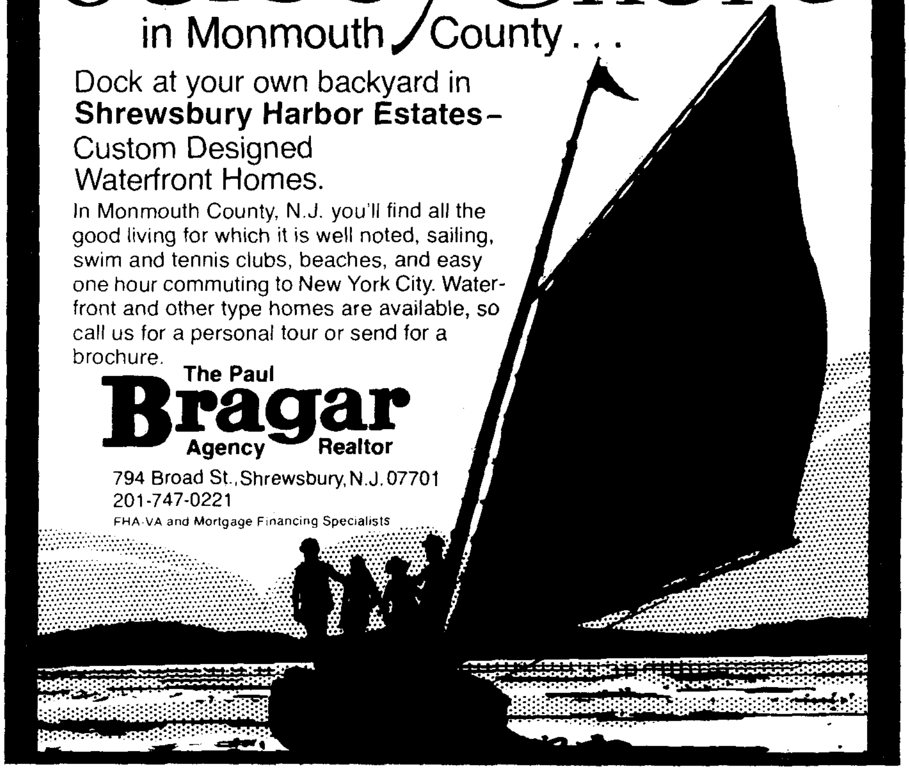

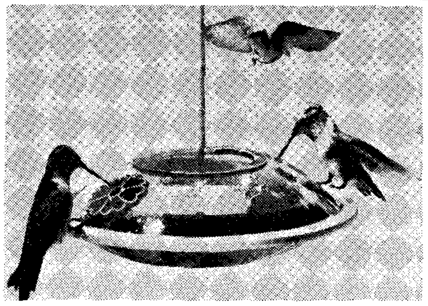

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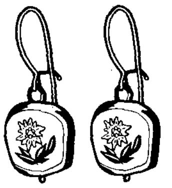

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a congressional-committee report on solar energy. He does a lot of underlining, and used to do even more. "I now underline facts mainly, not the guy's theories," he says. One of the worst dressers ever to graduate from Princeton, Bradley has improved a bit the last few years. On a trip to Atlanta, he wore a red-and-white checked shirt with no tie, rumpled green corduroy trousers, desert boots, and a beat-up sheepskin overcoat, and he looked fine as he made his way through the throngs at the airports masked with the sullen, abstracted expression he has apparently cultivated to help insure his privacy. Frazier, on the other hand, loves clothes. One of his latest inventories disclosed that he had forty-nine suits, fifty pairs of shoes, and seven overcoats, including a double-breasted black ranch mink. On the Atlanta trip, he wore a Lakoda-sealskin coat and a wide-brimmed beige calfskin hat molded ornately into a cross between a ten-gallon and a Borsalino. On another trip—up to Boston—he wore the same hat and a sheared-sealskin coat. Frazier regularly studies two books—Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" and Webster's Pocket Dictionary. When he comes across a quotation or a definition that has particular significance for him, he copies it down on a pad, the better to retain it. Holzman reads a good many books, usually nonfiction, but on trips he prefers to leaf through magazines and to chat. On a non-game night on the road, Holzman, Whelan, and Leonard Lewin (who is still as deeply absorbed in the Knicks as he was thirty years ago) gather in Blauschild's suite before dinner and over a Scotch or two watch television reruns. Holzman enjoys a special kind of trivia—seeing if he can come up with the names of bit players in old movies and old television shows. He is impressive at it. One evening when I was on hand, he correctly identified Warren Oates and Jack Elam. He is, as you would expect, the most conservative dresser on the team: gray suit, blue or gray shirt, dark-blue tie.

This was not an easy year for Holzman. The Knicks' standard of play and their record were by far the poorest they had been since he took over the team, in 1967. Just as he had refused to make a big deal about it when the Knicks were riding high, he maintained a singularly low-key manner during this long winter of frustration, in which the team lost two out of every three games over a two-month stretch. (In my view, Frazier, who—

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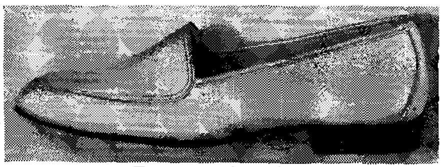

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except, perhaps, for Cowens—may be the best all-around player in the league, was the chief disappointment. As the only natural playmaker on the team, Frazier was responsible for seeing that the marginal players and the new players were brought into the flow of the game, but all too often, after his indifferent work on defense had permitted his man to score heavily, Frazier's attention became focussed too much on his own scoring and not enough on directing the traditional Knicks' style of team offense.) Holzman is not a passive, placid man by nature. He does not like defeat. However, his self-control never deserted him this season. After a game that the Knicks won, he had a few compliments to issue in a soft voice, and after a game that they lost he spoke in the same voice, never criticizing individual players but briefly mentioning some fundamental he wanted the team to work on (such as getting back more quickly on defense), for one of his precepts is "We should try to take something constructive out of each bad game we play." One night, when I asked him how he managed to maintain such restraint, he said, "Oh, I let off a little steam once in a while. But I don't see the sense of belaboring the players after we've had a poor game. The modern player feels as bad about it as the coach does. Blaming a guy for something doesn't help him to play better the next time out, and I don't see what is gained, either, by having the players think they must act dejected and morose after a defeat. We should be looking ahead and getting ready for the next game." I came to respect Holzman tremendously. I also learned a great deal from him. Nobody is going to ask me to coach a basketball team, but if that ever happened I would go about it quite differently from the way I would have before I saw how Holzman does it.

DURING the winter, I found myself thinking a lot about the nature of basketball and about what might be the wisest changes to introduce in this strange game still so manifestly stalled in its search for its best expression. Here are a few suggestions, none of them original with me, that I feel the men in authority should seriously consider:

The playing area should be larger. Under the present N.B.A. regulations, the optimum width of the court is fifty feet and the optimum length ninety-four feet. While this provides

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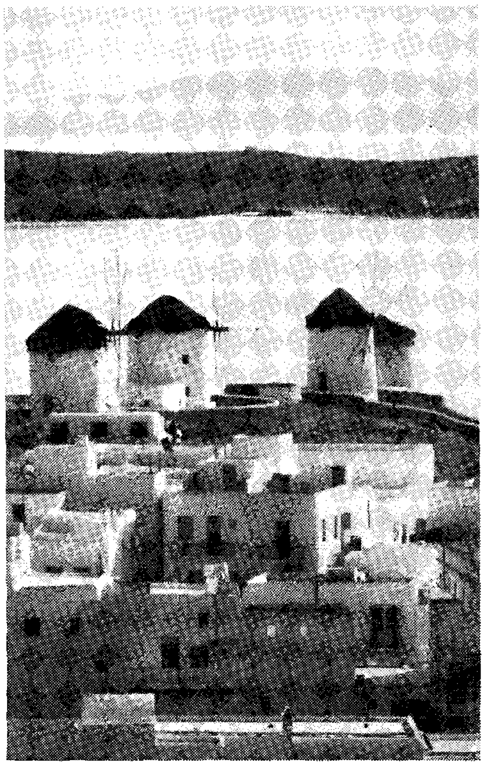

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sufficient room for ten men of average size to operate in, it amounts to very cramped quarters for the behemoths who people the modern professional game, and it kills the type of movement on which every good goal-to-goal game is based. I think that if the court were, say, twenty feet longer and twenty or twenty-five feet wider, it would put more of a premium on skillful, creative maneuvers. However, to enlarge a court would necessitate removing several hundred seats, and we all know how loath sports entrepreneurs are to do anything that reduces their take.

The official basket is eighteen inches in diameter. It is almost large enough to accommodate two basketballs, because the balls have grown smaller and are now about nine and a half inches in diameter. Simultaneously, the players have become increasingly accurate shooters. If the basket were made appreciably smaller, a far more interesting game might develop. Today, it is simply too easy to score.

Two referees are not enough for the modern professional basketball game, which, in fact, sometimes seems close to being "unofficiatable." Four referees would unquestionably be better—one man positioned at each end of the court, the two others moving up and down the sidelines. It is of the first importance for the professional game to develop a much more sensible philosophy about what constitutes an infraction and what doesn't, so that the officials' calls will become less maddeningly capricious and more clearly understood and accepted by the players and the fans. (College basketball is much easier to referee, since its rules are far more explicit. For example, they prohibit a defensive player from continuously touching his man with his hand. Also, college referees tend to call infractions more consistently. While both colleges and the N.B.A. prohibit a man dribbling the ball from using his free hand to ward off the man guarding him, in actuality N.B.A. officials call violations of this rule so infrequently that many fans do not know it exists.) At the moment, the lack of uniformity in the calls of the men who referee professional basketball, along with the showboat manner in which many of them make their calls, has weakened the fibre and the flavor of the game.

One other thing. The basketball season—and the same applies to all professional sports—should be a good deal shorter. The lilacs should not be in bud when a winter sport reaches its climax. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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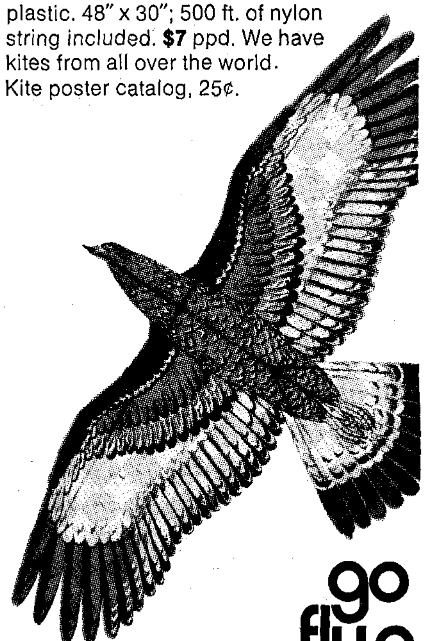

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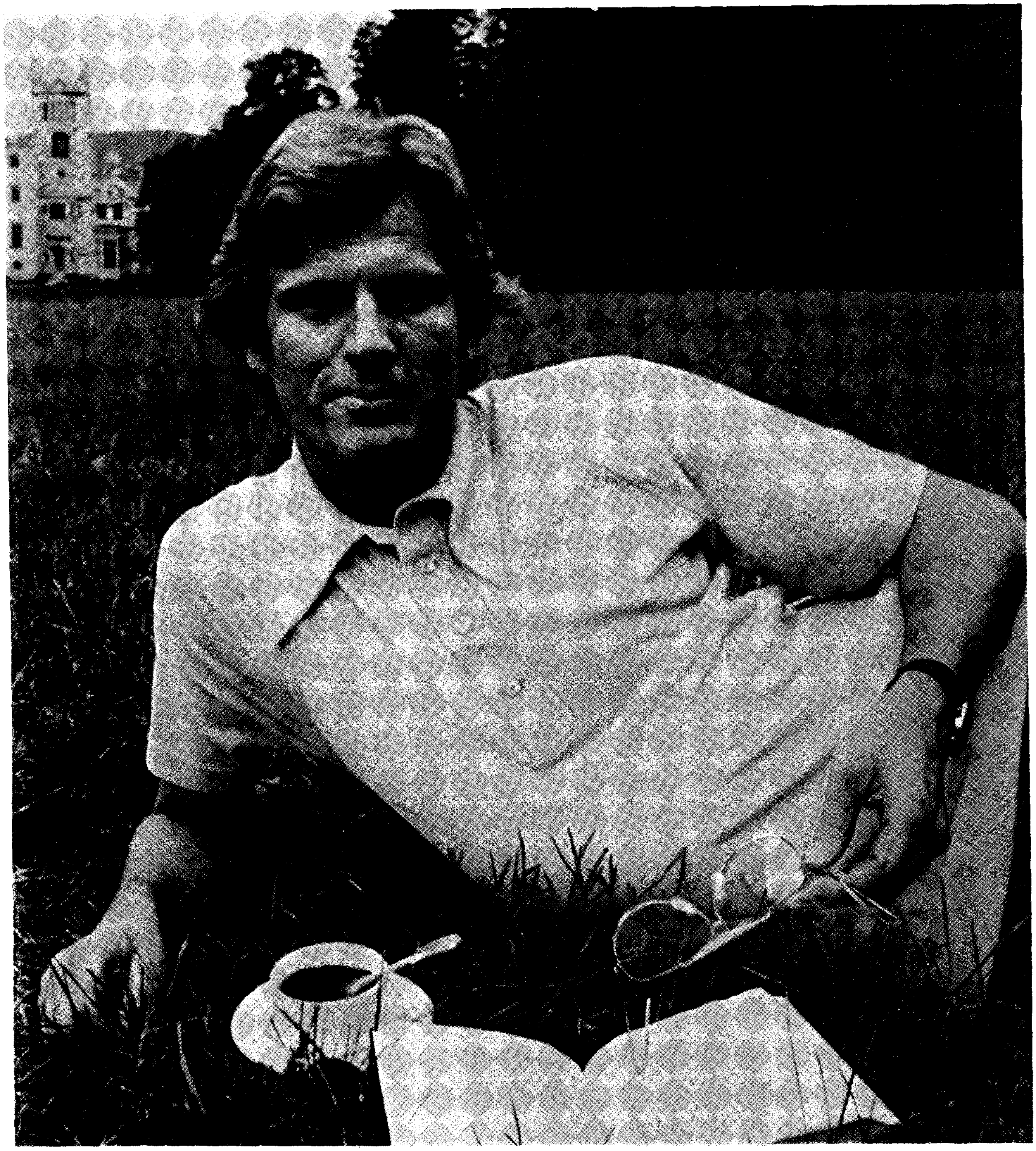

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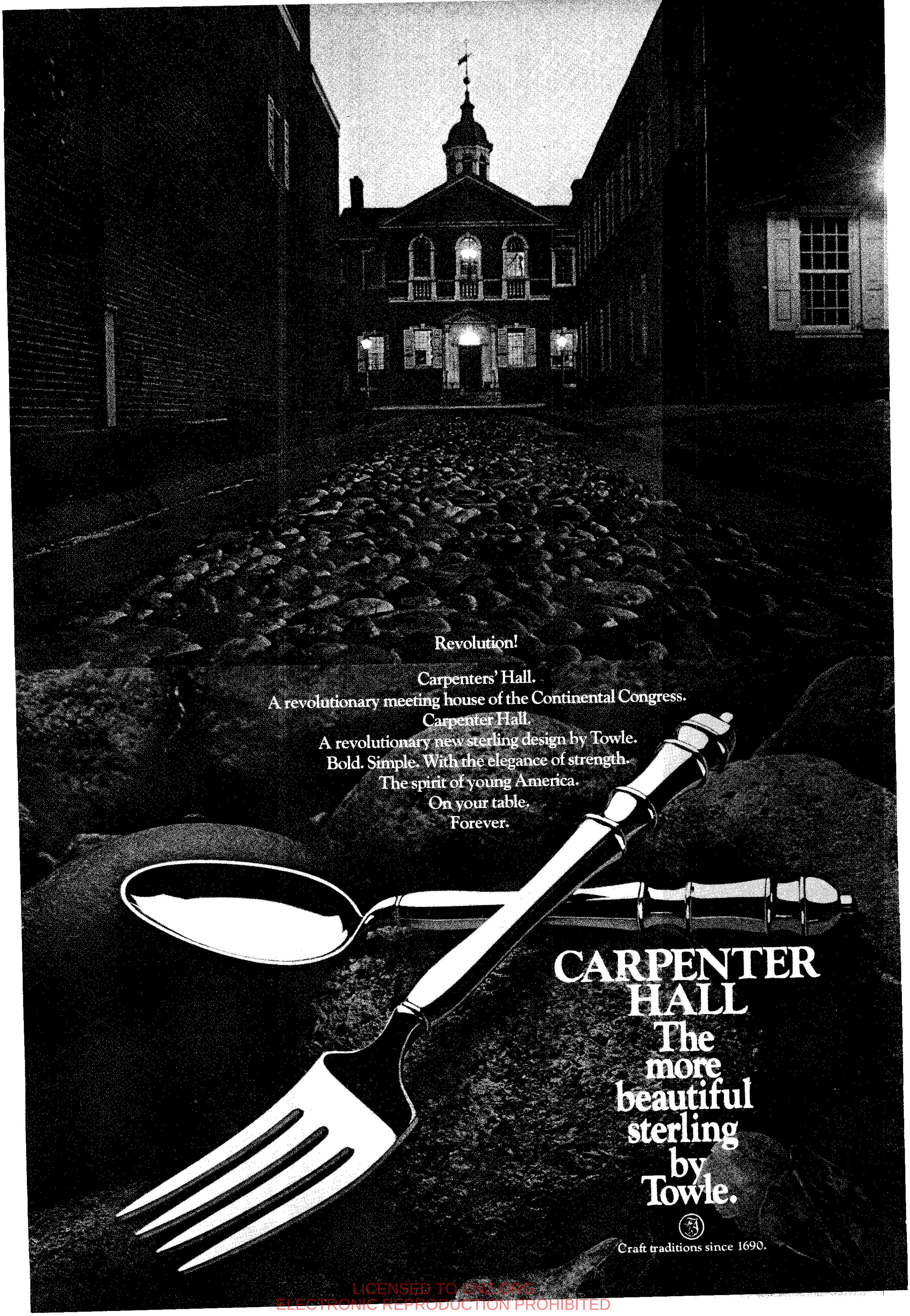

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"*Tommy*"

"IMAGINE you're the Ken Russell who made 'Tommy,' " said Aging-Fad.

"I don't want to," said Against.

"But supposing you had to."

"Why should I have to?"

"Seeing 'Tommy' would make you. It's the only way to stand it."

"There's always Ken Russell to be Ken Russell," said Against, clinging to lucidity as if it were a lamppost in a hurricane. "In any case, why should I *have* to see 'Tommy'?"

"That's where it's at."

"What? No antecedent for 'it.' "

"What's 'antecedent'?"

"The thing before—the thing that gives cause."

"Ken Russell doesn't care, like, about the thing before. He's no history nut."

"No," said Against, in distress, remembering Mr. Russell's Tchaikovsky film ("The Music Lovers") and Mr. Russell's Gaudier-Brzeska film ("Savage Messiah") and Mr. Russell's film of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun" ("The Devils"). "Though he used to have a sense of the past," Against went on, remembering Mr. Russell's D. H. Lawrence film ("Women in Love") and his BBC biographies of Elgar and Delius and Isadora Duncan. "He doesn't seem the person he used to be."

"In 'Tommy' he's a different man, man. You gotta see it. You know why? Because everyone under seventeen's going to be talking about it."

"As the movie doesn't talk, I doubt if anyone who likes it will be *talking* about it. Not talking as we used to know it. You remember?"

"No, why should I remember? I just keep up with things. And sure 'Tommy' talks. It has words that are sung."

"It doesn't talk, it yells, and it yells nonsense."

"You mean you've heard it?" said Aging-Fad. "Wasn't that film a jab in the arm, man? Didn't it make you feel like a kid again?"

"No."

"Didn't it make you feel like you'd been to one of those Swiss clinics, man? 'Tommy' is worth thousands of bucks' worth of injections of whatever it is."

"Sheep hormones?"

"Something. You mean you weren't into what The Who were saying?"

"Bawling."

"I mean the message about the hero. About how Tommy is struck deaf, dumb, and blind because he's seen his stepfather murder his father and make love to his mother. That was Oedipal in spades."

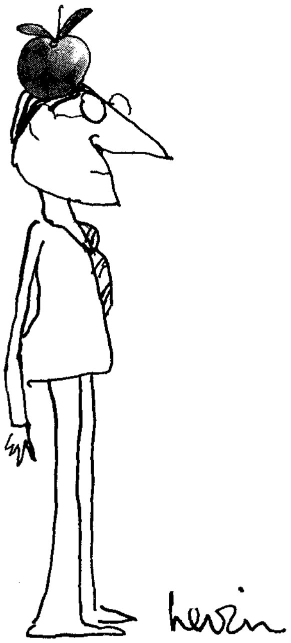
"Everything in 'Tommy' was in spades."

"You mean you didn't think the shocks were terrific? The pints of blood? The open scars? The worship of a jazzed-up shopwindow dummy of Marilyn Monroe? Man, did I love that Lourdes scene, when St. Marilyn heals the crippled! And what about the parody of TV commercials when the lady in white ermine rolls in beans and what looks like chocolate syrup? You don't call that a discerning piece of anti-capitalism? And that whole satiric thing about Tommy's being the pinball champ of the world, and saving blasé people by getting them to feel?"

"Satiric? When being champ makes Tommy the saviour of the world, and when the film's whole idea of restoring audiences' sensibility is to give them an addictive painkiller? 'Tommy' does exactly what it pretends to criticize. It seems to be parodying commercials and modishness, but the film itself is a commercial to try to keep alive the modishness of The Who. It seems to be parodying belief in pop stars, but it's actually asking you to believe enough in The Who and Ken Russell to break box-office records. That's not a criticism of false idols, it's a paroxysmally sincere ad for idolatry."

"You weren't into the energy?" said Aging-Fad.

"It wasn't energy, it was delirium. The nightmare of the shrinking brain-pan."



"You weren't into the fun?"

"It was grim."

"You weren't into the satire of religion?"

"*What?* 'Tommy' is stuffed with quite unironic images of benedictions and crucifixions in the name of show business. It illustrates the suffering of being adored. 'Tommy' is extravagantly religious about show biz. Or about itself, because they're the same thing."

"That's what's so great about 'Tommy.' It's not afraid to be extravagant," said Aging-Fad.

"You think that's good?" said Against.

"You don't get it. Ken Russell's extravagance suits 'Tommy,' because 'Tommy' is a searing attack on extravagance."

"That's a nearly perfect fallacy in logic."

"Huh?" Aging-Fad looked bored. "You mean you didn't appreciate Ann-Margret's flinging herself about as Tommy's mother?"

"I appreciate her very much when she doesn't fling herself about."

"You didn't get the subtlety of Pete Townshend's words and music, expanded by him from his rock-opera masterpiece and including two of the original numbers by John Entwistle and the original one by Keith Moon, who are, er, from The Who? Like Townshend. And the original one by Sonny Boy Williamson, who isn't a Who? Oh, 1969! The year of the 'Tommy' album! The album that Ken Russell has called 'the greatest work of art the twentieth century has produced'!"

"You see what I mean about extrav-

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agance. Picasso, Joyce, here are your hats."

"You really didn't get the subtlety?"

"What's subtle about a ton of cement being dropped on your head?"

"You're just not into 'Tommy,' that's all. You're not into having fun with media hypes."

" 'Tommy' itself is a media hype."

"You couldn't let the music wash over you?"

" 'Tommy' is deeply unmusical. The only way to stick it is to sit upright in the non-pot-smoking section—not leaning back, because the quintaphonic speaker system would burst your eardrums from behind as the sound comes out of the back exits, and not sitting forward, because the picture bangs images at your nose like a four-year-old jumping out at you from behind a curtain. 'Tommy' is peekaboo for thugs. 'Tommy' builds a world of thick-tongued amnesiacs looking for a wonder drug to perpetuate what I heard one of the audience calling his kidhood."

"Well, describe the film's great psychedelic effect. Describe the good time Ken Russell has with those comic-strip scenes of people maimed and killed in the Second World War. Describe the criticism of Western civilization in the salvation scenes. They made me want to take one step forward for Jesus. But a new sort of Jesus. More hip than the oldie, right? I mean the scenes about Tommy being the Messiah because he's a champ, and the scenes when people come to St. Marilyn in wheelchairs and get cured. Tommy and St. Marilyn perform miracles because they are images of success, and success makes people feel less jaded. So does the magnificent decibel count, of course. Make everyone feel less jaded," said Aging-Fad.

"You win," said Against. "You've described the unspeakable, just as 'Tommy' manages to embody a greedy epoch of no grace."

TO go on about the unspeakable, there is Otto Preminger's "Rosebud," which is stocked with actors who speak English very carefully and very oddly, as though they were dolphins of high degree who had learned the language by gramophone record. The story, adapted by Erik Lee Preminger (Otto's son) from a best-seller by Joan Hemingway (Ernest's granddaughter) and Paul Bonnecarrère, is about an English hero—played by Peter O'Toole—who works for the C.I.A. (Hero!) Using a job in the Paris bureau of *Newsweek* as a cover, he is assigned to track down the hijacking by Palestinian terrorists of a luxury yacht called Rosebud, which has five beautiful teen-agers aboard, four of them heirs to wealth or power, or both. So the villain is not the C.I.A. Nor is it the cancerous practice of bequests. Nor is it willingness to yield to blackmail by terrorism. The only obvious bad guy is Richard Attenborough. He plays a mad Englishman named Sloat who has been converted to manic pro-Islamism and to the project of eliminating the State of Israel. Sloat is the leader of the Black September Palestinian terrorist group. The character he plays is so demonic that Attenborough may be in danger of losing his C.B.E. As you see, it is difficult to tell where the film's loyalties are. It is bravely anti-nut, but otherwise its feet stand everywhere. The screenplay is a jerky mechanism that will bog down for ages in a swamp of non-narrative exposition and then race through plot at a hundred miles an hour. In spite of its taste for exegesis, it leaves some things mysteriously unexplained. For instance, there is a heavily planted but never resolved discrepancy between two of the kidnapped girls' memories about the kind of shower that a secret hideout had. Less inscrutable things are gone into at painstaking length. About half an hour before the film thinks we have noticed, a terrific plot point is made about unpressurized planes' effect on the ears, which gives away the location of the kidnapped; when revelation of that comes, we are thus not as amazed as we might be. And much homage is paid to modern technology There is a set-piece scene about a particle of rock that the hero, heavily disguised to get to Sloat, has managed to hide in a wig. After the mission the fragment is diagnosed in a magic twinkling by a geologist as meaning that the loopy Sloat operates in southern Lebanon.

The five kidnapped girls seem variously inane. In this they are like everyone else in the cast, because of the script and the wild dialogue-coaching "Amory," spoken by an exegetica Palestinian terrorist at reckless speed defeats one for a while. The word turns out to be "armory." The girl are hidden in a cellar ventilated by ai that comes, says the exegeticist, "down four shufts" (shafts). Adrienne Corri playing the mother of an English deb (Lalla Ward), takes part in one o the most difficult colloquies in world cinema. She has to say questioningly in a gardening manner, that "Rose bud" seems such a strange name for a yacht. "Something to do with a film, I think," says Lalla Ward gamely. Miss Corri, equally game, doesn't bat an eyelid. Everyone in the film is game, in fact, including John Lindsay, New York's ex-mayor, as the father of one of the kidnapped girls. Unfair to expect a nonprofessional, however naturally blithe, to cope with a script that defeats even an actor as accomplished as Peter O'Toole. O'Toole sinks his teeth into a ham sandwich to draw attention away from a noticeably tacky patch in the text when he turns the tables on a rich and worried man (Claude Dauphin) who has a beloved granddaughter on the hijacked Rosebud. Peter Lawford plays a British peer with a daughter on board. He says casually that he's used to this sort of thing, "because I was a lieutenant governor in Kenya during the Mau-Mau business," and that "I'll see the Prime Minister as soon as I get home"—from Paris, it seems almost sure, though locations are never as accurately pinpointed in the film as the wicked Sloat's secret hideout is with the help of the particle of rock. Maybe Sloat had his genesis in T. E. Lawrence. There are moments in the muddleheaded screenplay when you wonder if it derives from some non-English-speaking effort to transcribe he now rained-on, tea-stained, almost llegible manuscript pages of the part of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" that Lawrence lost on a train. The film dwells raptly on some things, but not on ideas or on the density of loyalties involved for wealthy, politically powrful, privately loving men in acceding to blackmail. (The men include one American father, one English, and one West German, and there is one French Jewish grandfather, plus the oorish Greek father of the French granddaughter's best friend; the Greek ather is played by the Italian Raf Vallone, who is usually intelligible in English, but not here.) Nor does the film give much thought to the sombre mmorality of the man it sees as the ero, played by a handsome Peter O'Toole who sucks in his cheeks like a model passing a mirror. Instead, it dmiringly portrays him as an irresistibly brave and energetic secret agent retending to be a lax English thorughbred, so his real cover seems to be case of lounge-lizardry rather than ournalism for *Newsweek*. An earer piece of Palestinian hijacking that he hero foiled as a mercenary for he West Germans is chatted about with a crony in West Berlin as their

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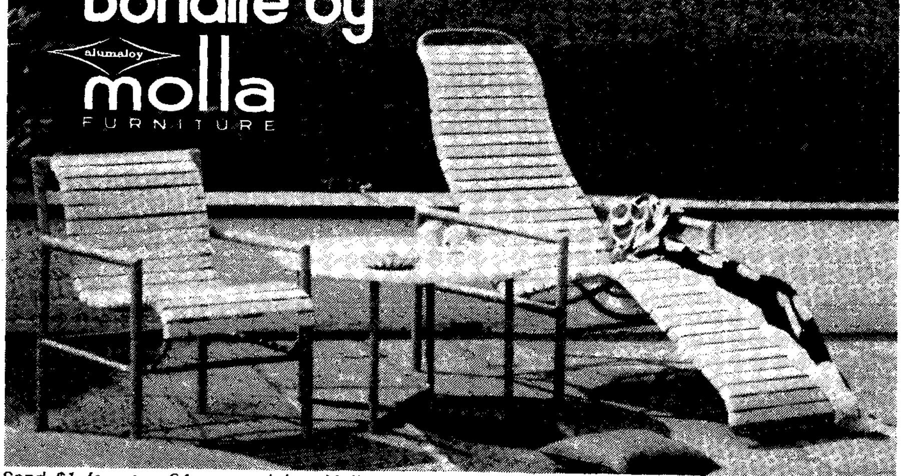

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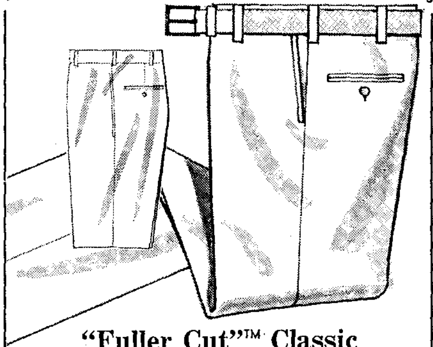

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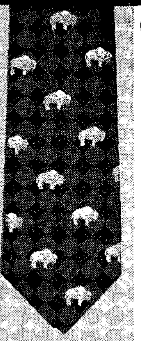

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"caper." This is the trivial way the film sees the C.I.A.'s work, when it can drag its eyes from the chunks of explanation about technological details of hideout planning, murder-weapon making, photograph smuggling, and tracking down a remote cave by computer. It would have taken Hitchcock, perhaps, to make such explanations sufficiently preposterous to divert our attention from the film's missing moral comprehension of the story. The enormous ethical questions raised are tempestuously ignored in the tantrums of narrative minutiae. "Rosebud" has hubris, from its title onward, though Preminger hasn't, and though his films have often been muscularly intelligent. There is much hope for his next. But even if confusion is all that could occur at the moment in a commercial feature about the Middle East, the movie's disorder and vainglory are particularly painful in these weeks of further crisis for Israel and of King Faisal's assassination.

"AND NOW MY LOVE," directed by Claude Lelouch from a story and screenplay collaborated on by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven, is about a man and a woman. You will remember that Lelouch made a film called "A Man and a Woman," which had in it a rhapsodic sequence with *a dog running about alone on the sand at low tide.* In the new film, the man (André Dussollier, the sociologist in Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me") is an ex-jailbird turned filmmaker. He was imprisoned for petty larceny. Then he took to making pornographic movies. More prison. Then success with commercials. But he feels there is more to filmmaking than selling booze and detergents. A camera holds life, love, death, he tells us. He decides to ditch the detergent campaigns and to make a film holding life, love, death. What shall it be about? The future? Pollution? He prowls through a lab but feels uninspired. He can't work without inspiration. He goes away to think. He wanders on a beach. *A dog runs about alone on the sand at low tide.* Inspiration strikes. French cinema is full of *cinéaste hommages,* and in "And Now My Love" Lelouch pays an unusual *hommage* to himself. I don't suppose he meant to be arrogant. There are plenty of signs elsewhere that he is a fond, delicate man with a considerable sense of the humorous when he is inventing details of character. But in "And Now My Love" he seems to have thrown away his head.

The film is a love story in which the

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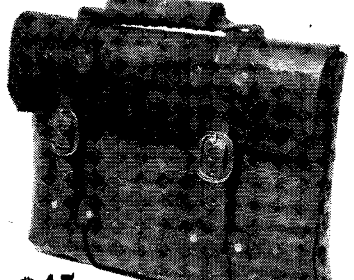

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two lovers are fated to meet in the last three minutes. Determinism conquers all. The man had a very early passion for Gilbert Bécaud. We see him asking a record-shop saleswoman whether he can have a Bécaud record cheap, because it's his birthday. The girl (Marthe Keller), daughter of a widowed rich man played by Charles Denner (who preserves intact the air of distant, eager idiosyncrasy he had as the rat exterminator in "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"), also has a passion for Bécaud, and the Denner character gets Bécaud to sing for her sixteenth birthday. The film's device is to crosscut all the time so as to underline such passing similarities between the man and the girl in their heavily different situations. The poverty-stricken, alert hero is working his way up the ladder of filmmaking between bouts of jail; meanwhile, the rich, becalmed heroine is not listening to her father talk about Israel, their Jewishness, or what to do with her life. She is bored by Rome, bored by a vulnerable lesbian girl friend, bored by the idea of a future in which she can't have Bécaud. All the riches in the world don't catch her interest. We see her bored by giraffes and elephants on safari in Africa, in contrast to the hero chopping scraggy chicken with an older prisoner and fascinated by the lore to be gained even from that. One of the film's genuine creations is the character of the older jailbird and fellow chicken-chopper (Charles Gérard), who becomes the hero's partner in filmmaking. This protean convict is devoted to, among other things, the study of the hen temperament. In prison, wheeling around trolleys of bony pieces of chicken, he advises his friends in a soft voice to take the right-hand drumsticks, because they are more tender; hens sleep on their left side, he says, and that toughens the meat. Out of prison, he runs a restaurant for a while and goes about taking orders for chicken with a live fowl sitting on his left shoulder. He talks to it as if it were a slightly dim dog, telling it to peck bits of food out of his mouth. He wants to fatten it up, you feel: to give it a decent life that will be exempt from the prison horrors he has seen suffered by scrawnier poultry. This is a typical Lelouch fancy, for in reality such a hen-lover would surely have been a vegetarian, but the character also has a certain unquenchability that is one of the true ingredients of charm.

The film even neatly crosscuts between parallel conversations about

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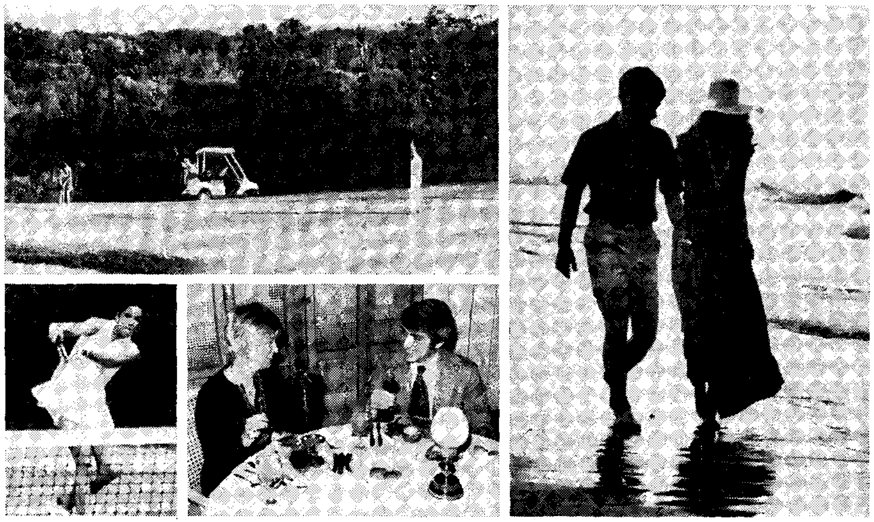

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America. The older jailbird talks eagerly of a country composed of millions of crooks, and mourns what he regards as the diminution of the Mafia spirit now that power has passed from the original immigrants to their sons and grandsons; the rich girl's father, a capitalist with maverick radical notions, speaks with the same wonder about the marvels of the American system, and also talks, less winsomely than the jailbird, of the attrition caused by easy inheritance, which can give a man of frontier spirit a descendant of bilious staleness. And then the lovers' fortunes begin to seesaw. Now the poor man is on the way up, and the rich girl, recalling her father's words about the evils of inherited wealth as soon as he dies, becomes a convert to Socialism and gives away her bequeathed industrial fortune to his thousands of employees. America draws them both: he to work, she because she is bored. We see the New York-bound Air France plane. They can't meet, though, you think. They'll be travelling in different classes. He'll be going first class, because he's made it in show business, and she'll be going economy, because she's turned into a Socialist and she's wearing a simple mackintosh. She even left her posh current chap at the door of her richly decorated house with orders to sell it, though this doesn't stop her from going to the airport in her own chauffeur-driven frigate of a car. But this is a Lelouch film, intact in its simplicity and simplemindedness, and in its moments of confected heart: no problem of plane class is going to prevent the two from meeting, and the first encounter will seal everything. Differences between them in their views of life, of money, and of the way to act in future circumstances will be submerged in their shared love of Bécaud. They check in, one behind the other. Both first class. Each with one suitcase: his black, hers white, otherwise identical. The suitcases are shown alone on the airport's freight-conveyor belt, travelling side by side, not yet introduced, in a held symbolic shot that is the first extended study of luggage I have seen. On the plane, the man and the woman find themselves put in next-door seats by an air hostess. Of course. They talk. And in the next symbolic shot of their suitcases on a conveyor belt the black suitcase is on top of the white one. The changes made in the war for sexual egalitarianism rope in a lot of startling things, including imagery: I've never before seen a *man* in love summed up as a piece of baggage.

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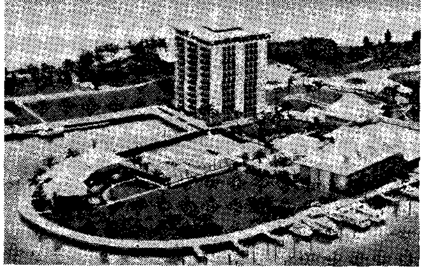

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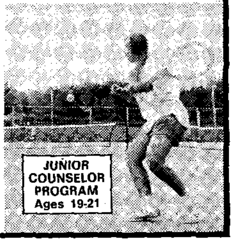

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Duo

ELLIOTT CARTER's latest composition, a Duo for Violin and Piano, commissioned by the Library of Congress, was given its first performance at the Philharmonic's Prospective Encounters concert, in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, on March 21st. The players were Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. The Duo lasts a little under twenty minutes and is written as a single, unbroken span of music. Like Carter's previous work, the Brass Quintet, it is a new development of his ideas about "musics" that proceed simultaneously but not synchronously. In three string quartets these ideas were explored, refined, and elaborated. The two later chamber pieces are not simply, or even complicatedly, just more of the same thing, for each takes a specific color and a distinct character from the nature of the instruments concerned in it. The Quintet is inspired by the kinds of sound and musical motion inherent in and traditionally appropriate to ensemble and solo brass; the Duo springs from contemplation of a fundamental contrast in the sound-producing methods of the violin and of the piano. A note played on the violin is a living thing, and dependent for each moment of its life on the muscles of the player; volume, pitch, tone, and intensity can be controlled by the will and the techniques of the interpreter. But the note from a piano string, once struck, can only die away into silence or be cut short by the fall of the damper—unless the string's vibrations are reactivated by a second stroke from the hammer, or sympathetically stirred by the sounding of other strings with which it shares harmonies. (Which is true, of course, only when the piano is played in the usual way, from the keyboard. Once the pianist reaches into the body of his instrument to stroke or harp directly on its strings all sorts of other effects become possible. But such devices are not employed in Carter's Duo.) That sounds obvious enough. One of the things that make Carter's music substantial and, even at its most intricate, accessible is its foundation on such simple musical "truths," on obvious, fundamental taken-for-granted things that he has not taken for granted but considered anew with his alert, questioning musical intelligence. The violin recitative that opens the Duo is like an exposition of the instrument, a demonstration of its abilities string by string: first, a D long sustained; then G and D, and other intervals between the two lowest strings, shaped as a motif; next, the A string brought into play while the motif grows and flowers; and then the E string drawn into the discourse as well. For a hundred measures the long recitative continues, a passionate utterance mounting in intensity, reaching higher and higher, leaping boldly, suddenly whispering, sighing, shouting, breaking off as if for breath, resuming fortissimo with an attack across all four strings, coming to rest at last on concords—a fifth, and then a major third, long sustained, on G and B. The metre is a regular 4/4 but its beats are a springboard from which the player projects free, exuberant rhythmic patterns. It is as if the Duo began with an accompanied cadenza—a cadenza not gathering up but introducing the basic material of the work.

The accompaniment is unemphatic—a background of shifting, lapped chords from the piano, hazed over by the sustaining pedal. These chords are sometimes struck at once and sometimes built up note after note. Chosen parts of a chord are often kept sounding—the player's fingers hold the notes down—while the dampers are gently lowered to quench the other parts; then new elements can be added to the attenuated chords that remain. Notes depressed silently quiver into faint life as they pick up sympathetic vibrations. And thus the violin's brave song is heard in company with a dreamy drift of resonances. The note G is recurrent, not as home base in the old diatonic sense but at any rate as an identifiable fixed point, emergent from time to time and catching the ear as a rock, intermittently revealed by a swirl of waters, may catch an eye that contemplates the moving patterns of a sea- or riverscape. G is the fundamental note of the violin; its tuning leaps by fifths from that note—another "truth" that every schoolboy knows, and it may underlie the role of G in the Duo; the natural chordmaking propensities of the violin strings may have prompted the use of the traditional consonances—fifths, fourths, thirds, sixths, and tenths—far more frequently than in Carter's other works. The last notes of the Duo are three G's, sounded together with the F-sharp below; in the penultimate measure, a long trill on F-sharp and G has urged the listener to interpret them as leading note and tonic. But before that final point is reached there are many adventures.

About fifteen measures before the violin's opening recitative has run its course, the accompaniment grows restive, as if eager for an active rather than a contemplative role; and while the violinist holds his G and B, the pianist breaks out into lines of busy counterpoint. A later episode is a *scorrevole* scherzo. Another is a flight of high harmonics, in double-stops from the violin, over piano pedal notes and pedal chords that recall the opening but allude more insistently to familiar triads. One brief interlude is as punchily laconic as a late-Beethoven bagatelle. Finally, the violin again plays a long, singing recitative, but this time the piano accompaniment is *secco*, and its short chords grow more and more infrequent until the violin is left to sing the last five measures solo.

The two players were stationed far from one another, at opposite ends of the platform. Each has his own kinds of music to play. No more than a flowing river and the wind-stirred forest on its bank do they share or exchange identities—but the beholder perceives both at once, and also broken reflections of trees in the water and rippled light cast upward on the boughs, and he makes of it all a single "picture." Analogies from the natural world cannot be pressed, but that they come to mind at all is perhaps a measure of the richness in Carter's music. On paper, it may look formidably cerebral, calculated to the nicest subdivision of a sixteenth-note septuplet; in performance it is warming, inspiring. Starting from home truths, the composer invites us to follow him on flights of the most daring fancy. The density of his incidents can be daunting. Both his performers and his listeners find their abilities tested to the utmost. At first, they may have to take some of his utterances on trust; later, when understanding comes with familiarity, he proves to have been a guide and seer in whom confidence was not misplaced.

At the concert, a double encounter was possible, for the Duo was done twice. Mr. Kalish's playing seemed to be ideal. Mr. Zukofsky's was not quite that, for there are melodies in the work

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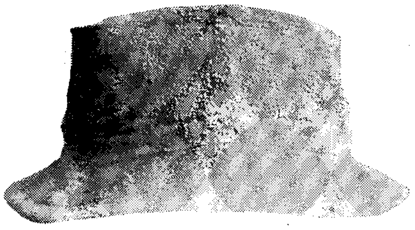

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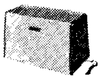

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that cry for the warm, emotional tones of a Kreisler, and his tone tended to be thin and keen. Moreover, his observance of time values was not always precise, especially in the final page, where long notes were shortened beyond any point that the composer's instruction to "play somewhat freely" might sanction. (I own that without a score I would not have noticed this; but since Carter is a composer who takes pains to write exactly what he means, it is always worth doing just what he asks.)

ANOTHER world première was billed for the occasion, Lucia Dlugoszewski's "Abyss and Caress." But Pierre Boulez announced that, since this had turned out to be a far longer score than he expected, he had decided to postpone its performance and devote the ensemble-rehearsal time available to the other large work on the bill, Peter Lieberson's Cello Concerto—to give one orchestral piece well prepared rather than two badly. So in place of the Dlugoszewski, two chamber compositions were done: Webern's Quartet for Violin, Clarinet, Tenor Saxophone, and Piano, and Berg's Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano (exquisitely, memorably played by Stanley Drucker and Paul Jacobs). Of the Lieberson Concerto, however, the ensemble then gave a performance so inaccurate that during the final discussion, which is a feature of Prospective Encounters, the composer was moved to tell a questioner that it was not worth talking about his work until it had been properly heard. (Again, I had a score, and so could see and hear what Mr. Lieberson meant.) The Concerto is formidably difficult to play, metrically pernickety beyond the point, surely, of artistic necessity. Even when I heard it more accurately and persuasively executed (last November, with Fred Sherry, for whom it was written, as soloist, and the Group for Contemporary Music under the composer) it seemed to me rather scrappy both in sound and in structure, a work of lively, interesting ideas—three different trios clustered round the soloist, each reflecting an aspect of his protean character—not yet given a convincing and apprehensible form.

One last word. Although the Great Hall is in many ways an apt setting for such concerts, it has a voice of its own. A low, steady hum—perhaps from the air-conditioning—added its faint but disturbing pedal point to very quiet passages.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

After the Flood

I RECEIVE my copy of "Blood on the Tracks" (Columbia PC 33235) on a day when I've been worrying more than usual about the economic crisis. I put it on the turntable and start reading Pete Hamill's liner notes, a florid rave that pushes all the old Dylan-myth buttons. Its implicit message is that if we don't consider "Blood on the Tracks" the divine poet's most glorious masterpiece yet, we are certainly creeps and possibly C.I.A. agents. Something is happening here. For years, Dylan has been trying to bury the successor-to-Blake-Rimbaud-Yeats stuff. Why is he letting Hamill revive it now? What is Dylan saying about his relation to his past? The songs themselves prompt the same questions. I hear simple major-key melodies, a Dave Van Ronkish guitar, inimitable harmonica and organ passages, Biblical images, blasts of anger, flashes of humor, on-the-road restlessness. One side of the record is dominated by a tale of romance, robbery, and murder called "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts;" its lyrics belong on "John Wesley Harding," its sound on "Highway 61 Revisited." The other side has "Idiot Wind," which sounds—at first—like a classic Dylan hate song: "One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes. . . . You're an idiot, babe, it's a wonder that you still know how to breathe." Yet it's clear that this album is not just a seductive throwback. A new kind of naked grief—the inverse of the joy on "Planet Waves"—haunts the quiet, ethereal beauty of songs like "If You See Her, Say Hello" and "Simple Twist of Fate;" demolishes the sarcasm of lines like "You're a big girl now;" blows through the rage of "Idiot Wind" ("I'll never know . . . your holiness or your kind of love, And it makes me feel so sorry. . . . We are idiots, babe"). Dylan sings in half a dozen different voices, all of them familiar but not quite placeable. From one phrase to the next, they evoke all his periods, all his changes. What unifies them is pain.

You could say that "Blood on the Tracks" is about Bob Dylan's estrangement—physical or spiritual, literal or symbolic, permanent or temporary—from a woman, or from woman. I would say that it's pretty obviously about his own marital troubles, except that, as is usual with Dylan, the publicity has been confusing. Have Bob and Sara broken up? Are they back togeth-

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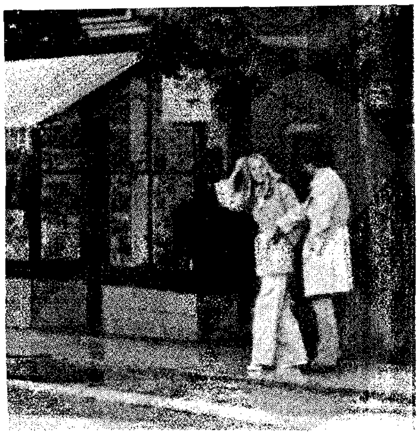

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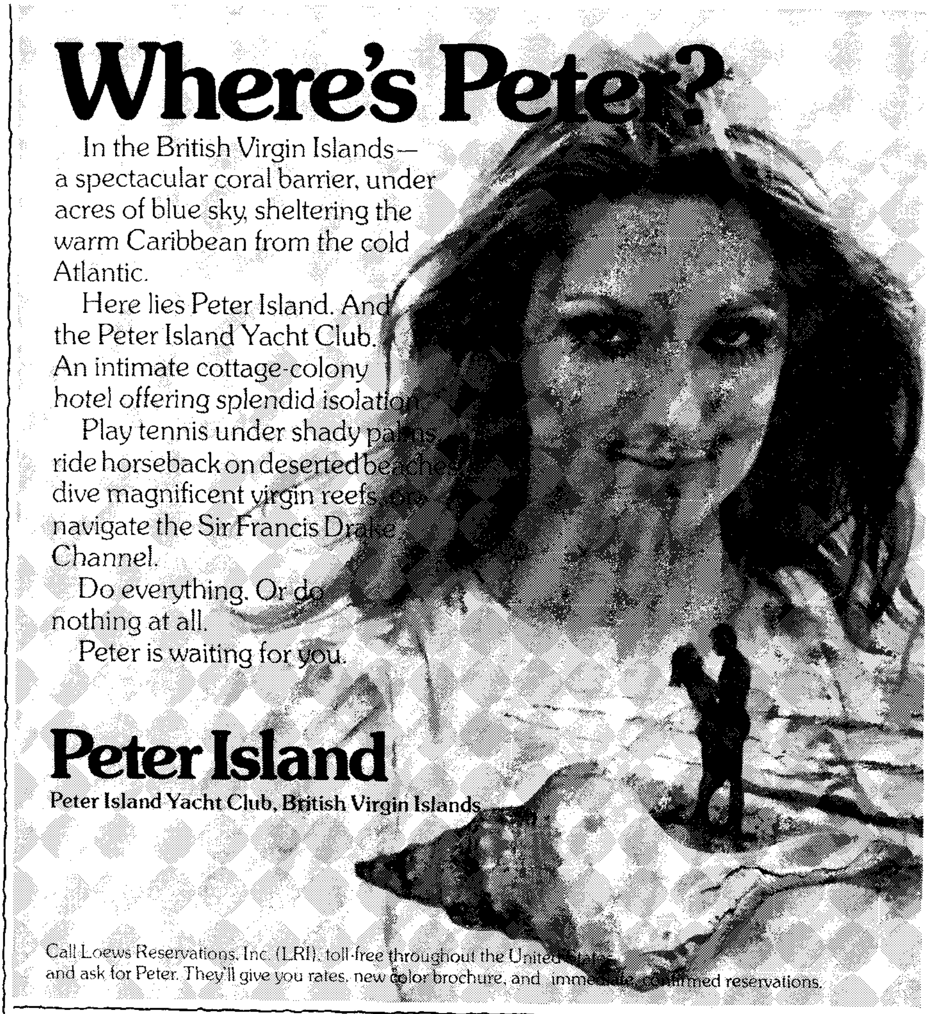
er? The facts aren't really important; what matters is that on this record the relationship between Dylan's self and his persona seems richer, scarier, and more intense than it has in years. The role I take him to be playing—and my sense of it has as much to do with his former happy-husband posture as with his present agonies—is embarrassingly ordinary; it comes from a stock post-feminist drama that appears to be settling in for a long run. A man is married to a woman who has made him a home, in every sense of the word. He assumes that she is as content as he is. Suddenly, she declares that their marriage is intolerable. She reveals needs, expectations, bitter resentments that he never suspected; makes demands that he doesn't know how to meet. He reacts with love and hate, guilt and self-pity, fear and despair. He is angry that she has disrupted not only his comfort but his sense of reality, that she is not what she represented herself to be; and at the same time he is deeply wounded that she has guarded her secret self from him. Eventually, the marriage ends or survives, and he learns something about himself and women or doesn't. In assuming this role, Dylan risks seeming pathetic, even ridiculous. Instead, he makes us see in his dilemma our own unreasonable yearnings, punctured illusions, furious defenses, painful accommodations.

The song that says it best is "Shelter from the Storm." Dylan is adrift in the terrifying, chaotic world of his early prophetic poems: "Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount, But nothing really matters much; it's doom alone that counts." At the end of each verse, respite seems to beckon: " 'Come in,' she said, 'I'll give you shelter from the storm.' " But he finds out that nothing is as it seems. His apocalyptic vocabulary abruptly gives way to language that is flat, stark, as if it represented unadorned *reality* emerging from fantasy and confusion: "I took too much for granted. I got my signals crossed." The refrain begins to sound more and more sinister: is it an invitation to safety or to destruction? In the end, Dylan howls, "I bargained for salvation and she gimme a lethal dose." But it is really his own past and present illusions that he is trashing, the quest for easy answers, for political and psychedelic and domestic utopias. In a sense, "Shelter from the Storm" is a "My Back Pages" for the seventies, and the album as a whole a statement about learning old lessons in new ways. Dylan is miserable not only because he



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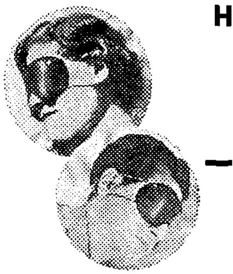

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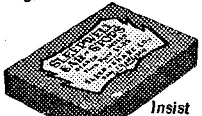

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has lost his woman but because he has been forced to admit that what he thought was his innocence was only his ignorance. Even if he is reconciled with his lover, or finds a new one, certain kinds of thoughtless, pleasurable assumptions are no longer possible for him. He knows too much, knows that there is no shelter from the storm anywhere—there is only life. In the last verse of the last song on side two, he concludes, with just the faintest touch of self-mockery, "Life is sad, life is a bust. All ya can do is do what you must."

Still, it would be wrong to call "Blood on the Tracks" a pessimistic album. For all their failures, Dylan's happy-husband years taught him something precious: vulnerability. He is able, in a way he rarely was before, to express love, hurt, need without hiding behind a protective irony. And that ability has enabled him to integrate the "old" and "new" Dylans, the sixties and the seventies—an accomplishment that poses a challenge to all of us. As Dylan puts it in "You're a Big Girl Now," "I can change, I swear. Oh, see what you can do."

—ELLEN WILLIS

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—*Austin* (*Tex.*) *American-Statesman.*

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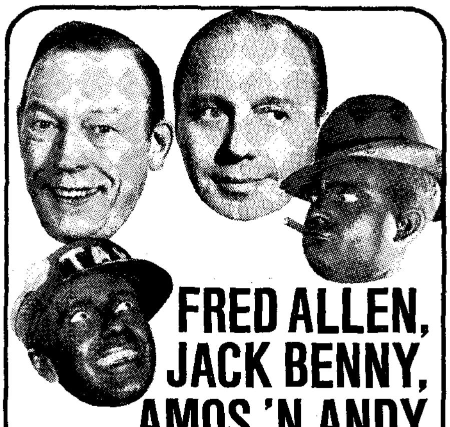

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BOOKS

To Reason Why

"Too Proud to Fight: Woodrow Wilson's Neutrality," by Patrick Devlin (Oxford), is a work of exceptional historical and biographical understanding—a thorough, and thoroughly absorbing, study that explains how, after Wilson had dedicated himself to keeping the United States out of the First World War, he became convinced that this country had to fight, and to fight Germany. Lord Devlin believes that Wilson decided this not only for himself but for the American people, who wanted their minds made up: they wished passionately to stay out of the war, and they were often as angry at the British as at the Germans, yet by the spring of 1917, Lord Devlin says, they felt "that Germany was a menace to America."

With shrewdness, concision, and a fine sense of the American past, Lord Devlin displays Wilson's personality, showing us who and what influenced Wilson, how he led, how he responded to opposition, and how, as a new President, he conducted foreign policy (in respect to Mexico, badly). The book details America's public foreign policy and Wilson's private diplomacy, conducted by his confidant, Colonel House, after the onset of the war in Europe. It discusses how the military and diplomatic policies of the warring powers affected the United States. The book is historical criticism of the best kind: accurate description. It is, besides, a complicated and tragic narrative of politics, diplomacy, and war. The events that ended our tradition of isolation today appear the work of inescapable destiny. One of the author's achievements is that he makes us see that to the men of the time these events seemed matters they could control. The whole cast comes alive, and Devlin's assessments of everyone in it—English, German, American—are convincing and fair-minded. Even though we know how it will come out, the work has suspense. Lord Devlin's literary merits may be innate, but I imagine his precision and dispassion owe something to his profession: he has served on the highest British courts. His professional background is helpful as he explains the international laws governing war at sea. Just before the war, British naval and legal experts held that the submarine, then a new weapon, was useless because its crew would be physically incapable, according to those laws, of taking a contraband-carrying merchant vessel as a prize and providing the prescribed safe-conduct of the persons aboard it. A submarine *could*, of course, torpedo merchant ships out of hand, but these experts rejected such a policy "as a barbarism that no civilized nation would dare commit." That barbarism—unrestricted submarine warfare—was precisely what the Germans finally chose, in January of 1917. Unrestricted submarine warfare meant warfare against neutral as well as enemy merchant vessels: the good ship Lollipop, under the Swiss flag, with little Shirley Temple aboard, might be sunk without warning if it appeared anywhere in a vast area of ocean the Germans had specified.

Lord Devlin outlines why the Germans believed that this policy could starve the British into surrender, and gives several reasons that the Germans were mistaken. The mistake that interests me most is a psychological error—the conviction that unrestricted submarine warfare would panic enemies and neutrals into ineffectuality or submission. It did not. Nevertheless, the fantasy of sowing panic and terror has remained an element in the calculations of warring nations. We can now look back to a day—September 7, 1940—when the Germans, again opting for terror, began to lose another war: the day the Luftwaffe was diverted from its effective attacks on British airfields and radar stations to the bombing of cities. That diversion saved the R.A.F., which maintained control over British skies and made a German invasion impossible—and British civilians did not panic. The dream of panicking Americans was a factor in the Japanese strike at Pearl Harbor, and, probably, in Khrushchev's attempt to sneak missiles into Cuba, and it is more than likely that we hoped bombing would panic the North Vietnamese. There is presumptuousness in imagining other peoples are more cowardly than you are, and ignorance in overlooking that organized human groups—from infantry squads to nations—have remarkably steady nerves.

Wilson and the American people were angered or shocked, not panicked, by the Germans' unrestricted submarine warfare. Wilson felt cheated because well into January of 1917—after the Germans made their decision—they feigned interest in his effort to negotiate an end to the war; as Wilson soon learned, the German Foreign Minister, Arthur Zimmermann, was simultaneously dis-

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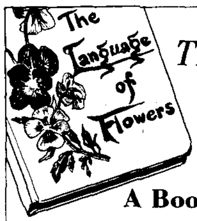

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patching his famous telegram offering Mexico the American Southwest in exchange for an alliance. Lord Devlin believes that the publication of this telegram turned American public opinion against Germany.

What decided Wilson? His morality and his personality are both, I think, difficult to grasp nowadays. Lord Devlin is an invaluable guide to *then*—to Wilson's era as well as to the man: "The second half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth were for Western civilization a period of unparalleled optimism." If we recall, grimly, that the optimism which created and then fostered the "progress" so self-evident to our forebears also created every kind of machinery, including submarines, we might also recall that if clouds have silver linings, silver linings have clouds. Wilson, sharing his epoch's optimism, says Lord Devlin, believed America should share "the ideal democracy" she "had in her own opinion already attained." This attitude was not as peculiar as it sounds now, because Wilson's era "was an age in which the upper classes were supposed to do good works to improve the lot of those less fortunate." Wilson's notion of Christian duty was intense, but it was, Lord Devlin thinks, "marred by condescension."

In his analysis of all Wilson's plusses and minuses, Lord Devlin destroys the lopsided clichés of admiration or resentment the man evoked. He had failings and nobilities that cannot be summed up by any cartoon character—unlike, say, T. R., who, I think, can be understood as *miles gloriosus*, the traditional swaggering soldier. And, having made his man real, Lord Devlin makes Wilson's struggles with himself, as he finally decides for war, deeply affecting. These struggles elicit sympathy for another reason as well: Wilson grasped a number of truths he did not know how to deal with—although he thought he did—and these truths confront, and baffle, us today. He wanted to insure Mexico a genuinely representative government, land reform, and an end to financial exploitation by foreign companies; he did not realize that even the Mexicans who agreed did not want to receive these benefits from *any* foreigner. I feel, too, that we now are less certain than Wilson was that international peace requires every nation to become a political democracy. He had an almost religious faith in the goodness of peoples, and it never crossed his mind that all peoples—not merely the wicked, unrepresentative

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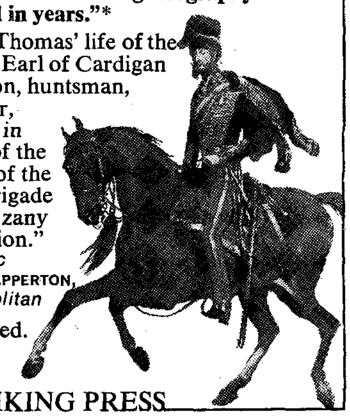

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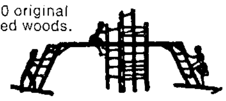

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cliques that misgovern them—are capable of destructive rage. Lord Dev-in points out that the German public was enthusiastically behind unrestricted submarine warfare, and that Wilson's many efforts to mediate made him unpopular in Great Britain, whose citizens passionately supported the war. The English and German *peoples* hated each other poisonously, although Great Britain was a parliamentary democracy. Yet Wilson was right in seeking peace, for he saw what the combatants did not—that the war was destroying Western civilization. Before he took his country into that war, he talked (though not publicly) of the "yellow peril," partly because Zimmermann had asked Mexico to invite the Japanese to sign up against the United States, and partly because, like many men of his ime, he was an unself-conscious racist. But the truth he did comprehend was undeniable, and the Second World War finished what the First began, for European civilization has lost not only ts primacy but its authority. Was Wilson wrong in going to war? To me he was not, but my judgment is practical, while Wilson's was moral and idealis-ic. By 1917, Austria-Hungary had become Germany's vassal, and the minimum territory Devlin tells us the alliance expected from even a nego-iated peace would have made Germany far more powerful than any nation had, or has, been. Its power would have been a threat greater than Nazi Germany.

Yet Wilson could not, Devlin insists, think only of America's safety or nterests; he felt himself compelled to think of all mankind. The vastness of his aspiration now appears self-defeat-ng: in 1975 human unity seems only biological, not cultural, so we cannot allow ourselves to aspire for others. Wilson was certainly right in holding that the world needed order, but wrong n holding that he knew the principles of such order, for what prevents that order is precisely disagreements on principle among the world's nations. Wilson's certainties may now appear either arrogant or noble, dated or dar-ng. I suppose they were all those. Yet Lord Devlin never lets us forget that from 1914 on international conflict has grown steadily more savage; the German invasion of Belgium was the beginning of dreadfulnesses whose end we are not sure we have seen. "Wilson," Lord Devlin says, "perceived the need for charity among nations and preached and practised it. The perception, the preaching, and the practice are all necessary to the spread-

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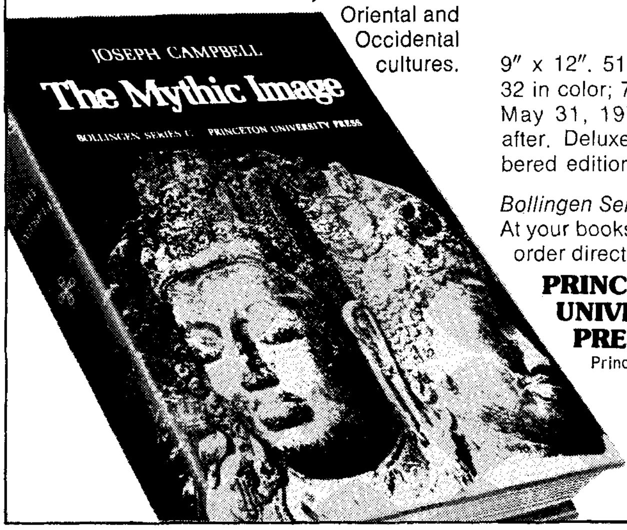

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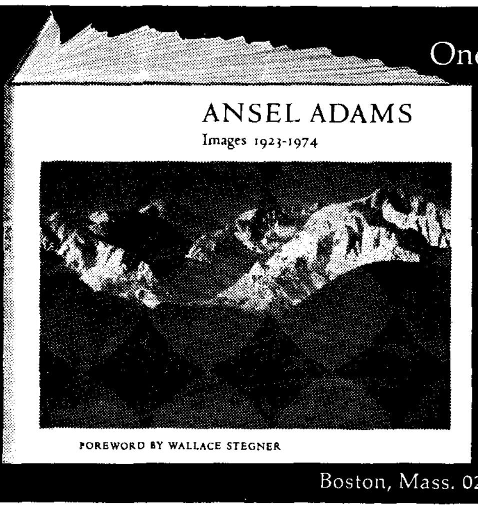

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ing of a creed and this was the triple task he undertook. . . . Wilson failed, of course, as all the world knows. He is and will always be historically great because he was the first to try."

Lord Devlin is extremely entertaining; his wit enlivens while his facts enlighten. Yet his purpose is utterly serious: he is telling us, as persuasively as he can, that it would be historically tragic if Wilson were the last to have tried. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

SHAFTESBURY: THE GREAT REFORMER, 1801-85, by Georgina Battiscombe (Houghton Mifflin). The seventh Earl of Shaftesbury did incalculable good his whole life long yet was never able to believe his success. This diffident, difficult, devout nobleman campaigned unceasingly to limit child labor in factories and abolish it in mines, to open schools for poor children, as well as to bring clean water to cities and build sanitary housing for the poor in city and country, and to protect and care for the insane. Despite his undeviating evangelical faith, and despite the fact that sooner or later he won for every cause he set his hand to, he thought himself a loser. Shaftesbury's career is filled with both ironies and accomplishments, and Mrs. Battiscombe knows exactly how to treat the comic aspects of her sober hero (who did not perceive them)—with affectionate, not mocking, humor. Indeed, this book is a rare achievement: a charming, intelligent, readable, and utterly absorbing biography of a thoroughly good man.

A FAMILY ALBUM: PORTRAITS OF INTIMACY AND KINSHIP, by Thomas J. Cottle (Harper & Row). This lovely, unique work records conversations between Dr. Cottle and diverse Americans, black and white, young and old, poor and middle-class. Although the author is a psychotherapist, these talks are not therapy but chats in which people may reveal their griefs (a divorced father misses his children), their affections (a black grandmother mothers the author because he seems a child to her), or their memories (a twelve-year-old girl recalls how much fun it was to be six). Dr. Cottle encourages his friends to tell as much as they wish or can, but he never gives the impression of forcing the conversation or of in-

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THE WORLD OF MARCEL PROUST, by André Maurois, translated from the French by Moura Budberg, with the assistance of Barbara Creed; special photographs and research by André Ostier (Harper & Row). This book has taken fourteen years to cross the Atlantic, and it was worth waiting for: it is in every sense a delight. The late André Maurois again is a fine literary biographer, and the illustrations of places and people are beautiful, evocative, and accurate. Maurois's Proust is a hero who died valiantly, fighting illness and staving off death to complete his masterwork. He was also a tender man, who was deeply fond of his friends, as they were of him. Maurois, who married a daughter of one of those friends, sought out Proust's "descendants"—his niece, his servant, and the children and grandchildren of his friends, who appear in the pictures with the gifts, now family treasures, that Proust gave their parents or grandparents, or who relate Proust anecdotes that have become family legends. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: "Vinegar Puss," a collection of twenty-two animadversions on the human condition by S. J. Perelman, has been published by Simon & Schuster. All but a few of the pieces first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DREADFUL LEMON SKY, by John D. MacDonald (Lippincott). This is the sixteenth installment of the charmed, adventurous life of Travis McGee. It is much like its predecessors: the scene (as so often) is Florida, there is the girl in trouble, there are many murders, there is the revelation of an easy-money scheme with a link to grubby politics, there is the resolution with another handsome fee in McGee's pocket. There is also, however, the usual keen depiction of the moral grubbiness of contemporary American life, there is McGee's oddly appealing and highly unfashionable integrity, and there is Mr. MacDonald's total command of his craft.

MAIGRET AND THE LONER, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In noting a disappointing Simenon a

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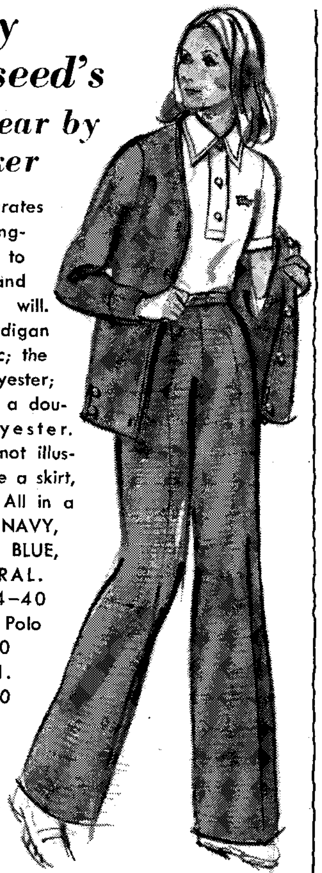

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few weeks ago, we predicted that a better one was probably making its way toward us. This delightful and deeply nostalgic Maigret, set chiefly in Montmartre, keeps the Chief Superintendent staring gloomily into his beer foam until the last possible moment as he attempts to find out who murdered an elegantly barbered old tramp in a building near Les Halles. With the help of the usual satisfyingly seedy hoteliers, sweaty detectives, cynical workingmen, and vindictive servants, he discovers that the man left his wife and daughter for another woman twenty years ago, then disappeared. But there he gets stuck, and he has to try to reconstruct the dead man's life. This enables Simenon, of course (one feels it is half the reason for the book), to recapture the France that the French have taken away from him: the country of intimate neighborhoods, open-platform buses, long, hearty lunches, and, above all, Les Halles when, as Simenon says with an almost audible sigh, it "had not yet been transferred."

SALT IS LEAVING, by J. B. Priestley (Harper & Row). A detective story that is somewhat old-fashioned in form (Mr. Priestley is, after all, in his eighties) but not in the least outmoded. It is, in fact, a delightful entertainment. The title refers to the desire of a general practitioner to get out of a dreary town in the English Midlands. But one of his patients—a girl with a rare kidney disease that needs constant special treatment—has disappeared, and he feels he must try to find her. At the same time, an elderly bookseller in a neighboring town also disappears, and his daughter sets out to find *him*. She encounters Salt, their paths merge, and the plot joyously thickens.

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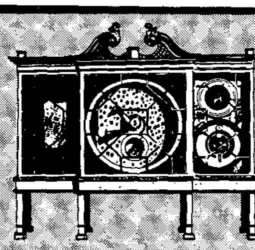

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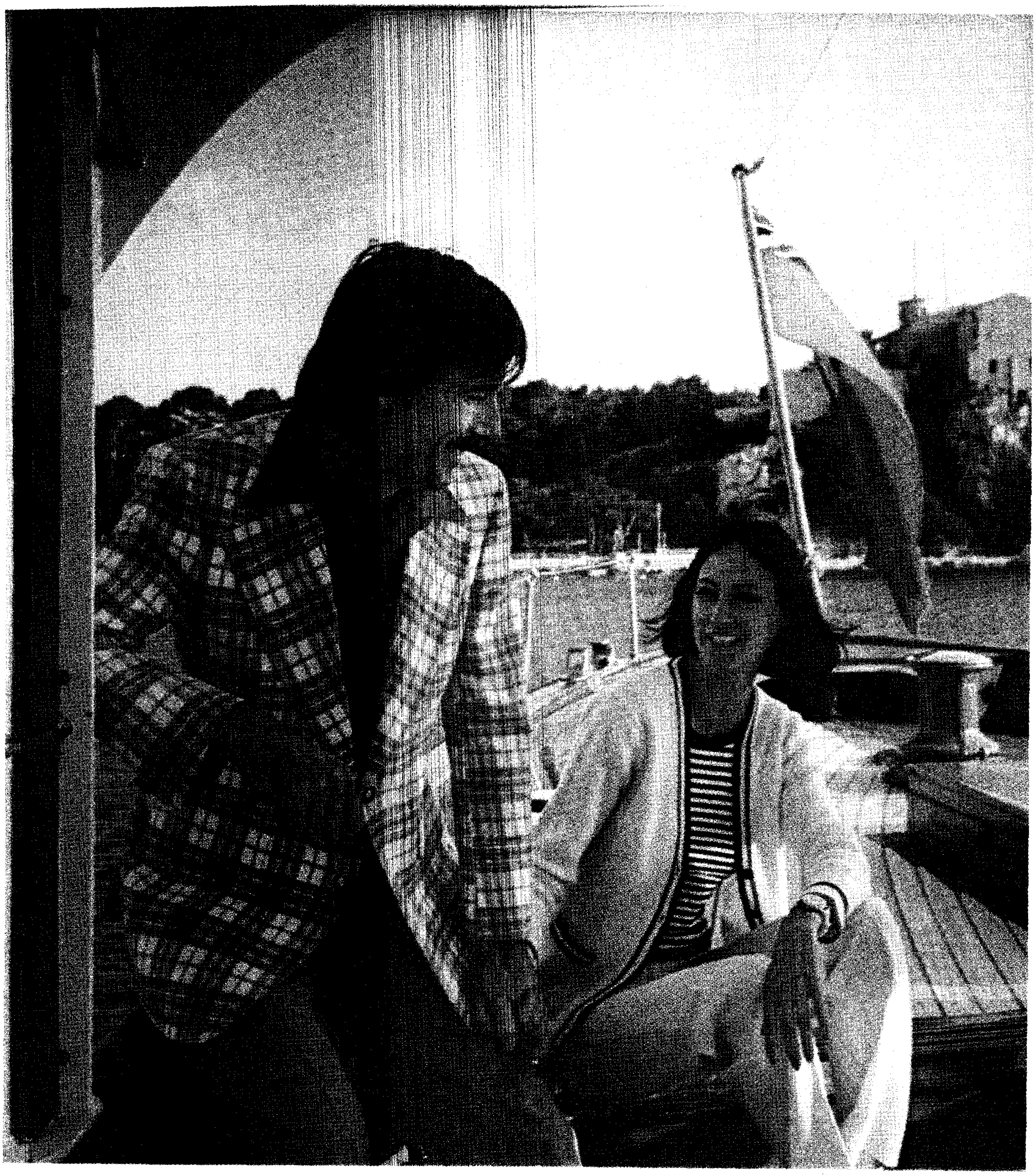

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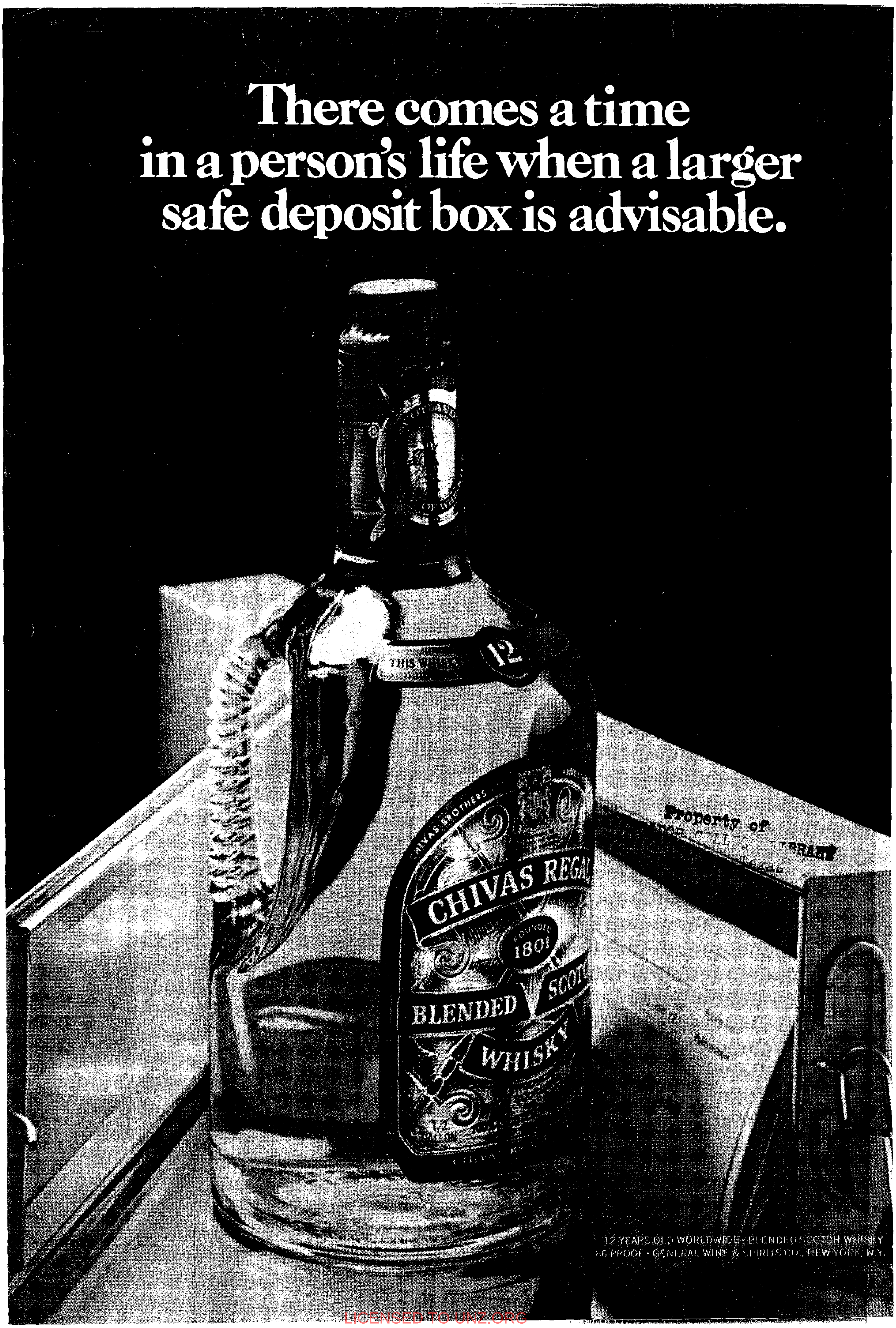
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